JANE SEYMOUR: A Candid, Intriguing Interview

MIKE SCHMIDT: The Best Pick the Best

LYNN CHEER: Bountiful in a OUI Pictorial

SPORTS, GIRLS, MUSIC & ADVICE FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

OUI

AUGUST 1981 $2.75

BEGORRA, IT'S FAITH—And She's Wonderful, Wonderful!

P.57

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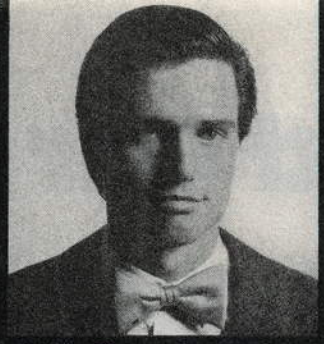

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PRONOUNCED "WE"

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COVER
"I'm really quite self-critical," insists Faith, our British born-and-bred cover/center girl. "Being five feet, ten inches tall and big everywhere except my bum, I tend not to think of myself as sexy." Aw, come on, we say. How can a leggy creature like you not feel sexy? "Really, there are lots of days when I feel like a complete wreck." Oh, ye of little faith. Photography by Jeff Dunas.

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MAIL: Bruce Dern photo by Philippe Ledru/Sygma; Jayne Kennedy photo by Jim Shea. OPENERS: Illustration p. 29 by David Bhang. SPEAK EASY: Photography by Ron Seymour. LUXURY CARS: Tuxedo courtesy Tuxedo Center, Los Angeles. ONE WOMAN: Larry DuBois photo by Vernon L. Smith. NEXT: Charles Bukowski photo by Mark Hanauer; Penny photo by Francis Giacobetti; Donatella Damiani photo by Angelo Frontoni; John Matuszak photo courtesy Paramount Pictures Corporation, © 1979.

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OUI'S MAIL

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

"Would You Believe New Jersey Is the Music Capital of America?" (*Openers*, April) is a fantastic article. Indeed, there is life after Springsteen. A lot of original music is being played in New Jersey, and thanks to write-ups like OUI's, it's finally getting some well-deserved attention. Our only complaint is that when you mentioned some of the bands that played in the Dirt Club, you misspelled our name. But that's OK; we liked seeing ourselves in print, anyhow.

THE JITTERZ (with a Z)
Livingston, New Jersey

Re: "The Chanels" (*Music*, May). I saw the Chanels on television last time I was in Japan and, at first, I thought they were pretty dreadful—I almost turned off the TV. But then they did their hit tune *Runaway* (the old Del Shannon song), and I was hooked. It's one of those songs that keep growing on you, and now I watch the Chanels all the time on videotapes I brought back with me from Japan. Thanks for the coverage of this great group in your new *Music* section.

MIKE FEMYER
Phoenix, Arizona

"The Carlene Carter Interview" (*Music*, May) is terrific. She's one of the prettiest ladies making music today, and certainly one of the most straight-talkin'. And those photos of her are amazing. Country music never had it so good until Carlene came along.

RICK SWAN
Nashville, Tennessee

"True Facts from the World of Wax" (*Music*, May) has to be the most informative, fun-to-read music-news column around. Writer Gene Sculatti's got it all over *Rolling Stone*'s "Random Notes" and any of the other feeble competition. I hope "True Facts" continues to be as good as its premiere—and that goes for the entire *Music* section as well.

G.W.
New York, New York

DENISE, DENISE

Wow, you finally did it! As an amateur photographer and admirer of the female form, I thought it was impossible to perfect both into one graphic display. But Brian Anderson, with his superb handling in the posing and shooting of *Denise* (April), has, in my opinion, done the impossible. Ms. Perry undoubtedly is one of the most fascinating women I have seen in my 40 years of considerable study.

JIM CLARK
Beaumont, Texas

I just had to write and thank you folks for the pictorial of Denise Perry. Especially for those shots of her in the cutoff shorts. Phew! In the accompanying article, Denise says she doesn't want to grow up. Well, after looking over the lavish layout, I'd say that Denise has already grown up—and in all the right places, too.

G.O.
Topeka, Kansas

Denise Perry has got to be the most beautiful girl I've ever laid eyes on. She's like an angel from paradise. Is there any chance of getting another look at this wondrous young creature?

WILLIAM A. OVERTON
Tarboro, North Carolina

NEW WAVE SPORTS

It's the Age of Crisis Sports! (May) really captures the feeling of what it's like to exert yourself all out, and to experience the ultimate high that comes from doing something crazy, like scaling the side of a mountain. Writer Rob Schultheis should be commended for an excellent piece of reporting.

KEVIN VALLANCE
Northridge, California

Concerning a portion of Rob Schultheis' article: We'd like a modest amount of clarification concerning the chilling feats of the Manchu medicine men of northeast China, who "test their powers by chopping nine holes in the ice of a frozen river, diving into the first hole, coming out of the second, diving into the third hole, coming out the fourth, and so on." If these men dive through the first ice hole, reemerge from the second, dive through the third, and so on through to the ninth hole, where will they ultimately exit? Simple mathematics dictates that they'll be diving *into* the ninth, not coming out of it.

CURIOUS CRAG CLIMBERS
OF THE LITTLE RIVER CANYON
Mount Berry, Georgia

Nobody ever said that Manchu medicine men were good at math. Furthermore, they did this thing to "test their powers." If they'd made a tenth ice hole, the entire exploit would have been a snooze.

ONE WOMAN

Three cheers for your new *One Woman* series. "Margery," in the May issue, provides some serious insights into the huge communication gap between so many men and women. After what "Margery" has been through—college student, high-class call girl, etc.—I can sympathize with her attitude toward most men. Her story gave me some insights into women that I don't think I ever would have found out for myself.

J.A.G.
Whittier, California

"Margery," the *One Woman* in your May issue, seems to share much of the same philosophy I have about sex in the singles era. I'm glad to see that women like "Margery," who've obviously been through a lot, still have an ideal concept of love that they pur-

LOGOS BY TOM NIKOSEY

sue. It's nice to know that there're still good ol' fashion virtues alive and thriving in women. And you know what? Nice guys still exist, too!

DAVE HANSEN
Raleigh, North Carolina

JAYNE KENNEDY

"I'm so down-to-earth that people shouldn't think of me as a beautiful woman," says Jayne Kennedy (*Small Talk: Jayne Kennedy*, May). Well, she may very well be down-to-earth, but she also happens to be one of the most beautiful ladies in the world. She happens to have a lot to say, too, and I thoroughly enjoyed reading her thoughts on sports, sex and stardom. And the pictures weren't anything to sneeze at, either. Good going.

GEORGE TAFT
Washington, D.C.

I'm glad that Jayne Kennedy says she enjoys being a sex symbol, because I enjoy having a sex symbol like Jayne Kennedy on television and in the movies. It makes life a lot easier to deal with.

F.L.
Miami, Florida

True, she didn't know much about football. But who cares? When Jayne co-hosted the old *NFL Today* show, Sunday mornings always meant something special. Now it's just ol' ho-hum football stuff, and Sundays haven't been the same since.

RICHARD SCOTT
Tucson, Arizona

THE KILLER SLAYS 'EM

A Conversation with Jerry Lee Lewis, White Wild Man of Rock (May) was a pleasant surprise. I doubted whether someone who has been rockin' and rollin' for three decades would still have anything relevant to say about, well, *anything*. I was glad to discover that I couldn't have been more wrong. Jerry Lee Lewis is a flamboyant, outspoken, opinionated and incredibly energetic ol' geezer, and his interview and profile make for a great read.

SUSAN HARRIS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I'd like to stuff that fat cigar right down Jerry Lee's throat. He's got a lot of nerve suggesting that Elvis Presley just happened to be at the right place at the right time and stole his moves and his style from Lewis. Why you devoted so much space to that tired old rock blowhard is beyond me.

JAMES GOLDSMITH
Brooklyn, New York

STRANGERS ON A TRAINING PROGRAM

Love with a Perfect Stranger (April) is an intriguing study of a new form of sexual therapy. Encouraging the subject and the therapist to fall in love is certainly a new twist, and maybe not one to be scoffed at. Do you have an address for the folks at The Center for Social and Sensory Learning? I'd sure like to contact them.

ROBERT RAY
San Francisco, California

You can write to The Center for Social and Sensory Learning at P.O. Box 155, Tarzana, CA 91356.

FAN MAIL

C'mon, you guys, give me a break. It's not bad enough that you do a wonderful spread on cover girl *Julie Dawn* (May) and an interview with Jayne Kennedy (*Small Talk*). Then you gotta do a follow-up pictorial on gorgeous Leslie Graves (*Encore, Leslie Graves!*). You are unwittingly contributing to the happy demoralization of a horny college student.

ART HANSEN
Gainesville, Florida

As a regular reader of your magazine, I felt compelled to send a few words of praise in your direction. OUI is one of the classiest, entertaining and informative mags around. Of course, there are always beautiful women in abundance, but I enjoy your wide range of articles and *Openers* just as much (well, OK, almost as much). Keep up all the good work, and I'll keep buying OUI until Mount St. Helens blows again and takes Oregon with it!

REX BURRIS
Portland, Oregon

DAWN OF A NEW DAY

Well, it started when I set my eyes on the cover: this funny thump-thump in my heart. Cover girl *Julie Dawn* (May) is ravishing, and I was glad (to say the least) to note that there was more of Julie within. And more, and more and more . . . But you know what? It's not enough. I could look at pictures of Julie for the rest of my life. How 'bout another?

H.G.
Vancouver, British Columbia

Julie Dawn is exquisite. She has the most gorgeous physique of any girl that I've ever seen, and I've seen plenty. And I'm glad to read that she's basically a quiet, romantic kind of girl. Hope she gets to Madison one of these days.

RODNEY MCKINNEY
Madison, Wisconsin

TOP JOCKS' BIG BUCKS

David Harrop's *Superstar Paychecks: What the Eagle Drops for the Top Jocks* (May) was fascinating stuff. Unfortunately, there's a small error: Below the picture of Earvin "Magic" Johnson, the caption states that he was a "University of Michigan star," and the picture shows him dressed in the maize and violet. Now, I'm a U of M fan myself, but let's give credit where credit's due. Magic played for Michigan State University, not the University of Michigan.

CARL E. STARKE
Westland, Michigan

Well, why do ya suppose the Lakers star is called "Magic," anyway? When we put down the type, it said, "Michigan State." When it came back from the printer . . .

I was shocked to read about some of the salaries major-league players receive. It's the kind of thing that makes absolutely no sense at all—especially when there are still millions of people trying to make a living at (or below) the minimum wage.

JOHN M. HAYTOL
Mission Viejo, California

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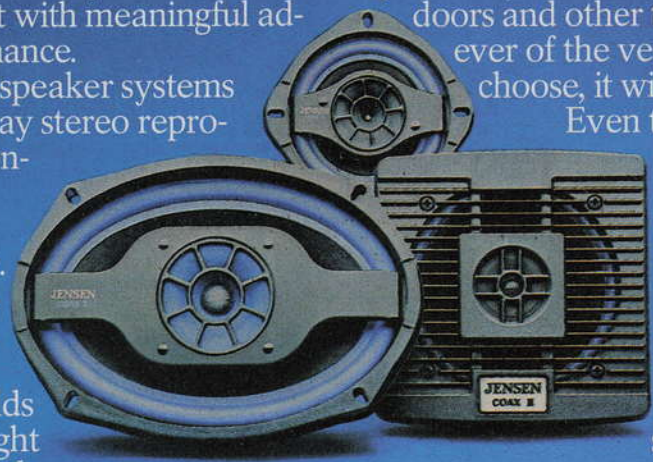

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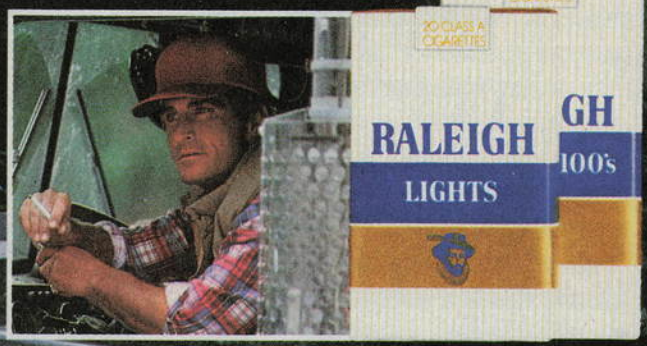


RALEIGH LIGHTS

OUI'S MONEY FILE

EXPERT AND USEFUL ADVICE FOR THE UPWARDLY MOBILE MAN
BY CHRIS BARNETT

FRINGES IN THE FAST LANE

A few brave new companies think it's worth it to keep their employees happy

How would you like to hold down a job that allowed you to take an hour break and jump into a sauna, to scare up a fast racquetball game with that good-looking blonde in Accounts Receivable or to disappear to a quiet room and treat your hangover, without worrying about being axed?

Sounds like a pipe dream. Yet the 2200 people who work in Sentry Insurance Company's home office at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, have those kinds of fringes and much more. Sentry has a full-sized gym replete with basketball court, a 25-meter swimming pool, a fitness lab with a full set of Nautilus equipment and a sauna; better yet, all employees and their families can use it free most anytime they like.

That's just the tip of the iceberg. Sentry also employs a full-time manager and exercise specialist to help its people get and stay in shape. Dave Elger, the physical-fitness expert, says Sentry offers enough basketball and racquetball leagues and exercise and aerobic-dance classes to keep those 2200 bodies busy. And everybody gets free gym clothes.

Like to fish? Sentry staffers can toss their lines into a pond stocked with trout. They don't even have to buy a fishing license, because the pond's on company grounds. There are tennis courts and jogging paths, and soon there will be an 18-hole, regulation-size golf course open to Sentry duffers. Volleyball is big here, especially the coed teams. Sentry will even teach its employees' kids how to swim. All free.

Corporate paradise? No, merely good business, insists John Joanis, chairman and chief executive officer of Sentry Insurance, who plays racquetball every day at 3 P.M., when he's in town.

"I happen to believe strongly that a happy, healthy employee does a lot better on the job and makes a lot fewer errors than one who's overweight or not in good shape mentally," Joanis explains. He points out that Sentry handles 500,000 transactions every day—each one subject to potential human error. "Even if we operate at ninety-nine-point-nine-five percent perfection, the policyholders can still get angry."

Says Joanis: "I don't care about how many minutes or hours a day our people are at their desks. I concern myself with how happy they are. Happy people who don't bring their problems to work don't make mistakes."

The Sentry executive encourages anyone who comes to work depressed, hung over or simply out of sorts to spend time in the comfort of the Quiet Room. "They don't have to ask permission," he explains. "Now, if I found you there, crying, four days in a row, I would try to chitchat with you, and sooner or later, you'd tell me what's bothering you. Then we'd try to work it out."

Joanis says he offers his ear to anyone in need of it, regardless of rank. Every 90 days, he calls a company meeting and talks to all employees. Got a problem, suggestion, complaint? Toss it out and he'll tackle it. "I tell them that life is not a dress rehearsal. You only pass through once, so be happy while you're doing it."

Sentry is extraordinary but not unique. An increasing number of firms are recognizing that *people*—dedicated employees—produce profits, not computers. Not million-dollar ad campaigns. Not the top executive who calls the shots. And these companies are now taking strides to keep this resource happy and physically healthy. Kimberly-Clark Corporation, the paper-products manufacturer, has a health center with treadmill testing at its corporate headquarters in Neenah, Wisconsin. Overweight employees can slim down at company expense.

In Santa Clara, California, ROLM Corporation has opened a $1-million gym—with sauna and coed Jacuzzi, among other amenities. ROLM, a computer manufacturer, works on the honor system: Take an hour off for pumping iron—with your supervisor's approval—and make it up at the end of the day. The corporation also boasts a cafeteria that looks refreshingly like an exotic restaurant, a plant doctor who waters your personal ferns and replaces them at no charge if they succumb, and a three-month sabbatical vacation after six years on the job.

Next time you have a job interview, inquire about the fringes—but do so cautiously. You don't want to create the impression you're simply a playboy looking for a good time. Despite their fitness fringes, these progressive companies still look for hard workers, not hot-tubbers. But if you play it smart and check out the firms well in advance, you might find one that really cares about you.

DRESS FOR SUCCESS

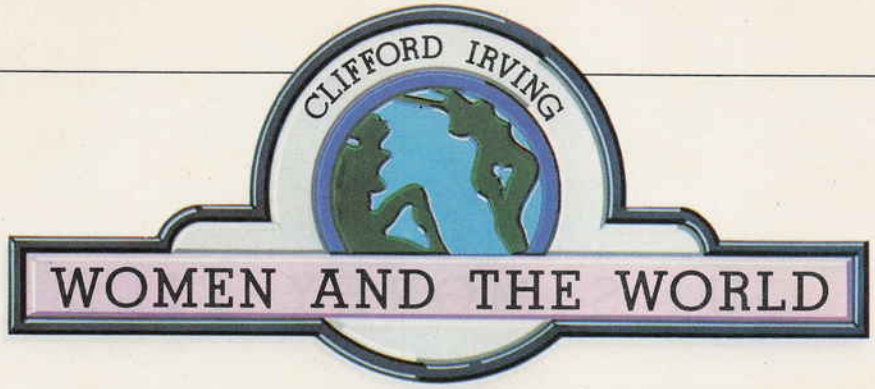
The really basic outfits that make the man

On-the-job dress codes have relaxed for women, say fashion experts, but they've stiffened for men on the way up. Violate them flagrantly, and you could be on the way out.

You know the type of clothes that are tolerated where you work. If everyone is wearing denim, you might want to slip into some slacks to stand out as an up-and-comer who cares about looking his best. "If I were a young man on the way up who cares about reaching the next rung on the ladder, I wouldn't succumb to the latest fashion fads," warns Herbert Mines, chairman of the board at Business Careers, a top New York City headhunter firm. "Dressing on the job is more important today, especially for young men, because it reflects their business judgment."

You don't need a closet full of clothes to dress for success. A basic business wardrobe consists of three suits (one should be a traditional dark pinstripe), a blue blazer, a herringbone or tweed sport coat and a few pairs of gray and camel slacks. Plaids are OK if the pattern is subtle. Just make sure you can swap jackets and slacks. "Young guys sometimes buy one good suit and wear the hell out of it," says Norman Karr, executive director of the Men's Fashion Association of America. "A suit needs downtime so the fibers can recharge themselves.

"The worst thing of all is to have an ill-fitting suit," frets Karr. "A good fit is absolutely critical. Not too tight, too loose or too baggy." Cuffs can cause problems. A half inch of shirt cuff should show. Shirt collars should be one-half to three-quarters of an inch above the jacket. Pant legs should just touch the tips of your shoes. If you *look* successful, you're halfway there. ■



MY ENCOUNTERS WITH LADIES OF THE EVENING
PART I

Our rake-in-residence offers a few personal insights into the world's oldest profession.

I hate a woman who offers herself to a man because she *ought* to do so, and then, cold and dry, thinks only of what she's missing on television while she's making love. As a very young man, that was my view of whores—and I had good reason. At the flaky age of 15, I lost my virginity to one.

It all took place on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. For several years, I had sinned gravely through excessive masturbation (in those days, you were told by concerned parents that jerking off led to blindness or to the growth of hair on your palms . . . so if you did it, they would know). I believed, from my somewhat limited observation, that marital sex was inevitably boring (and nonexistent after the age of 40), premarital sex inevitably exciting, extramarital sex inevitably guilt-ridden, *all* sex fundamentally dirty and somehow wrong, and that no "nice" girl would do it and enjoy it. The man took; the woman gave. I was slightly insane, but the rest of my generation provided me with plenty of company. A hooker seemed the best chance for initiation into the divine mystery of sex.

On that memorable occasion, three of us went to a bowling alley at 96th Street and Broadway on a drizzly Saturday night in April, and after an hour of internal bleeding, feet-shuffling and wisecracking, we worked up the courage to make the approach and the proposition. Her name was Terry. (I can't meet anyone with that name now; we are such slaves to association.) She was slim and dark blonde and pale, with calculating blue eyes and bright, sticky red lipstick covering a sloppy mouth. She wore a belted raincoat, very high heels and a shiny black skirt. I couldn't make out the shape of her breasts (which I wanted to be big and creamy white, rather like my vision of Marilyn Monroe's bosom), but it was obvious she had something of substance beneath her blouse.

"Ten bucks a man," she said, getting right down to business, which immediately took some of the zest out of the evening, although I was pleased at the way she had defined us. "You guys have a place?"

Impossible. We all lived with our parents.

"OK," Terry answered cheerfully. "Come with me."

We trooped along behind her, digging each other in the ribs, and wound up outside a four-story brownstone rooming house near West End Avenue, only a few blocks away.

"Who's first?" she asked.

We had already cut cards for this honor, and I had drawn an ace. So I now lowered the pitch of my voice and, in a manly manner, said, "Me." She took my hand—I remember that hers was delicate, cold and tipped with chipped, crimson nail polish—to lead me up the worn stone steps. My friends were told to wait outside; they would be called.

"You live here?" I asked, trying to be friendly. I believed you should be friendly with someone you are going to go to bed with. I still do.

"No, honey. But that's OK. Just be quiet, and let me handle this."

What did I know? I followed her up a flight of dark, creaking, musty-smelling stairs, and we entered a room at the rear of the second-floor hallway. It was a bathroom. She must have lived too far away to take us home, or else the New York City Police Department didn't allow that sort of hospitality, as it does now. She bolted the door, squirmed out of her raincoat and began to wash herself at the sink, one leg raised like a dog. Her back was turned so that despite my straining glance, I couldn't get a look at her bush. The bathroom, which reeked of disinfectant and bad drainage, was illuminated by a single yellow light bulb hanging by a cord from the cracked ceiling. No pleasure palace, this. And now I began to sweat at the realization that I still didn't have a hard-on. But I was grateful for her sense of hygiene. Now, where was this to take place? On the floor? It was cold tile.

"Got a rubber?" she asked.

Of course I did. In those days, ever-ready, ever-hopeful, you always carried a Trojan in your wallet. Mine had been there so long, I was afraid it had probably crumbled to dust. But it hadn't, and I handed it to her.

"Sit right down, honey." She pointed to the toilet seat. What? *There?* Then I remembered that my sex manual called that "Position No. 7." And Henry Miller had done it that way to his girlfriend in *Tropic of Cancer*—my bible. If it was good enough for Henry, it was good enough for me. I dropped my pants to the floor.

"Oh, you're *big*," Terry said. Those were certainly the right words. I blushed, and my penis soared to attention. With professional ease, she slipped on the rubber, hiked up her skirt and settled down on top of me. I felt myself surrounded by something tight, presumably wet. How can you tell through a rubber? Well, it didn't squeak.

This was it! I was *in*! Jogging up and down, she groaned with what I assumed was pleasure. I groaned right back to assure her that it was the same for me.

"Is it good, honey?" she asked politely.

Right out of Hemingway, my other hero. "Yes," I said. "Is it good for you, too?"

"It's terrific."

"Can I see your breasts?"

"What? Oh, sure. Why not? Here." Her slim hands, which had been on my hips, unbuttoned her blouse.

"Without the bra," I requested.

"Jesus . . ."

There they were, in the dim light of the yellow bulb, the delicious buttons of my dreams, surrounded by brown areolae on a field of, well, not creamy white; it was more a blotchy pink. I had felt girls' breasts before, but I'd never once gazed at the objects of my adoration. These had the shape of deflated balloons and, when I massaged them, that's exactly what they felt like. Terry's bra, I realized, had been padded.

"Do you French kiss?" I asked, a little desperate.

"Honey, you want everything."

I did, I did. She had guessed my secret. But she obliged, and when I felt the thickness of her tongue in my mouth, licking the bits of lamb chop still stuck in my teeth from dinner, I went off like a rocket. She knew it, too, and jumped right up.

"OK, honey. You were sensational. Now go out and get the next guy."

I wandered into the street, a little dazed, with sticky underpants. *But I was a man.* My two friends grabbed my arm. "How was it?" they demanded.

"Pretty goddamn good," I said, grinning. If nothing else, my first hooker had taught me to lie about the joys of sex.

•

It would be splendid to report that after Terry, I forswore all coupling with the painted women of this world and instead,

armed with confidence and new knowledge, went on to conquer pure and beautiful young ladies by the dozens . . . but unfortunately, that wasn't the case. I knew now that there was something better in life than pay-for-play. I considered myself civilized, and believed that civilized people cannot fully satisfy their sexual instinct without love. Moreover, as Dorothy Parker once said, "You can lead a whore to culture, but you can't make her think."

But I was horny, a condition that overrides many a principle and vow.

•

Cut to a winter evening in Miami Beach. The same young oaf who lowered Terry aboard his virginal cock on West End Avenue is down there on a holiday. He's some years older, but not much wiser. But he's trying. He has jumped into the sack with about a half-dozen harlots in the intervening time, starting in Montreal and working west to Los Angeles. It's never been exhilarating, but he's come to realize that there are gradations in enthusiasm and expertise. He now has a theory that the process is too impersonal, and if only he could get to *know* one of these aloof fallen women, the experience might well be different, might open up new vistas in sexuality. After all, with a hooker, there's no doubt that you're going to get laid. You don't have to go through all those enervating and costly moves of seduction—you need merely set the price. With that out of the way, and with a common awareness that both participants are human beings, why shouldn't it qualify as a potentially thrilling poke? I wanted to find out.

I took my time and, finally, in the bar of the Fontainebleau Hilton, came upon a likely candidate. She was a sleek, well-dressed, well-built coppery blonde sitting at the bar alone. Not wishing to make an ass of myself, I ordered a rum collins and bearded the bartender. "Who is she?" I asked.

"A barracuda."

I didn't heed the warning. "I mean, can I . . . ?"

"Yes, you can. And she will. Good luck."

Two hours later, after several rounds of drinks, the blonde and I drove off to her apartment, on Collins Avenue. She had wanted to go right away, but that's not what I had in mind. "It will be better for both of us," I said, "if we get to know each other."

Niki—that was her unlikely name—wanted $30, which seemed steep then, but I had just sold my first novel and was willing to celebrate in style. I paid her in the car before we went upstairs. End of business; let pleasure commence!

A kid was crying in the bedroom. I already knew about the kid: three-year-old Joanna. I also knew that Niki came from Indiana, was divorced and wanted to go to New York to crack the modeling game. So here was an "unprofessional" hooker, someone who was doing it only to get by until she could realize her true ambition.

"Let me see your daughter," I said.

IRVING

"Let me see your daughter," I said. "She's part of your life. I want to know you before I make love to you."

"Why?"

"Because she's there. She's part of your life. I want to know you before I make love to you, Niki," I tried to explain.

Little blonde Joanna was awake, and I played with her for ten minutes, then helped put her to sleep with her pacifier and went back with Niki to the living room, where we opened the Castro convertible into a double bed.

"You're a nice guy," she said softly.

That's exactly what I wanted her to feel—to *know*. And I was rewarded, for the lovemaking wasn't bad at all. She was skillful and passionate (except when Joanna began to cry again, and she jumped up to adjust the kid's pacifier), and after we had coupled in the usual way, she blew me, as a sort of bonus. Afterward, as we dressed, she asked, "Look, can you do me a favor and lend me fifty dollars so I can pay the rent? I'm a month late. I'll give it back to you next week, or you can take it out in trade."

The warmth of the occasion, plus our budding friendship, seemed to call for some generosity. I agreed. "As a loan," I specified. I thought if I played my cards right, I wouldn't be "trade" for long, but would be getting it free. She told me I could always find her at the Fontainebleau, and I left.

For two nights, she didn't show up. Finally, I went to her apartment building. The manager explained that he rented by the night, not by the month, and the woman and little girl in 3-C had left two days ago—for New York, he believed. *With my money.*

In the years to come, I would take a more compassionate view of both parties. I would bed *les filles de joie* in Paris, London and Barcelona, darlings of the night in Bangkok and Bombay. And something would happen to me in good old East Hampton that would set my sexual ego back about a dozen years. But I would learn and, in time, even come to terms with the rules and nuances of the oldest profession.

So much for being a nice guy. So much for trulls and fallen women. Jades and strumpets! Harridans and sluts! I hated hookers. More, I hated myself. A whore, I realized, can teach you more quickly than any other woman how much of a fool you really are.

That's a tale for these pages next month, when you and I both—let's hope—will be a month older and a month wiser. ■

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DOCTOR OUI

TOO-SMOOTH BLUES

Q. I'm a 30-year-old, fully developed male, and I have no problems with my sexual performance. But I suffer from an embarrassing, almost total lack of body and facial hair. Let me tell you, I get some weird reactions when I undress. It's damned puzzling, especially since my father and brother have full beards. Please don't advise me that many ladies like smooth-skinned men; my peace of mind is at stake here. Could hormones increase my hair growth? Would there be any negative side effects?

B.B.
Eugene, Oregon

A. *Hair growth and distribution are basically hereditary—you must take after your mother's side of the family—and are regulated by the male hormone testosterone. But so are sexual desire and potency, and if you're healthy in those areas, additional testosterone will probably have little effect on your follicles. Having an endocrinologist check your hormone balance can at least eliminate your doubts. Other than treatment to correct a testosterone deficiency, there are no accepted, reliable means of stimulating hair growth. Testosterone is generally harmless, but in middle-aged men, it has been linked to prostate cancer. It often makes the skin oily and can seriously alter your normal sexual-behavior patterns, which could disturb any stable relationships you now enjoy. It's sometimes hard to reconcile yourself to your physiology, but your sexuality is more important than your appearance. Why mess with the former in an attempt to change the latter? You're a man, after all, not a rug.*

MASTURBATION MAD

Q. In response to a letter several months ago, you wrote that too much masturbation can result in a man's being "programmed" for quick, unemotional pseudo-orgasms. I'm afraid that this has happened to me. When I do have sex with a woman, I ejaculate very little, and I don't get off emotionally at all anymore. Is there any way to correct this?

R.C.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

A. *It sounds as if "getting off" is no longer an erotic sexual act for you, but merely a detached means of releasing physical*

tension. You may be in a mechanical, let's-get-it-over-with rut, and are deriving little sexual satisfaction from making love because you've separated the physical act from the emotional elements—your sensuality, psychological needs, sexual desires. You should begin working to reconnect your masturbation with your sexual goals, needs and personality. Get into the act; make it more leisurely and for pure pleasure, rather than for quick release. For tips, read Joseph Nowinski's "Becoming Satisfied" (Prentice-Hall, 1980) or Nathan Milsten's "Male Sexual Function" (Avon Books, 1979). You might try a men's rap group, or even professional counseling. You need a helping hand, not a quick one.

NOSE-JOB JITTERS

Q. Until I got my nose smashed in a traffic accident, I had my pick of the ladies and lots of good times. Since then, I haven't had many dates, and I feel less attractive as a result. Do you think getting my nose fixed will make a difference? How do I find a good doctor to perform the operation?

W.B.
Miami, Florida

A. *It's equally likely that since your accident, you feel less attractive, and have fewer dates as a result. Unless you really made a modern sculpture of it, your new snoot probably has less to do with your decreased popularity than your negative self-perception and comportment. That is, your fracture makes you feel unattractive and, as a rule, how we feel determines how we look. Any good cosmetic surgeon will admit that the appearance and social success of most patients are improved more by surgery's emotional benefits—increased self-esteem, confidence and positive attitudes—than by its physical ones. Consult your county medical society for the names of some board-certified cosmetic surgeons. Check out those who do nose repair specifically and frequently, and then pick the one you feel best about. Get the names of several ex-patients and call them for recommendations. If all is positive, give it a shot. The operation may do more for your head than your honker, but either way, you'll look better.*

BRAINY COCAINE

Q. Cocaine is usually beyond my student budget, but the few times I've been able to score some, I've noticed that it seemed to hype up my ability to concentrate, solve problems and perform on tests. If toot actually improves one's intelligence, it could be worth the expense. Does it?

H.N.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

A. *It probably improves one's attitude far more than one's intelligence. Cocaine hasn't been studied nearly enough to say for sure, but we do know some things: (1) As a central-nervous-system stimulant, it can't increase your gray matter, but it can speed up the use of what you've got. (2) Like amphetamines, cocaine helps focus concentration on specific matters. But this won't boost your firepower, it just helps you aim it. (3) It quells depression and builds a sense of self-confidence—two major steps toward accomplishing any goal. (4) It raises the heartbeat, and this—whether done with drugs, exercise or electrical stimulation—markedly improves one's comprehension and intellectual capacity. Our theory regarding toot and intelligence, however, is this: You'll have to get smarter just to afford it, and you'll have to be a genius to keep your consumption under control.*

ONE TOO MANY?

Q. During a recent routine physical exam, my family doctor discovered that I have three testicles. For some reason or other, he was reluctant to answer my questions about

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

this. How common is this condition, could there be future complications, and do I have a problem?

E.R.
St. Louis, Missouri

A. *Yes: a family doctor who lightly dismisses your legitimate curiosity. Three testicles are so rare—outside of pawnshop jokes—as to be almost unheard of. It's more likely that one of yours split in half early on due to congenital misgrowth. This should pose no danger, but such anomalies are so unusual that it's hard to predict their effects on an individual. A sperm count might be in order, but another possibility is that your M.D. has misdiagnosed a testicular growth, which could indeed be serious. Find a competent and sympathetic urologist at once and get another diagnosis. And begin monthly self-inspections for any growth, changes or pain, which could be danger signs. Any doctor who doesn't tell you at least this much is inadequate; insist on one who answers all your queries and soothes your apprehensions.*

PROBLEMS IN PUBLIC

Q. Why am I totally unable to pee around other males? Things work fine when I'm alone, but with anybody around, I just can't get going. If I'm at a ball game or concert, I'm in for a lot of discomfort. It's not shame—my penis is as normal as anybody's—and I'm a healthy, hetero American. Is it considered abnormal to be a private pisser only?

W.D.
Oakland, California

A. *It's not exactly abnormal, but it's not exactly healthy, either. The mind affects the body in strange and subtle ways, and this particular problem affects millions of men at one time or another. The blockage is evidently located between the ears, but that includes a host of possibilities: feelings of personal inadequacy; health phobias; repressed traumatic childhood events; subconscious sexual shame/guilt/insecurity; or just an intense bashfulness. The latter, combined with a healthy dose of repugnance, is probably your problem. After all, public urinals are pretty gross places. Shyness per se, for whatever reasons, is only a problem when it creates troublesome or restrictive degrees of anxiety, embarrassment or social withdrawal. Try thinking about waterfalls or rain until your brain and bladder accept reality and give in. If that fails, consider a psychologist. Also, read Philip Zimbardo's "Shyness" (Addison-Wesley Publishing Co., 1977) and see if you spot yourself.*

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions. Write: Doctor OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. All reasonable questions will be considered for publication, but the Doctor cannot acknowledge requests for personal replies.

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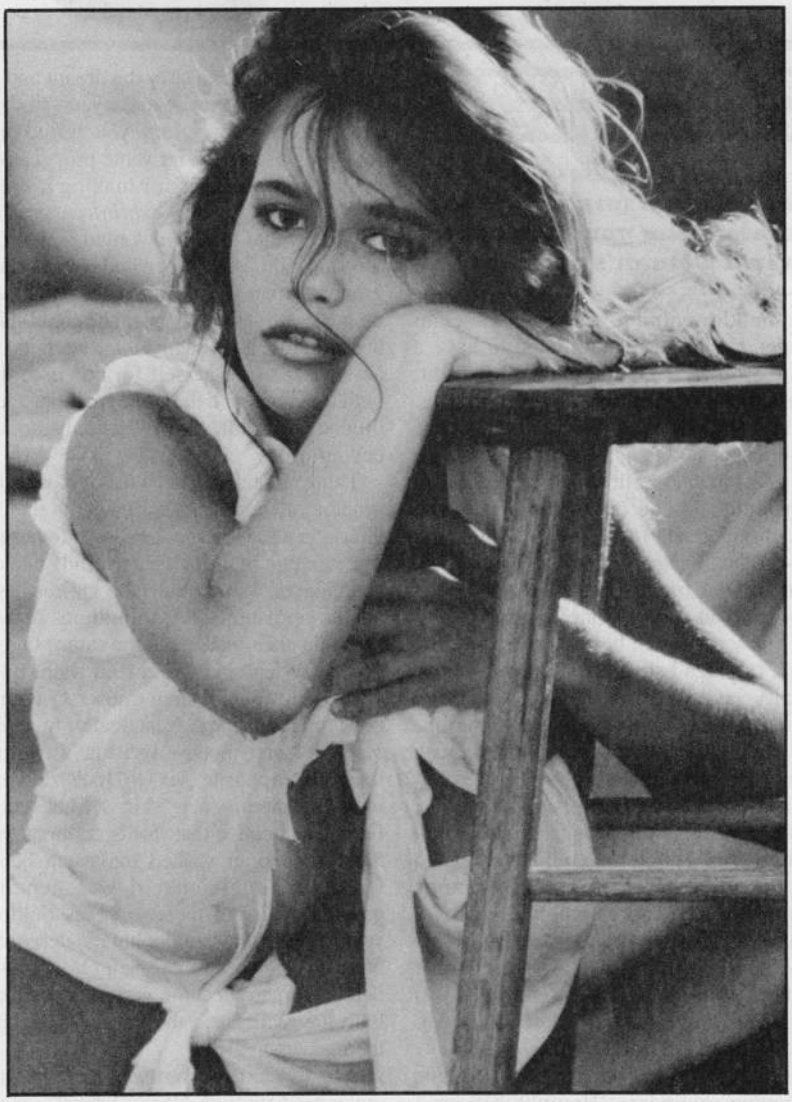

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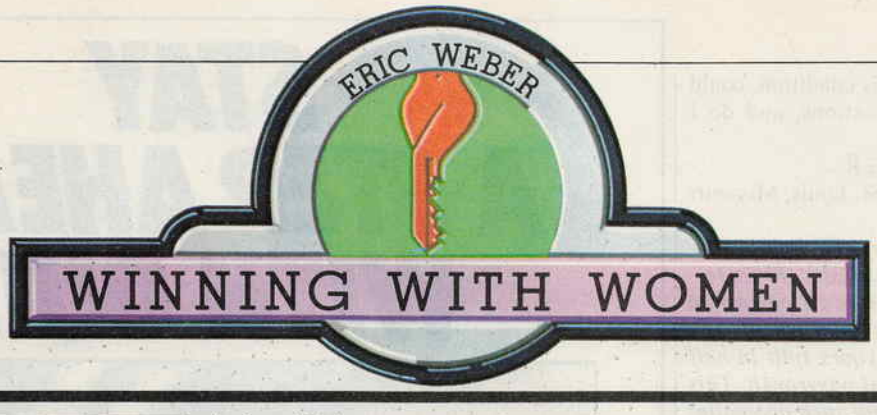


HOW TO GET WOMEN TO FANTASIZE ABOUT YOU!

Now the author of *How to Pick Up Girls* offers a surefire method of transforming you from pal to lover in a woman's mind.

In last month's column, we discussed eight date agendas that are guaranteed to have a woman coming back for more. All right, let's assume that our strategy is working. She *is* coming back for more—more sumptuous brunches, more wine tastings, more visits to art-gallery openings, more elegant dinners. The only problem is, she isn't coming back for more of what you want—kisses, hugs, cuddling, bouncing around on your freshly made bed together.

Enough, you say. It's one thing to really get to know a woman before you go to bed with her (an idea I strongly support because it usually leads to better, more satisfying sex and a saner, more gratifying relationship). It's another thing altogether to lapse into an asexual relationship, seeing her but once a month and becoming, in effect, nothing more than her "escort," a nice guy who shows her a good time but never gets to know the joy and satisfaction that come from spending the entire night making love.

Well, don't despair. Even if your relationship with a woman has begun on a platonic foot, there is a way to turn things around in a rather spectacular fashion. And that is to get her to fantasize about you.

"*Fantasize about me?*" may be your disbelieving rejoinder. "How the hell am I going to do that? I'm five feet seven, ten pounds overweight, losing my hair and have never—although God knows I'm loathe to admit it—had the kind of face that sets women's Bartholin's glands secreting the moment I walk into a room."

Don't worry about it. You don't have to look like Nick Nolte or John Travolta to get women to fantasize about you. In fact, that's one of the most wonderful things about women. As you will see, getting a woman to fantasize about you has very little at all to do with what you look like—it's almost completely dependent on how she thinks and feels about herself. The real art in getting a woman to have sexy thoughts about you is the deciphering of her personality, getting inside her head and psyche, figuring out exactly what it is that will trigger a sexy daydream and, most important of all, how to make yourself the hero of said daydream. I think you'll find that the following pointers offer some provocative and effective techniques for making it happen.

1. *Feed her sense of exhibitionism.* One of the things that makes a woman feel sexiest is offering glimpses of her body to a man or a group of men. It doesn't matter whether the men are attractive or not. The unleashing of her erotic feelings seems totally related to the act of displaying herself for others to devour with their eyes and their imaginations, and has little to do with who is actually doing the devouring.

Think about it. The wife of a prestigious senator attends a state dinner at the White House in a black dress cut down to her navel. The senator himself wears a dull tuxedo. A cheerleader, leaping into the air, displays her behind on national TV to millions of people. Do male cheerleaders do the same? Of course not. They leap into the air all right, but they wear baggy, unrevealing trousers. In our society, females spend a great deal of time, effort, ingenuity and money devising ways to provoke the opposite sex to look down their blouses and up their skirts. Males do not. Feminists believe that this is cultural, that we have been brainwashed into such behavior. Others maintain that it was genetically programmed into the two sexes millions of years ago. I'm not sure what the derivation is, but I do know that there is an important clue here. Women become sexually excited by both the reality and the fantasy of exhibiting themselves.

And if you need further proof, just take a quick read through Nancy Friday's excellent book on women's sexual fantasies, *My Secret Garden*. Here, women describe daydreams in which they are being watched by as few as one man to as many as an arena full of men. In these fantasies, the women see themselves stripping, dancing, masturbating, making love, you name it.

"OK," you're thinking, "so women like to walk around in skimpy bikinis. Any fool who's ever been to a beach can tell you that. What does that have to do with getting them to have prurient daydreams about me?"

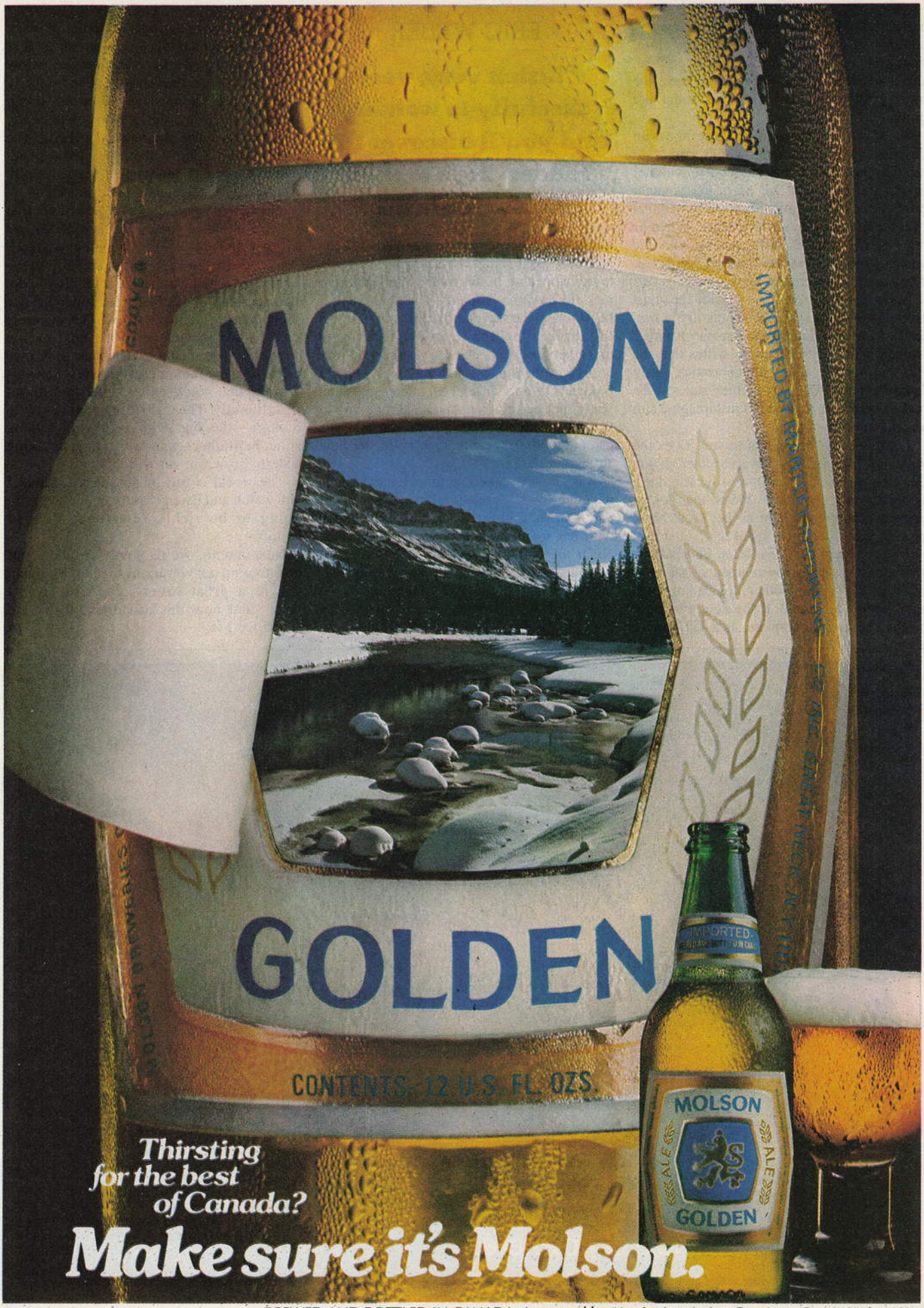
Plenty. Put this knowledge to work for you. Indulge their need to be looked at. Ogle them.

What about this woman you've been taking out for a month of weekends without touching or kissing or doing any of those other things that a man does with a woman? Let me ask you something: Does she wear tight pants? Low-cut blouses? Body-hugging dresses? Skirts with a high slit up the side? If so, I suspect she's a woman whose fantasies involve a great deal of self-display. So give her a hand. Instead of trying *not* to stare down her blouse, stare down her blouse aplenty. When she uncrosses and crosses her legs in front of you, rather than politely looking away, direct your glance as far up her thighs as possible—boldly, shamelessly. She, of course, would probably never admit that this is what she wants you to do. But you can be certain that if she is wearing revealing clothes, this is precisely what she wants you to do.

If you are dating or pursuing or simply friendly with a woman who dresses revealingly, a woman with whom you'd like to become sexually involved, make an overt effort (I'm sure it really won't take much effort) to feast your eyes on her breasts, her haunches, her lips, etc. Do so brazenly. You may not notice results right away. But here's what is going to happen behind the scenes: One morning soon, while she's luxuriating in bed for a few minutes before she gets ready for work, she's going to lapse into one of her favorite exhibitionist fantasies. Perhaps she'll imagine herself masturbating while a silent stranger watches from across the room. Maybe she'll imagine that she has fallen down—pantyless, of course—at a garden party and one of the guests has seen up her dress. While she searches for a man to cast in her daydream, the chances are good that sooner or later she's going to settle on you. After all, you've indicated with your bold stare what an excellent candidate you are. And the more boldly and frequently you stare at her in real life, the more likely you are to turn up in her fantasy life. Why? Because you've tuned in to her. You're giving her the kind of erotic attention that excites her type of personality. And once you're making appearances in her fantasy life, it won't be long before you begin popping up in her bed. For real.

2. *Be a brother to her.* "But that's precisely the problem I'm having," you protest. "We're like brother and sister together. Good pals, but no nooky."

I contend that if she's treating you like her brother, you may be a whole lot closer to sexual relations with her than you think, particularly if she has a brother in real life. My reasoning: Many a woman who has a brother is obsessed by him. His is the first penis she may have ever seen. They probably took baths



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and naps together. She won't admit it to you—unless, perhaps, you get extraordinarily close, marry her, psychoanalyze her, and even then, she may not fess up—but she may have the most wildly incestuous fantasies about her brother.

In *My Secret Garden*, one woman describes a lifelong fantasy that comes to mind every time she has intercourse with her lover: She imagines that he is her younger brother and that her older brother is standing over them, masturbating in her face. When he reaches orgasm, he shifts places with the younger brother, and the scene is reenacted. The woman to whom this fantasy belongs says it never fails to electrify her with the most erotic of feelings. Yet she sounds like a perfectly sane and intelligent person. Another woman in *My Secret Garden* writes that she fills her fantasy life with enormous, lusty family orgies. And yet another states: "To make a man sexy to myself, I just imagine him a member of my family."

Let this be an inspiration to you. Does the woman you're pursuing have a brother? If you don't know, ask her. If it turns out she does, get her to talk about him. Watch the look of pride and happiness light up her face. Now, how do you take advantage of this?

It's easy. Treat her like a sister. Be a pal, the way a brother might, even going so far as to call her "Sis." If her brother is older, kid her as an older brother would. If she's got a younger brother, act a little helpless, as a kid brother might. But whatever you do, keep it brotherly. And don't push things, for here's what's going to be happening in her mind: She's going to pick up on your brotherly vibes, and she'll begin to feel the same kind of affection for you that she feels for her own brother. It's going to make her feel very relaxed, very happy, very at peace with you, just like she does with her brother. The only difference, of course, is that you're not her brother. And so she's going to be able to do something with you that she can't do with her real brother, no matter how strong her desire.

ERIC WEBER

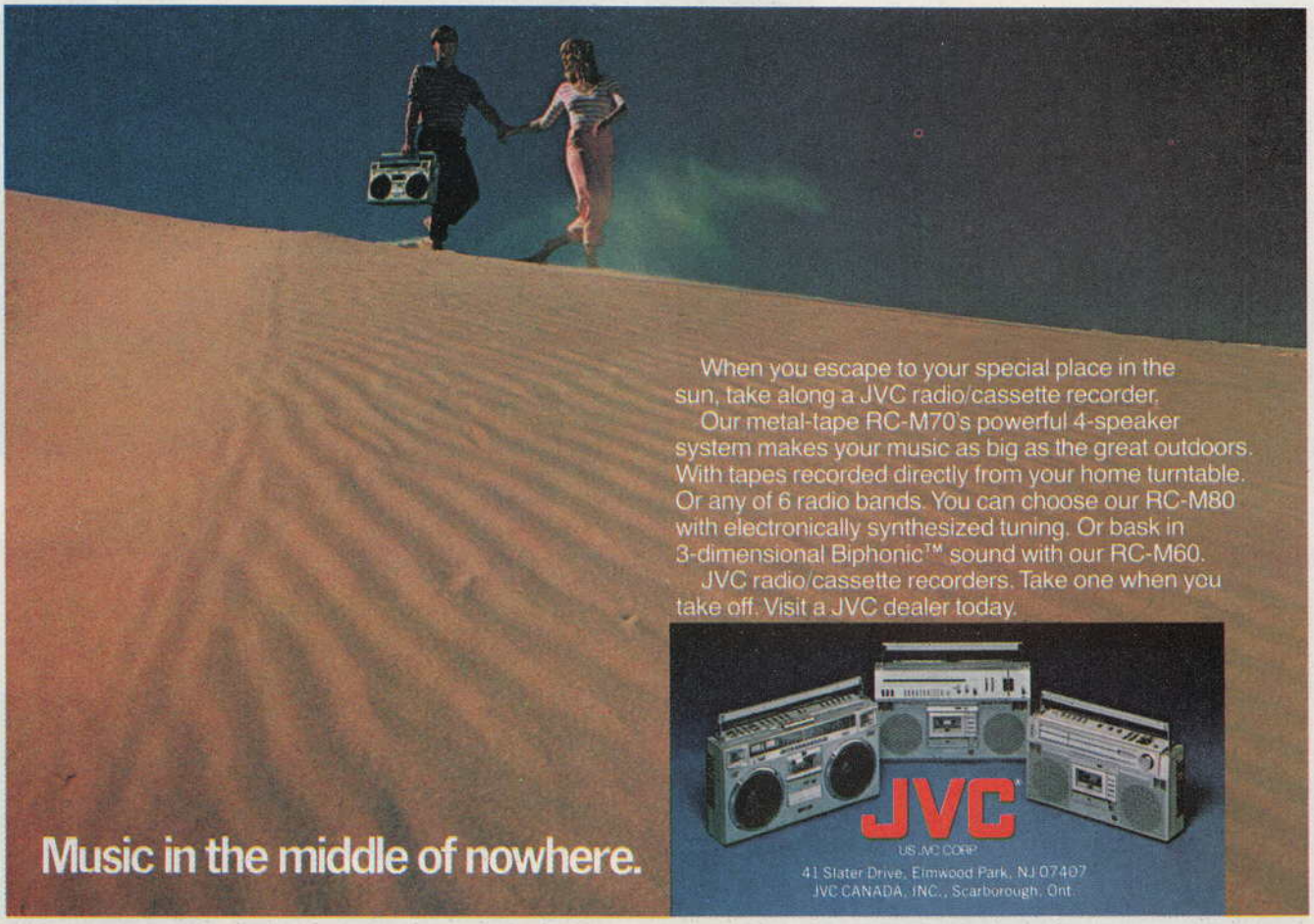
"Listen very, very carefully to women, and you'll discover the hidden keys to their interior fantasies."

But—again—take your time. Let the fraternal quality of your relationship establish itself and flourish. Call her just to chat. Have lunch with her to find out how she's doing. Joke about the brother-sister nature of your relationship. Before long, she'll probably be having hotter fantasies about you than she's ever had about anyone. Then, when you feel the aura of "family" has really taken hold, drop by her place with a couple of bottles of wine. Get good and high together. Then make your play. At first, she may be horrified. How *could* you—someone who's been so brotherly to her? But the temptation will be too strong. Deep in her heart, this is what she's really wanted ever since she reached puberty. The actual lovemaking will be heavenly, mind-blowing, because the whole experience will be tinged with the hint of the forbidden.

I have two suggestions for you. One: that you get ahold of Nancy Friday's *My Secret Garden* and do a little decoding yourself. And two: Listen very, very carefully to the women to whom you're attracted. If you do, you're going to discover the hidden keys to their interior fantasy lives. The severely dressed woman in the office next to you may have dominance fantasies and may begin to show real interest in you if she gets a sense that you'd enjoy being tied to her bed, literally. The girl sitting next to you in biology—the one who is always talking about her father—may warm to your taking a stern, grown-up air with her.

The world is full of possibilities, and if you watch and listen closely enough, you're going to be richly rewarded. *Vive la fantaisie*.

Next month, we're going to talk about how to send out vibrations that tell a woman you're a great lover—you are, aren't you?—and how this can dramatically aid your love life. ■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OPENERS

AUGUST

OUI Asked the Experts:

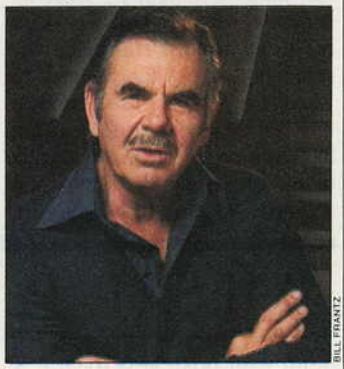
How Has Sex Changed?

There are a million ways to make it to the big time, and fortunately for us, sex is one of them. Some successes were simply born with knockout bodies; most, however, had to work hard for what they have. So *Openers* asked the following notables how they made it in the sex business and what a person has to do differently to make it in that world today.

AL GOLDSTEIN

JOYCE BARONIO

JOHN WATERS



RUSS MEYER

AL GOLDSTEIN, the editor and publisher of *Screw* magazine: "Twenty years ago, you were in a sewer or a cellar, you never used your name, and there was a legal risk. Now, in the porn business, you need a receptionist with an English accent, and it doesn't hurt if you went to Harvard Business School. It's a real business today. You're in the Yellow Pages. They don't ask you if you have ever been arrested, anymore; they ask about your profit sharing. But the product has to be more in focus now. Twenty years ago, if you simply saw sex organs, it was enough. A stag film was a joke. There was no plot, no focus, just the sex act. Now you need all the embellishments of regular, legitimate entertainment. That's the difference.

"In my case, I've always sought success. I'm a type, a 'personality,' which means I'm always driven. I'm compulsive, and I'm very control oriented. I've always had patterns of success. When I sold life insurance, I was ninth out of seven thousand salesmen. I was president of my debating team at school. So it wasn't that I was always last and then suddenly became successful. I was bound to be successful, because I'm goal oriented. With *Screw*, there was a vacuum, and I filled it. Every success fills a need in some way. Mine was to supply a jerk-off paper.

"If I closed down the magazine, I'd probably deal drugs. But I would keep striving. If you're not a graduate of Harvard or Yale, there aren't that many opportunities to be successful. If I hadn't done *Screw*, I'd still have gone the way of the outlaw, which is what I am."

JOHN WATERS, famous for his films *Multiple Maniacs*, *Pink Flamingos* and *Desperate Living*, is a vital part of what's referred to as the New Wave in sex films. "The way to be successful in my movies is to never try to have sex with me. I use the opposite of the casting couch. That's the last thing I need, any kind of personal relationship. But I'm sure that stuff goes on today as much as yesterday. I'm sure if I had made *Pink Flamingos* twenty years ago, it would have been impossible to show. The people in *my* films, when they take off their clothes, make the audience wish they'd put them back on again. The only nudes I use in my films are the people who weigh a lot or are real skinny. I never had anybody with a perfect *Playboy*-type body take off their clothes, because that's already been done. I do just the opposite. I have people take off their clothes so people are appalled. It *used* to help if you had a great body. In my movies, it helps if you have a terrible one."

JOYCE BARONIO's book of photographs, *Forty-Second Street Studio* (Pyxidium Press, 1980), documents the strippers, topless dancers and erotic entertainers in Times Square. "I would have done the same thing twenty years ago, except I would have walked into a burlesque house instead of into a sex supermarket to take my pictures. And back then, the strippers would have shown off their large busts, hips and thighs in a standard, commercial sort of way. Today's sex entertainers believe that sexiness comes from within—not from their vital statistics.

"I could have had my book published twenty years ago, but bookstores wouldn't have put it in their windows as they do now. Today, it's being displayed as art. But the big difference is that the people have changed. I have met some of the old strippers—real famous ones from the Fifties—and if you take a picture of them, they're going to be obsessed with how high their busts are hiked up, the angle of their faces and every part of their bodies. They would show their bodies as though they were at a horse show. But the young women and men in erotic entertainment today are more into showing off *themselves*."

RUSS MEYER made the first "legitimate" porn film, *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, in the Fifties. In the Sixties, he made *The Vixen*. In the Seven-

ties, he gave us *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *The Supervixens* and *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*. "My success was largely due to being at the right place at the right time with a film [*Mr. Teas*] that had a ready market. The film was shocking, bizarre and outrageous. But it was no great stroke of brilliance on my part. It was simply that no one had made a mainstream film before that dealt with voyeurism. It was a kind of exercise in expensive home movies—only when it was ready to be released, no one would show it.

"As my leading ladies' breasts got bigger, I got more successful."

"My break came when it was finally passed by a censorship board. I had to make only one small cut. The censorship board helped make me successful because it took the police and the politicians off the hook. Once you have somebody with the courage to show a film, the rest is history.

"Big tits also had a lot to do with my success. As my leading ladies' breasts got bigger, I got more successful. Even now, I keep looking for the biggest ones I can possibly find. They are the basis of my success. I wouldn't deny it for a moment. It's my trademark."

—SCOTT COHEN

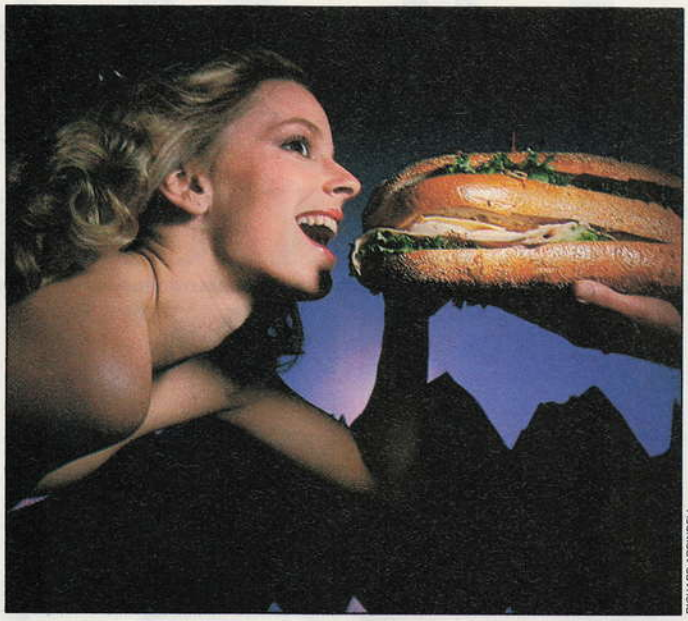
DON'T PEEK!

These are the answers to the Faceless Movie-Star Quiz on page 21.

1. Marilyn Monroe
2. Venus de Milo
3. Marlene Dietrich (in *The Blue Angel*)
4. Betty Grable
5. Jayne Mansfield
6. Theda Bara
7. Anita Ekberg (in *La Dolce Vita*)
8. Jean Harlow

Munchies from Montana

Sandwich of the Month



RICHARD ARRINDELL

If you really *are* what you eat, it stands to reason that you can judge a school by what its students eat. So *Openers* sent resident nomad Hank Nuwer scurrying across the country to 12 college towns to find the best bite for the bucks. He even sent back the recipes to let everyone in on the students' brain-food secrets. All are tasty, easy to make and guaranteed to taste better than goldfish.

THE MONTANAN

Sold by: Pancey's Alley
Missoula, Montana
Creator: Jim Caras
Clientele: University
of Montana students
Enjoy with: Draft beer

Recipe:
2 oz. cheddar cheese
3–5 oz. sliced turkey
3–5 oz. roast beef (sliced thick)
chopped mushrooms
mustard
lettuce
rye bread
slice of tomato
Optional: mayonnaise, hot peppers, horseradish

Put bed of lettuce on slice of rye bread. Top with sandwich meat and thinly sliced cheddar cheese. Garnish with tomatoes and mushrooms. Add peppers if desired. Coat top slice of bread with mustard—if desired, substitute horseradish or mayo. Sandwich is ready if you are. Good for chomping cold or, for a warm delight, simply pop into 350° oven till cheese melts evenly.

COMMENT: The Montanan is a thick, chewy meat sandwich from the land where men are men and women are damn glad of it. Eating one of these monstrosities is not the only problem: You'll need to find two big weight lifters to spot the Montanan on either side while you munch on the middle of it.

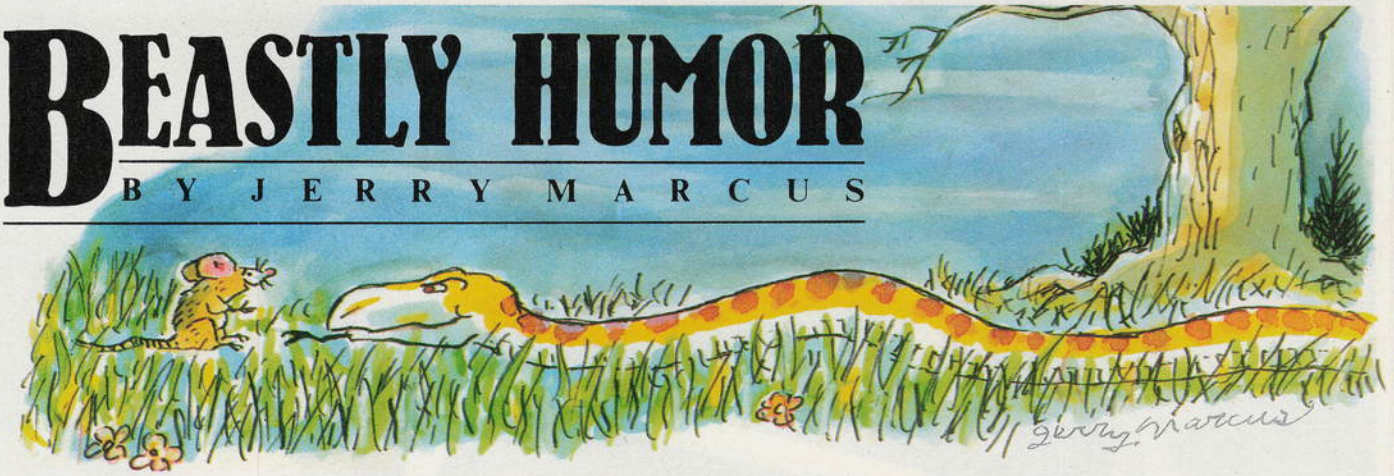
WISH YOU WERE HERE

Send your postcards to OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

Webb Pierce and his Swimming Pool

BEASTLY HUMOR

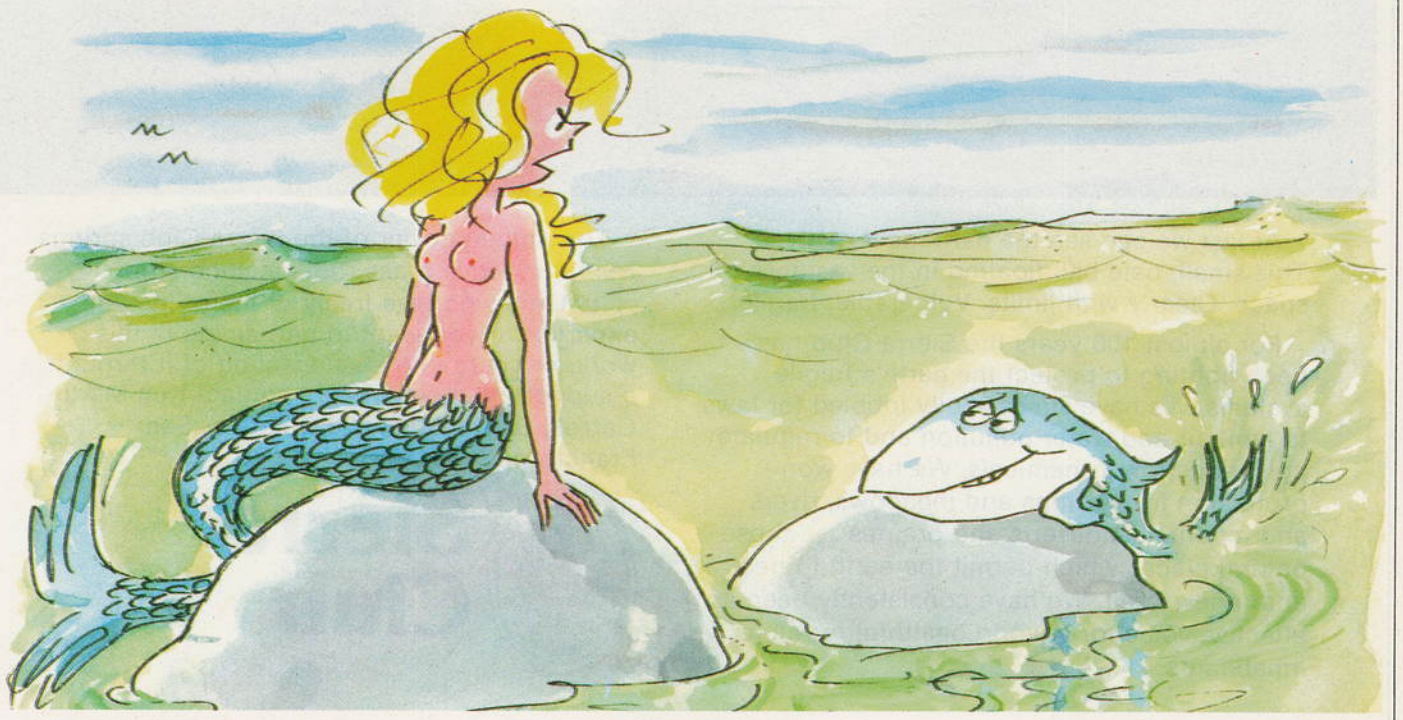
BY JERRY MARCUS



"Believe me—you wouldn't like me. I'm junk food."

"And you call yourself a watchdog!"

"And since I believe every dog should have his day . . ."



"Scram!"

At last we can see the earth as it really is. This small, pale ball floating in the vastness of space. Clearly with limits. Vulnerable, fragile.

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The unique power of the Sierra Club springs from our active grass roots membership . . . volunteers who give freely of their time and expertise. If you want to participate in this work, or share in the satisfaction of it through a supporting membership, contact Kim Martin-Carroll, Sierra Club, 530 Bush St., San Francisco, CA 94108.

Sierra Club

OUI's Faceless Movie-Star Quiz

Ah, the power of the cinema. How else could a beautiful, desirable woman be transformed into the *most* beautiful, *most* desirable woman in the entire world? These eight women are known to all, but let's see if you can identify these classic beauties without the aid of their classic faces. Answers on page 18.

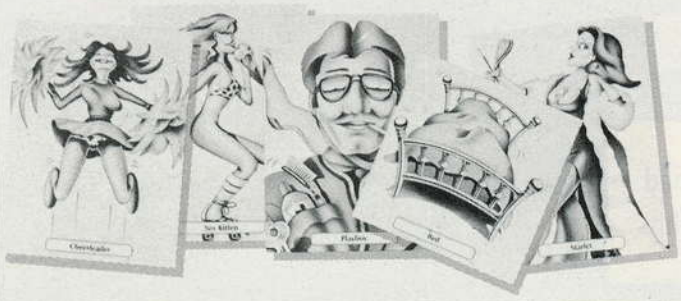
—COMPILED BY KEN ROBBINS

OUI RATES THE BOARD GAMES

One Thing Leads to Another

If, like many people, you think logic puzzles are simply dry, cerebral exercises, try One Thing Leads to Another. The game comes with cards representing five males, five females, five favorite fetishes, five kinky locations and five prurient positions. A board, of sorts, represents the doors to five hotel suites. The object of the game is to locate each lover in the right room doing the right thing to the right person in the right position with the right accoutrement. All this must be established on the basis of a set of rumors thoughtfully supplied by the bellboy (all true, he swears).

Once the steamy situations and the comic illustrations grab your attention, you'll find yourself inextricably involved in a classic logic puzzle before you know it. The game comes with two sets of "rumors," providing two complete and separate puzzles. Playing time depends on your mental agility, although it can increase substantially if you're playing with an attractive friend. It takes time to act out all the possibilities. (Why do you think they call it One Thing Leads to Another?) From Hanna Marketing Corporation, 1635 Gough St., #602, San Francisco, CA 94109; $7.95.



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Newport

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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

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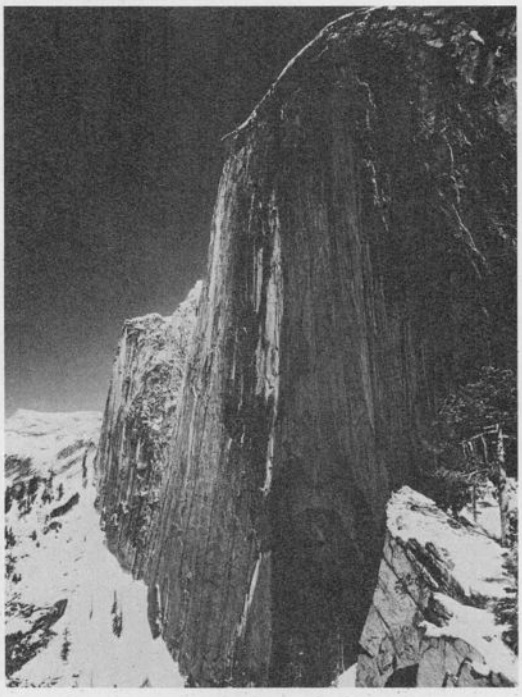
Carmel, California 93921

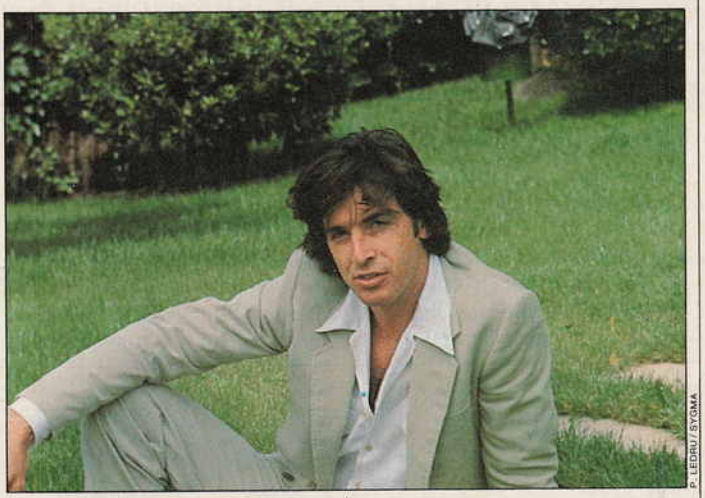
Coltrane on Soprano, New York, 1963. Photograph by Roy DeCarava from a book to be published by The Friends of Photography in the fall of 1981, price discounted for members.

Monolith, The Face of Half-Dome, Yosemite, 1927. Photograph by Ansel Adams, a founder and Chairman of the Board of The Friends of Photography.



10 Minutes with Robert Carradine

The youngest member of Hollywood's famille terrible *talks about his brothers, girls and John Wayne*



P. LEDRU / SYGMA

Like the outlaw Younger brothers they portray in the bullet-riddled Western *The Long Riders*, David, Keith and Robert Carradine enjoy being unconventional. Just when you think the acting sons of veteran Hollywood performer John Carradine have settled down, you hear about another wild episode involving the contemporary triad of happiness: women, drugs and fast cars. Those images constantly fade, but what collectively remain are some fine screen performances. The youngest of the acting trio, Robert, is remembered chiefly as the military junkie who commits suicide in *Coming Home* and as the tough dogface in Sam Fuller's World War Two memoir *The Big Red One*. Robert will soon be seen as one of the love interests of Margot (*Superman*) Kidder in the romantic comedy *Heartaches*. OUI correspondent **Craig Modderno** caught him between shots.

OUI: There seems to be a mystique surrounding you and your brothers. Why?

CARRADINE: I sometimes sense that when I talk to people. I get it from the way they act around me. I, on the other hand, just feel like a regular guy.

OUI: Do you feel that Keith and David are just regular guys?

CARRADINE: You can just walk up and talk to Keith. I'm not sure you could do that with David. David is mysterious. When David walks into a room, there's a sense about him that I can't put my finger on. There's something about David that makes him different from anyone I've ever met. It's almost like he glows in the dark or something like that. He's got a presence about him that's intangible.

OUI: When describing David, people often use the words *intimidating* and *dangerous*. Are those accurate descriptions of him?

CARRADINE: I don't think he's really dangerous. He and I had a fight one time, and he's not really dangerous. But he certainly is intimidating. He's volatile. [Smiles.] David's a little like nitroglycerin. You want to handle him carefully.

OUI: You came out OK in a fight with Mr. *Kung Fu*?

CARRADINE: [Shrugs.] I walked out of it alive. I had been living with him for about three years. He was going through a lot of changes at the time about being Kung Fu. I was going through a lot of changes about living with this guy who thought he was Kung Fu. [Laughs.] I mean, I would hold up a piece of paper that was green and say, "This is green." David would say, "No, it's black." We would argue about dumb things like that. Finally, one day, through some exterior stimulants, we let loose at each other for several hours. Basically, I told him *I* was the real Kung Fu. He told me, "Who cares?" and off we went into this rampage. In the end, I felt more like a man. I was relieved from all the domineering pressure I had been through trying to live with him. He found some respect for me that he didn't have before. It was simply a brotherly thing we had to work out.

OUI: There seems to be an aura of violence surrounding you and your brothers.

CARRADINE: I like that feeling. I haven't been in a fight since seventh grade but, on the other hand, I know I'd be real bad if I got in one. Of course, it may just be the actor in me that thinks I'm a bad ass. During *Long Riders*, Keith and David and I were dressed up as outlaws, running with guys who were always killing people. [Smirks.] Yeah, it wasn't too hard to get into the roles.

OUI: Were you always conscious that your father was famous?

CARRADINE: No. At 12, I became aware why people stopped him in supermarkets. I'm still trying to realize if he's this great Hollywood actor or if he's just my father, who happens to be an actor. He's got a greatness to him as an actor that accounts for his staying power.

OUI: How did he describe his long absences to your family?

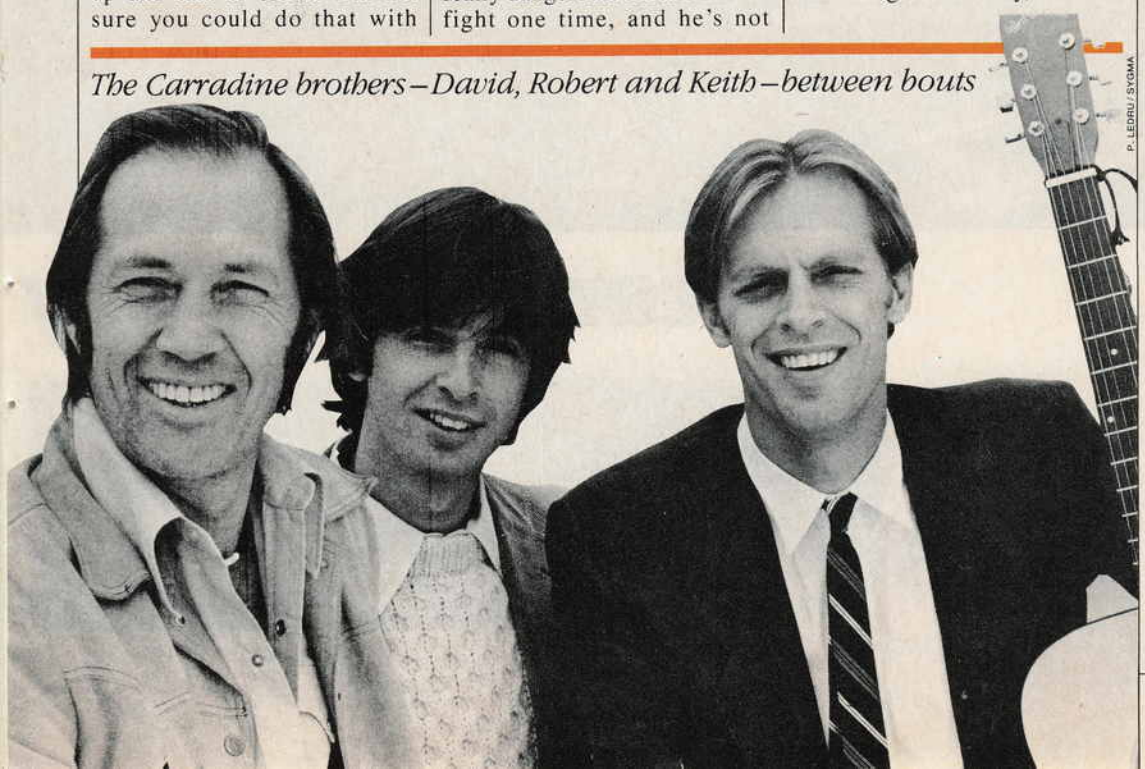
CARRADINE: He just told us that he was working. [Laughs.] I never knew what he did. I never asked, and it never came up. He was working all the time, which was good enough for us.

OUI: Didn't he ever take you to his movies?

CARRADINE: He took Keith and I once to see a Jerry Lewis movie he was filming. We met Peter Lorre and Jerry Lewis, which was really a thrill. I've never seen any of my father's pictures, except *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* But Were Afraid to Ask*.

OUI: Did you always want to be

The Carradine brothers—David, Robert and Keith—between bouts



P. LEDRU / SYGMA

an actor?

CARRADINE: No. I wanted to be a race-car driver. I was going to an expensive boarding school, and my father was having a tough time paying the tuition. So when he pulled me out of boarding school, I wanted to go to Hollywood High and live with David and ride his motorcycle. David didn't care. He kinda dug it. [Laughs.] Dad wouldn't let me, because he thought David was a bad influence. So I went to Florida with Dad and Keith to watch him do the play *Tobacco Road*. On the drive there, Dad asked me if I wouldn't mind being an understudy. I said sure, even though I didn't know what an understudy was. I knew Keith was going to do the entire run on the stage, anyway. What I didn't know at the time was that Keith had just been cast in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. They both knew damn well what they were doing. I'm watching the play every night, learning how to act and, suddenly, Dad had me read with him. My first thought about acting was that you could make a lot of money having fun. Now I have a strong commitment to acting.

OUI: Why did your father think David was a bad influence?

CARRADINE: He didn't agree with his lifestyle. David was living with Barbara Hershey. He had a whole bunch of cars—most of them illegal. Dad was aware that funny cigarettes got smoked once in a while in that section of Hollywood.

"David is mysterious.... It's almost like he glows in the dark or something like that."

OUI: The star of your first film, *The Cowboys*, was John Wayne. How did he treat you?

CARRADINE: Before we met, I used to have a hip or modern view of him, which was quite negative. He was outspoken in support of every major issue I opposed. When I first met him, I couldn't even speak to him. But after a while, I liked him a lot. He was such a pro, very polite. He didn't pull any movie-star crap. At the wrap party, the kids in the film all had photos of the Duke that they wanted signed. The only autograph I had ever wanted was Sky King's, and he wouldn't give it to me. I reluctantly handed the photo to Wayne, and he looked at me and said, "Carradine, you dumb shit. I just made a picture with you." He handed me back the photo. That was a compliment, I think.

OUI: Is being an attractive working actor in Hollywood more fun as a bachelor?

It can find its way

TS-107 KP-6500

CARRADINE: I'm a single parent. Though I never married my daughter's mother, I'm raising my daughter. I've discovered that since I'm no longer dating Jan [Smithers of *WKRP in Cincinnati*] steadily, I've become a lot more popular with the ladies. That's OK, but it isn't love.

OUI: Do you have a lot of one-night stands?

CARRADINE: No. I have a lot of opportunities for them. I'm not willing to take on somebody's aura or essence or whatever it is you exchange with them, unless I know what I'm getting. [Grins.] There are exceptions to the rule, of course. And I love it when ladies hit on me. We all need approval, especially artists. ■

MEN'S WORST FEARS REALIZED

What Women Think About During Sex

By Mimi Pond

(FIRST IN A SERIES)

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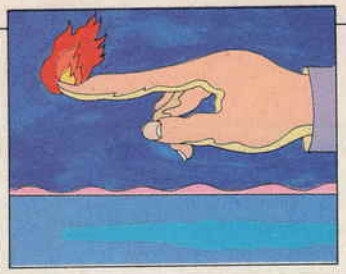


OUI presents an exciting new column of sexy scenes from the world's fiction

THE BOOK OF LAUGHTER AND FORGETTING

By Milan Kundera

There's a haunting, universal quality in the quasi-existential writing of Czech author Milan Kundera. *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* is composed of seven loosely linked stories examining the lives and loves, passions and fears of people living in the anxiety-ridden specter of the State.

It's the universality of his subjects, however, that keeps our attention, as do his unique, enlightening views of sex and love. There is more *thinking* about "the act" than there is actual act here. We all know the sensations that race through our bodies during sex; so Kundera dispenses with the obvious descriptions in order to concentrate on what's running through people's minds before, during and after.

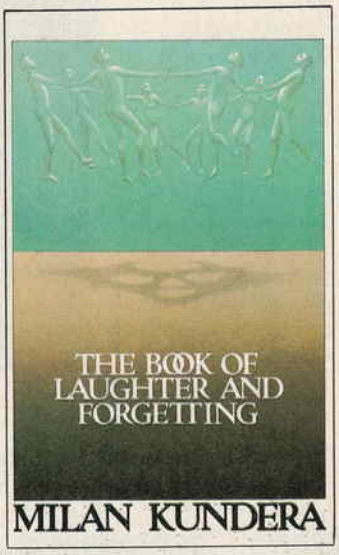
Every man has two erotic biographies. Usually people talk only about the first: the list of affairs and of one-night stands.

The other biography is sometimes more interesting: the parade of women we wanted to have, the women who got away. It is a mournful history of opportunities wasted.

But there is also a third, mysterious, unsettling category of women: The women we could never have had. We liked them, they liked us, but it didn't take long for us to see that they were out of reach, that for them, we were *on the other side of the border*.

From the book *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* by Milan Kundera. English Translation Copyright © 1980 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

The thing he always found most interesting about a woman during intercourse was her face. The motions of her body seemed to set a large reel of film rolling, and her face was the television screen the film was projected onto. It was an exciting film full of turbulence, expectation, excitement, pain, cries, tenderness and spite. Unfortunately, Edwige's face was a blank screen, and Jan would stare at it, tormented by questions he could find no answers for. Was she bored with him? Was she tired? Did she dislike making love? Was she accustomed to better lovers? Or was she hiding something



beneath that motionless surface, experiences Jan could have no idea of?

Of course he might have asked her. But they had fallen into a strange pattern. Though normally talkative and open with each other, they would both lose the power of speech once their bodies intertwined.

He could never quite explain the phenomenon. Maybe it was because in matters other than erotic, Edwige was more likely to take the initiative. Even though she was younger, she had spoken at least three times as many words and given ten times as much counsel and advice. He looked on her as a kind, knowing mother who had taken him by the hand and was guiding him through life.

•

He often thought of breathing obscene words into her ear while making love, but even in his thoughts it ended in disaster. He was certain he would find a gentle smile of protest and condescending indulgence, the smile of a mother looking on while her little boy steals a forbidden cookie from the kitchen cabinet.

Or he thought of whispering something absolutely banal, such as "Is it good?" With other women, even that simple query had always sounded improper. By giving the love act a name, if only an innocent little word like "it," he paved the way for other words, words that would reflect physical love as in a set of mirrors. But he could predict how Edwige would respond. Of course it's good, she would tell him patiently. Do you really think I would voluntarily do something I don't like? Not very logical of you, is it, Jan?

As a result, he neither whispered obscene words nor asked if it was good. He held his peace, while their bodies went through the long, frenzied motions of setting an empty reel spinning, a reel with no film on it.

He often blamed himself for putting the damper on their nights together. He had created a caricature of Edwige-as-lover that now stood between them and made it impossible for him to penetrate the real Edwige, her senses and obscene depths. Things were so bad that after each of their tongue-tied nights, he made a vow he would not make love to her the next time. He loved her as an intelligent, faithful, irreplaceable friend, not as a mistress. But how do you separate mistress from friend? Whenever they got together, they would sit and talk late into the night, which meant that Edwige would drink and give him her views on everything, and when Jan was dead tired she would suddenly stop and smile a blissfully benign smile, at which point Jan, as if responding to an irresistible suggestion, would touch one of her breasts and she would stand up and start to undress.

Why does she want to make love with me? he asked himself many times. He could never find an answer. All he knew was that their silent copulations were inevitable, as inevitable as a man standing at attention when he hears his national anthem though neither he nor his country derives any benefit from it.

At the beginning of man's erotic life, Jan said to himself, there is arousal without climax; at the end there is climax without arousal.

Arousal without climax is Daphnis; climax without arousal was the girl from the sporting-goods rental place.

A year ago, when he first met her and invited her back to his apartment, she came out with an unforgettable statement. "I'm sure it will be good technique-wise; emotion-wise, though, I don't know."

He told her that as far as he was concerned she could be absolutely sure about the emotional side of things. She accepted his word the way she accepted deposits on skis at the store, and never spoke about emotions again. As for technique, she had just about worn him down.

She was an orgasm fanatic. The orgasm was her religion, her only goal, the primary rule of hygiene, a symbol of health; but it was pride as well, because it distinguished her from less fortunate women, like having a yacht or a famous fiancé.

It wasn't easy to give her one, either. "Faster," she'd urge him on, "faster," and then "Take it easy, take it easy," and then again "Harder, harder." She was

(Continued on page 37)

PHOTO STRIPS

Where else can you find beautiful women taking off their clothes for fun, fame and $150? More checks and many thanks are on the way to this month's winners. So get out those cameras, slip out of those clothes and send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. Also, let us know if you'd be interested in having your very own pictorial in OUI.

Lynn D. (right) is a 20-year-old ex-gymnast who has given up the uneven parallel bars to study journalism. She's a girl after our own hearts.

Nikki A. (left), from Kansas City, Missouri, is an 18-year-old lovely who dreams of becoming a famous actress.

Cindi R., from Grants Pass, Oregon, was photographed by her husband, Kim, who writes that she would love to see herself in OUI. A wonderful idea, Cindi, and we agree!

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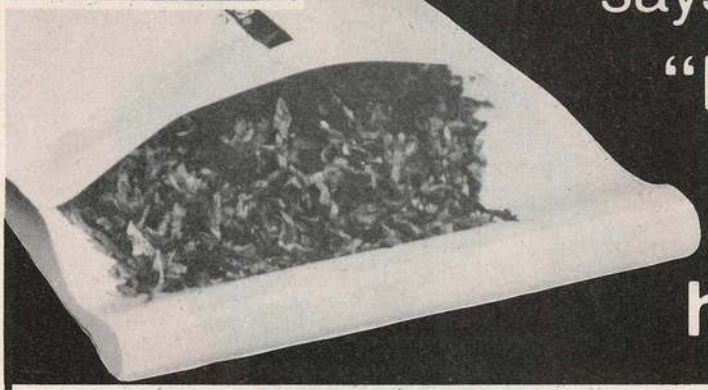

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SEX SYMBOL

Lesley-Anne Down

British Glamour Girl Makes Big

She's been Sean Connery's mistress, Peter Sellers' seductress, Frank Langella's playmate, Tommy Lee Jones's lover and Harrison Ford's fantasy.

These and other of Lesley-Anne Down's screen performances have made her one of Hollywood's hottest young actresses. Burt Reynolds specifically demanded the English star of TV's *Upstairs, Downstairs* as his leading lady in last year's romantic comedy *Rough Cut*. Though the film lacked luster, Lesley-Anne sparkled, once again confirming her undeniable sex appeal. Many of her films (*Hanover Street*, *Sphinx*, *The Betsy*) have showcased more of her talent and beauty than the material warranted. Hollywood is high on Lesley-Anne, but how does Tinseltown rate with her?

"There's really no glamour there. I was astonished to discover that people use klieg lights to draw guests to their parties. Hollywood's a place you should come to when you're emotionally stable and secure. It's not a place to roam about if you're a single girl, because you can get very screwed up."

Despite the absence of a box-office smash in her career, the British beauty finds herself being touted as moviedom's next glamour queen. "That's marvelous," she says, her green eyes sparkling. "I feel like this whole thing is happening to someone else. It's amusing, but the worst one can do would be to take it seriously. Remember, it's a fantasy business."

—CRAIG MODDERNO

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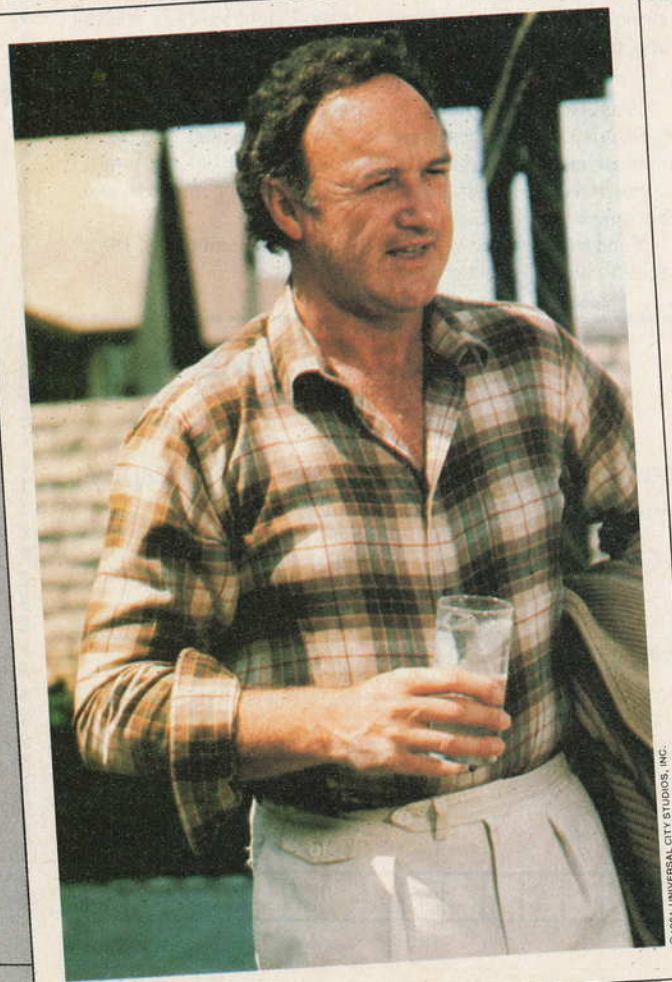

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BOX-OFFICE STAR

Gene Hackman

Lex Luthor Takes "Reds"

If you're wondering what happened to Superman, don't ask Gene Hackman. As you probably know, the Oscar-winning, zealous narc of *The French Connection* plays Lex Luthor, Superman's lifelong nemesis, in the original *Superman* and in the current *Superman II*. Having shot his scenes for both films at the same time, the native Californian enjoyed his role, but doesn't consider his performance "earth shattering." About his upcoming part in Warren Beatty's long-awaited *Reds*, Hackman smiles and shakes his head. "I don't know whom I play, because I never read the script. Every time Warren calls me, I know it's going to be trouble. Most of the time, he calls when he wants me to campaign for a political candidate of his. He keeps calling me because he knows I owe a lot of my career to him for casting me in *Bonnie and Clyde*."

GENE HACKMAN: "I've made a few I wasn't proud of."

After a self-imposed two-year retirement ("I made a few films in succession that I wasn't proud of"), the affable actor returned to the screen in *All Night Long*, co-starring Barbra Streisand. Now pulling in some two million dollars per picture, Hackman has got a movie star's bankroll and a common man's insight into the silver-screen business. "I don't think *anyone*'s worth that kind of money, but my accountants won't let me turn it down. To me, Redford and Newman are movie stars. I don't have the physical attributes of people who make a living that way."

—C.M.

MOVING PICTURES

Tobe Hooper

The Fourteen-Scream Director

JIM SHEA

"I like to give audiences their money's worth," asserts filmmaker Tobe Hooper. And he certainly delivers—his pictures have been responsible for more sleepless nights than a ten-year supply of NoDoz. Hooper's second flick was *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, which has become a white-knuckle cult classic. While *Chainsaw* is a successfully terrifying endeavor, Hooper's work is far more subtle and sophisticated than most in a genre that currently loves explicit carnage, dismemberment and splattering blood. Instead of overboard gore, the soft-spoken horror-film connoisseur feels that the answer lies in the film's pacing: "I develop the tension in my movies mathematically. I try to set up a situation and keep it going, more or less, in one direction—faster and faster and faster."

Hooper's latest exercise in horror is *The Funhouse*, wherein four innocent teenagers playfully romp through a local carnival and—you guessed it—end up embroiled in a night of frenzied, surreal terror. Another project in the works is *Poltergeist*, produced and written in part by Steven Spielberg—which Hooper promises will be *the* definitive ghost thriller.

Having traveled so far from the shoestring budget of *Chainsaw*, is Hooper worried now about losing sight of his original purpose in the wheeling, dealing world that's Hollywood? "Naw," he answers in a cool Texas drawl, "we've calculated that *The Funhouse* has fourteen screams in it. Most films, including *Chainsaw*, can only promise five screams." And what sophisticated methodology does Hooper use to gauge the fear factor? Well, he gets a bunch of people in a room and screens his picture, and then, "If they scream once, you count *one*. If they scream twice, you count *two*, and so on and so on and so on..." —M.R.

COMEDIENNE

Judy Carter

Stalking the Levitating Celery and Other Jokes

"I've always found magic a little stupid," contends comedienne/magician Judy Carter, "so what I do is add a twist of my own to make things more interesting." And she's not kidding. Carter's predilection for the absurd has led her to levitate stalks of celery and eat them in midair. For audience-participation thrills, she likes to saw men in half—with a Black & Decker electric jigsaw. And her *pièce de resistance* is a Houdini-style stunt: Assisted by a member of the sanitation department, Judy is enclosed in a Hefty bag and dumped into a trash can, whereupon she not only escapes, but disappears entirely.

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

JUDY CARTER: Canning it up for the camera.

Carter delivers her deft hocus-pocus-and-comedy combo in a deadpan manner not unlike the wide-eyed style of Gracie Allen. And although her nightclub routine leans toward the sexy and the abstract, Judy cleans up her act when she appears on the TV talk shows. What are some of her favorite topics that she's never bridged to Mike, Dinah or Merv? Animal acts: "They're a pain in the ass—they always pee on you." Her tricks for the future: "Making tons of money." Sawing a man in half and not being able to put him back together: "Really, it only happened once. And they're both very happy. One lives in Poughkeepsie and the other in the Bronx."

—MARGY ROCHLIN

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Speak Easy

VACATION SEX

"It was like something out of a James Bond movie."

I'm not much of a writer; so I'll just give you the facts as I remember them. I can really only remember one vacation when I had what you might call an extraordinary sexual experience. It happened two summers ago, when I was on a holiday in the Virgin Islands. I'd rented a 20-foot sailboat and had just anchored it a few yards offshore, when I saw this tanned, naked, beautiful young thing swimming toward me. I swear to God, it was just like something out of a James Bond movie.

I stared at her dumbfoundedly while she treaded water and, smiling, asked if she could rest a few minutes before swimming back to shore. Only a fool would have said no, and I'm no fool.

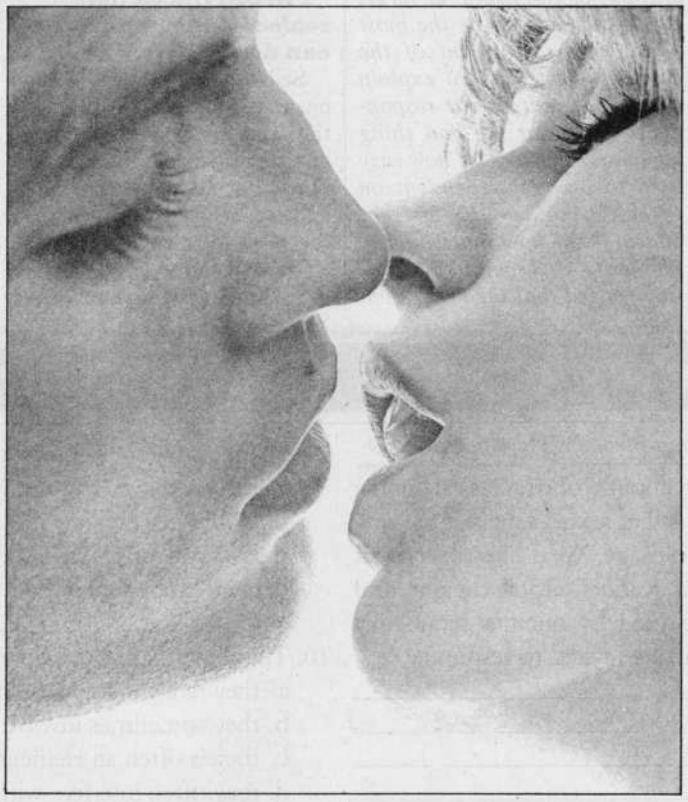
The rest is a memory I'll take to my grave: smooth, slick skin, aggressive kisses, sunlight glinting on blonde pubic hair, teasing compliments and reckless passion. A half hour later, she was gone, and I never saw her again. Sometimes I wonder if I dreamed the whole thing—she was so much like a fantasy come true. But I had marks on my back from her fingernails that lasted for weeks. Next summer, I'm going back to the same place. I wonder if she'll still be there . . .

BILL, 26, GOVERNMENT WORKER
Anchorage, Alaska

SEX AND CLOTHES

"The first thing I notice about a woman is her clothes."

Clothes play a very important role in my life, whether or not I ever even have sex with the woman I'm lusting for. The first thing I notice about a woman is her clothes, then it's her face. In my search for the perfect lady, I've gone out with a variety of types, and I've noticed that certain personality types tend to dress in distinct styles.



For example, in my experience, an overly well dressed woman usually lacks confidence about her sensuality, but in bed, she tends to try hard to make up for her lack of self-confidence. And that means that more often than not, she's likely to turn out to be a much better lover than I might have thought at first.

Scantily attired women tend to come on strong and talk a lot. They're too rowdy for me; usually they're all looks and no brains!

The best lovers are the ones I always aim for at a bar or a party. I'm talking about women who dress in a bizarre fashion—not outrageous, just unique. Interesting makeup job, but not gaudy. Tight clothes above the waist, like a leotard. A full skirt, with perhaps an eye-catching belt. Unusual jewelry, one-of-a-kind stuff. High heels (red or black being my favorite). This kind of woman will definitely have some ideas of her own in bed. She's liberated, but not too kinky—if there is such a thing as being *too* kinky! Take it from me: This lady's a lot of fun.

DON, 24, MOTORCYCLE RACER
Lansing, Michigan

"I dress for my own pleasure. I never thought girls paid attention."

As I'm a sailor, I can't wait to get out of uniform and into something casual and hip every chance I get. I dress to suit my own pleasure, and I never thought that girls paid much attention. But after my last trip to New York, I had to change my mind. One night, I went to Studio 54, wearing a blue silk shirt and tight black pants. I never have any trouble getting in, because I resemble Richard Gere, the guy in *American Gigolo.*

Anyway, I wasn't there long before I met a girl at the bar. She had long, blonde hair and was wearing tight jeans and a white T-shirt. The outline of her nipples showed through slightly, and I found myself getting turned on just watching her. After looking me over, she said, "I just love your clothes. Want to know why?"

Well, I know a leading line when I hear one; so I asked, "OK, why?"

"It's so easy to tell how you feel about me," she replied.

I couldn't believe this chick was for real; so I asked, "Just what do you mean, exactly?"

"I'm talking about that big, beautiful bulge in your pants," she answered, just as cool as you please. To make a short story shorter, we put down our drinks, danced one dance and went to her apartment, where I put that bulge to work all night long.

FRANK, 23, SAILOR
Long Island, New York

INTERRACIAL SEX

"I don't mind people having opinions, but racists burn me up."

I had to laugh when I read the letter on interracial sex from the Miami Beach girl who said, "I may be only 18, but I can say for sure that if you've never had sex with a black man, you've never had sex worth speaking of. I'm white, and I'm so crazy about sex with black guys that I've never even had sex with a man of my own race."

That's so dumb. I have nothing against black men. In fact, I've had sex with more than one myself. They certainly weren't any better in the sack than white men, although it's not my thing

(Continued on page 116)

OUR READERS REACT: APHRODISIACS

The responses to our questionnaire on aphrodisiacs were quite varied, which isn't so amazing when you consider that our definition of "aphrodisiac" was "any substance that excites sexual desire." It would seem that such substances are as myriad as the people who use them. A small sampling of our readers' favorite turn-ons includes seafood, cocaine, wearing women's clothing, female medical personnel, red hair, whipped cream, champagne, pot and a variety of other drugs and foods. No one substance is used exclusively, although if our readers are any indication of the public at large, cocaine appears to be the most popular sex stimulant of the Eighties—which might explain why 60 percent of our respondents said that the bad thing about aphrodisiacs is "how easy it is to become dependent on them." Another 30 percent added, "and how much money they cost." And some individualists insisted that the whole concept of aphrodisiacs is absurd. Whom do you agree with?

"I'm convinced that seafood and champagne can do wonders."

Seafood never fails to turn me on, and as far as I can tell, it has the same effect on the women I go out with, too. I remember one particular night, when seafood and sex seemed destined from the word *go*.

We rode out to City Island on my Honda for lobster tails. Sheila started getting silly with the melted butter—licking it off my face, stuff like that. We both got even sillier with the aid of some rum-and-Cokes, and soon she was playfully rubbing my crotch under the table, which really made me crazy.

When we noticed the people around us ogling our heavy petting, we adjourned to my bike and rode off to a nearby wooded area. There, I offered Sheila some cocaine, which she bashfully accepted (it was only our

QUESTIONNAIRE: SEXUAL FANTASIES

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Entire books have been written about erotic fantasies, but the only agreed-upon conclusion is that sexual fantasies are universal, from infancy through old age. We'd like to know if there are any patterns to our readers' erotic dreams and thoughts. Confidentiality is assured by our first-name-only policy. Women, as well as men, are invited to respond.

1. First name only: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

PLEASE CIRCLE THE ANSWER THAT BEST DESCRIBES THE WAY YOU FEEL:

6. I am aware of having sexual fantasies . . .
   a. only in my dreams.
   b. a few times a day.
   c. less than once a week.
   d. practically every waking moment.
7. What I like best about my sensual daydreaming is . . .
   a. how turned on it makes me feel.
   b. it lets me have other partners without actually being unfaithful to my lover.
   c. it keeps me searching for a mate.
   d. sharing my fantasies with my lover.
8. The general content of my fantasies involves this theme:
   a. I'm making love with two or more members of the opposite sex.
   b. I'm in some kind of bondage or restraint situation.
   c. I'm able to dominate my sexual partner.
   d. I'm being seduced by a celebrity.
   e. Other: _____.
9. Sharing my erotic thoughts with my lover . . .
   a. is something I'd do only if I really trusted the person.
   b. would get me into real trouble.
   c. is a wonderful way to keep the sexual energy high.
   d. is OK, but acting them out is even better.
   e. Other: _____.
10. The thing that bothers me about my fantasies is that . . .
    a. they rarely involve the person I'm living with.
    b. they sometimes involve sadomasochistic practices.
    c. there's often an element of homosexuality.
    d. they often interfere with getting my work done.
    e. Other: _____.
11. Turning sex fantasies into reality . . .
    a. would ruin the benefits of having them.
    b. is something I'm working on every day.
    c. is something I'd love to do, but my lover won't.
    d. is no problem—I do it all the time.
    e. depends on the fantasy.
12. In general, my erotic scenarios . . .
    a. tend to follow a specific pattern.
    b. change all the time, depending on the mood.
    c. are full-fledged dramas, as in X-rated movies.
    d. are brief, unless I'm actually having sex at the time.
    e. Other: _____.
13. Over the years, my fantasies have changed. I used to daydream about _____, but now I fantasize mostly about _____.
14. The strangest sexual fantasy anyone ever told me went like this: _____
    _____.
15. The details of my favorite, recurrent sexual fantasy are as follows (use separate page to explain):

sixth date). Ten minutes later, after a five-on-five apiece, I felt light-headed and lazy. And it also seemed as if someone had lighted a campfire between my legs. Sheila must have felt the same way because, with reckless abandon, she grabbed me and started kissing me like crazy.

Feeling really dizzy, I decided to return the favor. Tucking my hand into the waistband of her shorts, I quickly removed them and began massaging her thighs. Then I slid down to my knees, and when Sheila slipped down to the ground, I pounced on her like a wrestler. After we had begun in earnest, I actually saw stars, as if the entire New York Giants front line had knocked me for a loop.

Then I noticed the silly grin on Sheila's face. She told me that she'd had enough of my "gentlemanly" behavior and had set out to seduce me from the moment I'd called her for the date. It was, come to think of it, her idea to have lobster in the first place.

I am definitely convinced that seafood, champagne and a little coke or dope can do wonders for anyone's sex life—as long as you don't go to extremes, of course. Better living through chemistry, that's what I say. Of course, if you're with a girl who's not in the mood, there's not an aphrodisiac in the world that'll work. When all is said and done, I'd rather have the lady seduce me, anyhow.

BRUCE, 21, STUDENT
Bronx, New York

"Nothing is as great a stimulant as the words *I love you.*"

The only aphrodisiac that really works on me is love. I can be feeling so-so about a guy, but if he honestly cares about me and shows me so in words and actions, then I usually end up going to bed with him. Nothing is as great a sexual stimulant as the three little words *I love you.*

MERILEE, 22, SECRETARY
Fort Worth, Texas

"Any female in medical clothes excites me just like a Spanish fly."

My first six years of sexual activity were limited to masturbation—all the way through junior high and high school. So I guess you could say that my favorite aphrodisiac for years was Vaseline. Seeing that jar on the bathroom shelf still turns my thoughts to sex now and then. But since I've graduated from college, I've discovered that science has not perfected a more powerful sexual stimulant than female medical personnel.

I first got turned on by a woman doctor at a clinic I went to a couple of years ago, when I thought I'd picked up some disease. She was very businesslike, but getting undressed in front of this lady gave me an erection. I was more embarrassed than she was. At least it turned out that nothing was wrong with me.

And more recently, the same thing has begun happening to me everywhere—the dentist's hygienist, nurses on the street, lab technicians. Any female in medical clothes or a medical setting excites me just like a Spanish fly. I don't know why this is happening, but I guess I might as well learn to enjoy it. I'll tell you one thing—my teeth have never been cleaner in my life!

DAVID, 25, ACCOUNTANT
Los Angeles, California

SPEAK EASY

"Sheila told me she'd had enough of my 'gentlemanly' behavior and set out to seduce me."

"The same thing never seems to work more than once."

I've learned one thing about aphrodisiacs: The same thing never seems to work more than once. In the last three years, I've met a lot of women who play hard to get, and each time one succumbed to romance, it was because of a different aphrodisiac. I've tried champagne, pot, Thirties music, foot rubs, cocaine, color meditations, bringing her flowers, singing her praises. Each of them worked on at least one girl, but it gets to be exhausting—not to mention expensive—doing new research every time you're out with a new woman.

The last girl I went out with was a real tease. What finally got to her were magic tricks. I was just looking around for something to do because she'd already nixed sex and, lo, at the first card trick, I could see her nipples harden. A rope trick later, and she was breathing heavy. After I pulled quarters out of her ears, she was only too ready to make it.

STEVE, 26, BARTENDER
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"For some crazy reason, very thin women just make me break out in a sweat."

I'm a runner at one of the casinos here in Las Vegas. There's a lot of kinky sex in this town. I've seen people in hotel rooms, wearing black leather and chains—I guess pain is an aphrodisiac, too. I used to be into pills and cocaine, but a buddy of mine overdosed on some freebase, and I've given it all up since then. Instead, I've discovered, much to my surprise, that Las Vegas can be a real trip when you're sober—which, by the way, means you're definitely in the minority.

The only aphrodisiac that works for me these days is skinny women. For some crazy reason, very thin women just make me break out in a sweat. I'm living with one right now, and writing this letter has inspired me to grab that skinny doll slaving away in the kitchen and hop to it in the bedroom.

LEE, 25, CASINO RUNNER
Las Vegas, Nevada

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write: OUI *Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

OPENERS

(Continued from page 29)

like a coxswain shouting orders to the crew of a racing shell. Completely caught up in her own erogenous zones, she would guide his hand to the right place at the right time. Whenever he looked at her, he would see her impatient eyes and the feverish thrashings of her body—a portable apparatus for manufacturing the minor explosion that had become the meaning, the goal of her life.

The last time he left her apartment he suddenly thought of Hertz, an opera director in the small Central European town where he had spent his youth. Hertz required his women singers to perform their entire roles for him in private during special nude blocking rehearsals. To ensure that they held their bodies just so, he had them insert pencils into their rectums. Since the direction in which the pencil pointed indicated the position of the spinal column, the meticulous director was able to control every step, every motion of the singer's body.

Once a young soprano lost her temper and denounced him to the management. Hertz defended himself by saying he had never molested any of the singers, that he had never even touched them, which was true enough, but only made his pencil antics seem more perverse. Hertz was finally run out of town.

His case had become famous, however, and Jan began attending opera performances at a tender age. All the women—with their overblown gestures, twisted heads, and wide-open mouths—he would picture naked. As the orchestra wept and they clasped their left breasts, he would see pencils sticking out of their bare behinds. His heart would pound. He was aroused by Hertz's arousal! (To this day he cannot see an opera in any other light, and to this day whenever he enters an opera house, he feels like a little boy sneaking off to watch a dirty movie.)

Hertz was a sublime alchemist of vice, Jan said to himself. He found the magic formula of arousal in the form of a pencil stuck up the rectum. Jan was ashamed. Hertz would never have let himself be hoodwinked into the exhausting command performance Jan had just played on the body of the girl from the sporting-goods rental place. ■

FOREIGN FILM

A Look at One of OUI's Lovely Ladies from Abroad

Susanne

Germany is well known for its engineering genius, but we doubt that its engineers will ever design anything as beautiful as this natural Rhineland wonder.

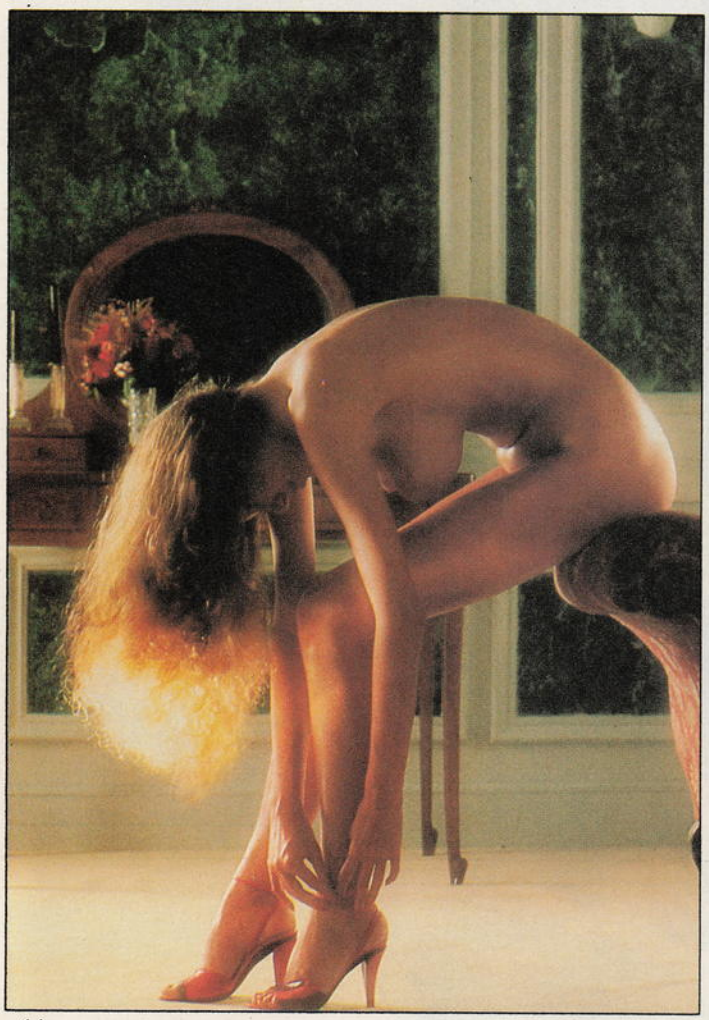
HAND LETTERING BY PETER GRECO

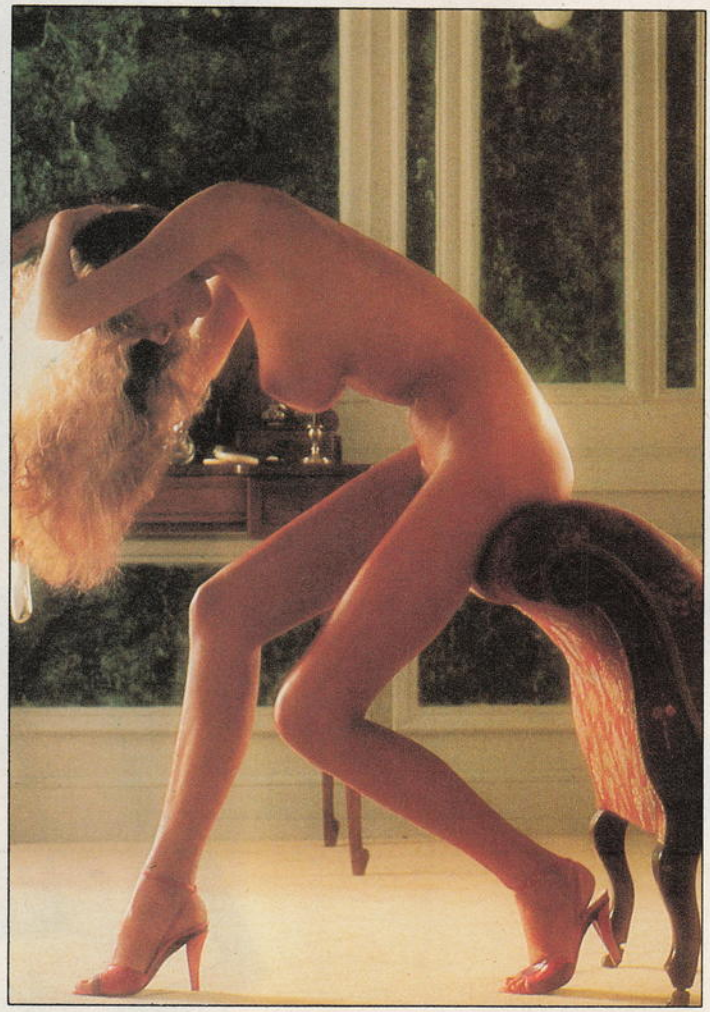
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH

Twenty-two-year-old Susanne Henrik grew up in the shadow of European aristocracy, and she feels this has given her life a perfect balance. On the one hand, she knows the value of Old World institutions, yet she is every bit the embodiment of a modern European woman.

"Europeans aren't afraid of their bodies, and we certainly have no repressed attitudes about nudity and sex. It's all very natural. Americans tend to put so much importance—overimportance, really—on this false sense of modesty that has nothing whatsoever to do with morality."

"Despite what we hear about America, though, the young people that I've met traveling in Europe all have very healthy attitudes regarding sex. I know that the media have a tendency to exaggerate the way things really are. I certainly hope this is the case, because the Americans I meet are so warm . . . and sexy."





HENRY MILLER On Women

In his own words, as introduced and recorded by his friend Twinka Thiebaud

"I'm not interested in the truth. I don't *want* the truth. I want illusion, lies . . . You could tell me she's a murderess, a liar . . . I wouldn't give a damn."

MARY ELLEN MARKS / MAGNUM

For Twinka from her friend "Hen" Henry Miller 1976

HENRY MILLER was always in the throes of romance. He was romantic in the highest sense of the word. A large portion of his energy was given over to talking, thinking, dreaming and writing about his ladyloves.

He treated women with respect and reverence, acting more like a lovesick schoolboy than the sex-crazed scoundrel he made himself out to be in his earlier writings. Always gentlemanly and considerate, he claimed to have been transformed into a respectable romantic, that he liked himself better that way.

Miller with Twinka: "The love of an unattainable woman . . . I was driven toward it. I'm like a madman in the realm of love."

There wasn't another topic of conversation explored more thoroughly throughout those years than that of unrequited love, on which he prided himself an expert. Believing that suffering was a necessary component to a great love affair, his romances appeared incomplete if lacking angst.

It wasn't surprising, then, that he focused his attentions on unattainable types—women who were married or otherwise involved, who were in the process of raising families and nurturing careers (actresses were a favorite), and always they were decades younger. He declared openly, "The more impossible, the more infeasible the

relationship, the more I am drawn toward it. I will sacrifice everything for the love of the unattainable, the elusive woman: money, wives, children, jobs, friendships, anything!"

Some of the women he fancied appeared to outsiders like vultures preying upon Miller's romantic weaknesses. Yet, if their advances were opportunistic in nature, it was because he unhesitatingly set himself up as the white knight, doing everything in his power to rescue them from their "misfortunes." Their plights were seemingly endless. He doled out handsome sums of cash for surgeries, automobile repairs, extensive cosmetic dental work, back rent. As long as their affections for him were professed convincingly and often, the continuous entreaty for funds didn't faze him. He never questioned these appeals for aid, and expressed only the gravest concern for their health and happiness.

But when they didn't acknowledge his phone calls, answer his letters, and were mysteriously unreachable for weeks on end, he'd grow restless and depressed. During those periods, he expressed the desire to give it all up, to die blissfully in his sleep, implying that to die of a broken heart would be a most honorable ending. His blues were easily remedied by a call or letter from his inamorata, after which he'd bounce back as if braced by a strong tonic.

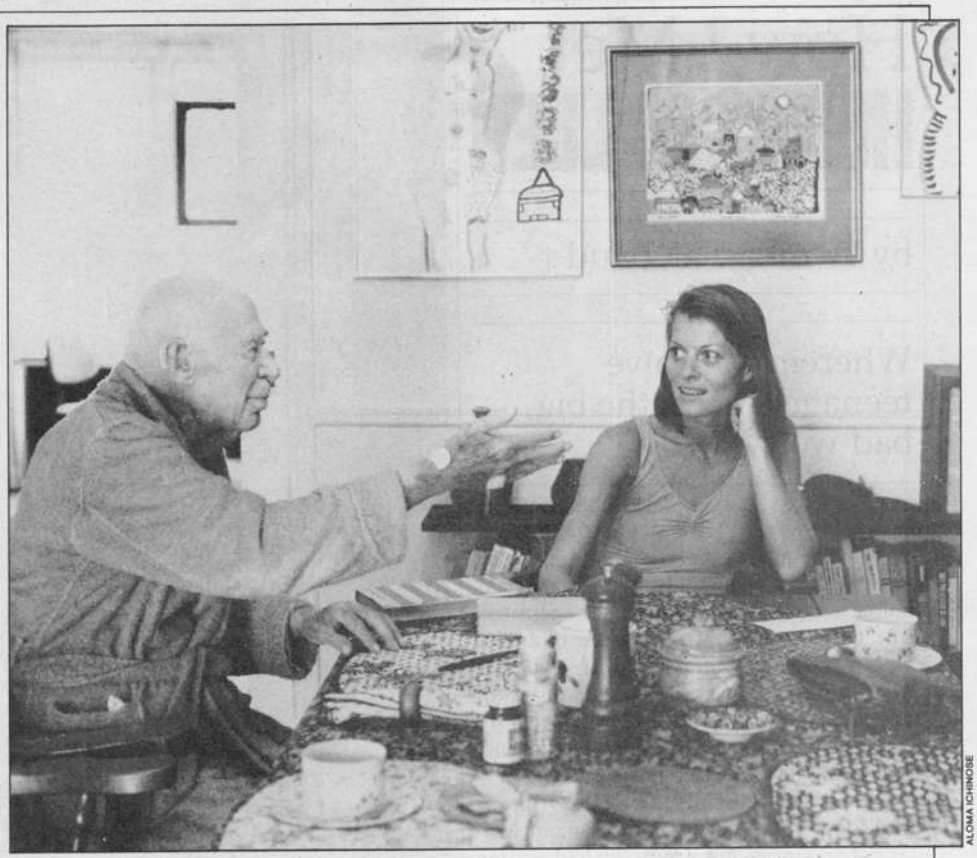
Maintaining his illusions about a woman was far more important to Henry than learning the truth of her intentions. This fact he made clear to anyone who tried to interfere or impede the progress of a relationship by offering observations about the woman in question. He'd end attempts to enlighten him with statements like "I'm not interested in the truth. I don't want the truth. I want illusion, lies, deceit. You could tell me she's a murderess, a liar, a thief, and I wouldn't give a damn. That's how crazy about her I am!"

Indeed.

Dining with Henry Miller was an unforgettable experience. Those who shared a meal with him were fascinated, inspired or shocked by his unpredictable nature. He would appear as one of many selves, each suited to his mood. He might wear the contemplative cap of an Oriental sage or the mellowed mien of a timeworn romantic. He'd display his colors as an old-fashioned sexist, then with the wink of an eye, begin a tirade against the injustices women have suffered at the hands of male chauvinists.

However confounding, even exasperating, his uninhibited shift in roles was, it can be said, without reservation, that he was never dull. That being the case, let the maestro speak for himself.

"The artist is the most sensitive to love and women. We romanticize her... even her darker moods. And we suffer more because of her."



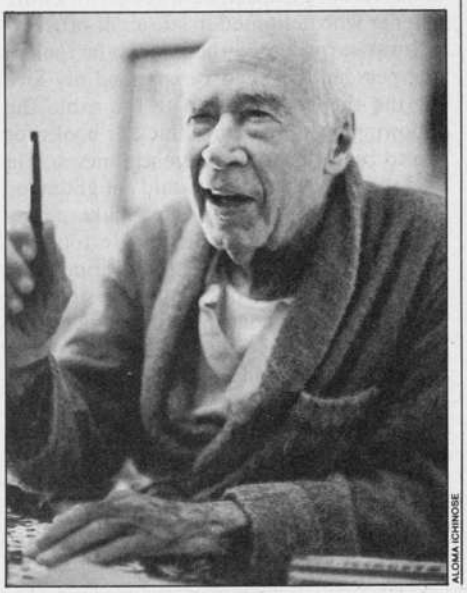
ALOMA ICHINOSE

Talking with Twinka at table: "We men are like little dogs that only want to be petted and reassured. Women are our masters; we are simply cat's paws."

MILLER TALKING:

ON LOVE

LOVE IS THE MOST important theme in my life because it has provided me with almost all my creative fuel. I could've written volumes on the subject of unrequited love. I suffered terribly from it with my first girlfriend, Cora Seward.



ALOMA ICHINOSE

I get sad thinking of those times as a teenager. I was like a pussycat, so timid, so painfully shy. Too shy to even pick up the telephone and dial her number. I've written about how I used to take a walk every evening after dinner to the house where Cora lived. I'd walk by, hoping to catch a glimpse of her in the window, and that was all! It took me an hour to get there, and then I'd walk all the way back home. And I did that every night for three years! I never even knocked at her door, I was so timid, embarrassed, like a mouse. I wonder if young people are as naïve as I was in those days. I seriously doubt it. I was so pure. Why, I didn't even think she had a cunt!

I believe that on my deathbed, the last person I'll think about is Cora Seward. She was like an angel to me, untouchable and unreachable. Loving someone like that was like rejecting myself. I suffered horribly because I chose someone who simply didn't understand me.

I usually took a beating in my love affairs after that, repeating the patterns of my relationship with Cora. Looking back, I realize that my loves were, in actuality, obsessions. They caused more pain than pleasure.

(Continued on page 49)

How I Met HENRY MILLER

by Twinka Thiebaud

Wherein the naïve teenager meets the big, bad wolf

WHEN MOTHER announced I was to accompany her to Henry Miller's Big Sur home during the Christmas holidays of 1962, I was dead set against it. The prospect of confronting the infamous author face to face terrified me. As an unworldly teenager, I knew only the unsavory image he'd received during the *Tropic of Cancer* obscenity trials, and I'd read only the book's steamier passages.

Mother's purpose in making this trip was to discuss a film adaptation of one of Miller's short stories, for which she had written a treatment. I couldn't figure out a logical reason for my going along, but she was adamant; so off we went. It wasn't until we were winding up the dirt road to Miller's hideaway that she confessed the reason she was dragging me along: My stepfather had consented to her spending that weekend with a world-renowned "pornographer" on the condition that I go as chaperon.

The fantasies elicited by this bit of information made my skin crawl. Had I been railroaded into the position of warding off a lecherous satyr, of having to defend both my mother's honor and my virginity?

At the front gate, a caretaker welcomed us and said that our host would be joining us later for tea. I lapsed into a terrible case of the jitters, twitching nervously at every rustle of vine and bush. At any moment, I expected to catch a glimpse of Miller exposing himself from behind a tree with a lascivious grin on his face. But as we stood in the lush gardens, taking in the grandeur of the surroundings, we heard a voice in the distance and glanced up to see an older gentleman making his way down the stone steps of the terraced property with the help of a cane. From his finely tailored suit to his jaunty Ivy League cap, nicely doffed as he introduced himself, Henry Miller appeared every bit a gentleman.

My fears and reservations seemed ridiculous. Here I was, meeting my own grandfather instead of a famous lecher.

Over dinner that evening, we were treated to a conversational marathon, an incredible repertoire of stories that transported me far beyond my sheltered little world. Not only was he a master raconteur and a verbal gymnast, he was also an astute listener who delighted in stories of others.

Our author posing with world-famous photographer Imogen Cunningham for the classic 1974 photo by Judy Dater, which was later released as a poster.

I was surprised by the interest he took in me, personally. When I expressed my love for the theater, he came to the table the following evening with a stack of books for me to read, plays by Eugene Ionesco. He said that the Absurdists would enlighten me more than any of the works by Shakespeare, Shaw or Tennessee Williams. He took delight in urging everyone around him to be more than they'd ever thought possible.

In 1973, I was consumed by the notion of becoming the next Greta Garbo. In order to fire that fantasy and eat at the same time, I began to care for Henry, at his family's request, after his physical capabilities had been diminished by major surgery. Until that time, he'd been extremely active, but now, reluctantly, stubbornly, he was forced to give in to failing health.

But he never allowed this state of affairs to cripple his enthusiasm for living. He busied himself with voluminous correspondence, and he continued to write and to paint. When he was in particularly fine fettle, he held forth at the head of his dinner table, entertaining such visitors as Erica Jong, Jack Nicholson and Lawrence Durrell. He occasionally ventured out to his favorite Japanese restaurant, accompanied by one of many beautiful women. During one particularly rich period, no fewer than five women were vying for his attentions. Not bad for a man in his 80s.

Though I had always been utterly fascinated by his love for the spoken word and his love for life and people, it wasn't until I'd worked for four years as his live-in caretaker and cook that I began the self-assigned task of recording from memory the stories that entertained and enlightened many a guest who sat down to dine with Henry Miller. With his help, encouragement and blessings, *Reflections* was born. ■

(Continued from page 47)
Sometimes I can't distinguish between pain and ecstasy.

I was in love with many women, but I haven't really written about love with a capital *L*. I wrote about sex! I have found that I can go without sex like a camel can go without water. Sex is a drop in the bucket when you consider the whole of a relationship. Some of the greatest love affairs in history were completely devoid of sex. I've found that my relationships with women that didn't include sex were just as gratifying as the ones where sex was the main course. I'm not hung up on it.

I am a romantic, and I tend toward people of the same ilk. I could never be a pragmatist in the face of love. I was never practical, never realistic. I don't want the truth. I *want* illusion, mystery, intrigue. That is why women have been able to take advantage of me so often. I'll sacrifice everything, anything—money, job, wives, children—all for love! And always for the love of an unattainable woman, an elusive woman. The more infeasible the relationship, the more I was driven toward it! Nothing can hold me back from giving myself up to it. I'm like a madman in the realm of love.

I wouldn't say I'm a cheap romantic. I am a true believer that love itself is *miraculous*! It contains everything within it. Once you get to that point, you have your own corner on religion; you're a religious person, but belong to no sect. Then you are a truly free person. I think, then, you can commit what the world calls sins, especially in the realm of sex, let's say. I believe that people in the realm of love can do *anything*, and it will not be sinful. There are others who are sinful without ever doing anything wrong; their very thoughts are poisonous. *True* romantics are innocents; I am such a person. It never occurred to me that I was a sinful man—selfish, yes, but not sinful.

Love is the be-all, end-all and cure-all. It makes the world go round even if it wobbles, goes crazy! What else can I say but that *love is all*; there is no more.

MY MOTHER

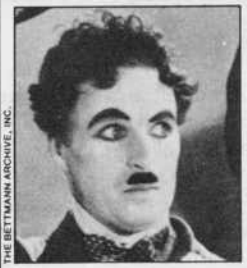
I SAW AS A CHILD, maybe only a few years old, that the world was rotten. I looked at my parents' ways as stupid. Their cardplaying, dinner parties, attitudes—everything they did, everything they stood for was utterly contemptible to me. They were dull, uninteresting people. It makes me sad to have to say it, but it's true! I was curious as a child, always asking questions, bursting for knowledge, and they were simply disinterested. I have this image of myself being so intelligent that after jumping out of the womb, I get up and run straight out the door to the library.

My mother was a first-class bitch, who beat my sister senseless for embarrassing her—my poor sister, who was retarded. From my earliest days, I realized that I had to contend with a mother who was a kind of monster, an idiot! Can you imagine a person trying to beat some brains into a retarded child? It's totally ludicrous. That was one of the reasons I hated my mother all my life.

I wrote a short piece inspired by a dream I had a couple of years ago. In the dream, I died and went to devachan. Suddenly my mother appears, and she's completely different from my memories of her. She is wonderful, radiant, sensitive, even intelligent! After writing that piece, my view of her softened. I had created a mother of my own making, one I could relate to, one I could love even. It occurred to me that if my mother had been like the mother I had dreamed about, perhaps I wouldn't have become a writer after all. I might have become a tailor, like my father. I might have been an upstanding pillar of society, like she wanted me to be.

But instead of encouraging me, she belit-

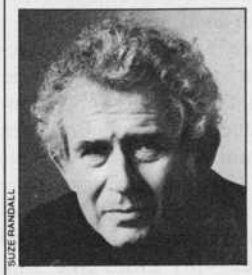
Miller on Men: Some were sanctimonious, some were sublime


THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

One day, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., invites Chaplin to dinner. Now, Chaplin has just returned from China. When he gets to the house, he goes to Fairbanks' Chinese cook. "Listen," he says. "You talk to me in Chinese, and I'll carry on with you in something that sounds like Chinese. Don't let on that I don't know the language."

When the cook comes in, Chaplin begins to speak with him in "Chinese." After a few minutes, Fairbanks breaks in: "Hey, Charlie, how long did you say you were over there? You told me you were only gone a week. It's amazing!"

Chaplin was the kind of man that could make you believe in miracles.


SUZE RANDALL

Norman Mailer is a seductive guy, full of charm. He has a mind like a steel trap. If you ask him a question, he gives a complicated answer. He's difficult to understand. Norman cannot simplify anything, especially when it comes to words.

The two of us have many things in common. First of all, we're both great egos. The world revolves around us, don'tcha know? And then, we're clowns. We have a lot of the actor in us, and we can charm people right and left. Though we say the nastiest, do the nastiest things, there remains a kind of innocence that people are attracted to immediately.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

I'm sorry to say it, but as a man, I had no respect for [Picasso]. He was a bastard, especially to his own children. I met a couple of them once, a long time ago. They were like from another planet. Beautiful to look at and delicate, sensitive people. They told me that they'd been turned away at the garden gate by their father. "Go away, I'm working," he'd say through the intercom.

Most of the geniuses of our time were despicable scoundrels. I suppose I could be lumped into that category as well.

Picasso was, without a doubt, a once-only. I'm afraid we won't see the likes of him again. That kind of energy, that kind of talent, doesn't happen a second time.

COURTESY COLUMBIA RECORDS

I met Bob Dylan in Pacific Palisades maybe ten, fifteen years ago. He came with Joan Baez, and ours was an unfortunate meeting. There was no communication between us. I felt as if he turned his back on me. I don't know if he did it deliberately or if it was an unconscious move, but I took it as a personal affront. I've made the effort, but his music didn't appeal to me.

I met Dylan's wife, Sara. A regal woman, exotic, queenly. I tried to get her to talk about her husband because, frankly, I was more interested in him as a person than as a musician. She was quite enigmatic about her life with him. I appreciated that quality in her.

tled me constantly. Any effort I ever made was never good enough. She tried to scold and shame me into respectability. She thought in her small way that she was doing the right thing. What she didn't realize was that she was creating a very restless, angry person.

When finally I found the courage to write what I'd been storing up for years, it came pouring out into one long, relentless tirade. Beginning with the earliest memories of my mother, I had saved up enough hatred, enough anger, to fill a hundred books.

MY FATHER

MY FATHER OWNED a rather high-class tailoring establishment in New York, just off Fifth Avenue. One of the main reasons I went to work for him was because my mother wanted me to keep an eye on him. My father was a terrible drinker, an alcoholic. I had to go with him when he'd make the rounds because he'd get so drunk, he couldn't find his way home.

But my father always treated me decently. He was kind and patient where my mother wasn't. He was a good man at heart. And, in a way, I always felt a little sorry for him. My mother was so difficult to live with, I don't know how he put up with her or why he didn't just leave her altogether. She was the kind of woman who would've driven the sanest of men to drink.

Even when he was on his deathbed, dying of cancer, she was complaining and scolding as if he'd gotten sick just to make more work for her! It was a pitiful situation. In a way, though, it served to bring my father and me closer together. He told me some wonderful stories when I'd come to sit with him. He really opened himself up to me. And I have to admit that when he died, I felt relieved more than anything else. After having spent a lifetime with my mother, he'd more than earned a little peace and quiet.

IN PRAISE OF WOMAN: THE SUPERIOR SEX

I HAVE ALWAYS FELT it is woman, not man, who is the stronger sex, the superior one. She has more endurance; she can suffer greater pain, torture, deprivation and so on. And it is not only her physical stamina that makes her superior. She is in possession of the greatest intelligence there is, one that cannot be measured by men's standards. It has nothing whatever to do with intellectual pursuits or university training. Her intelligence matches that of Mother Nature; it is naturally intuitive, instinctive. She is highly attuned to nature's rhythms and nature's needs. While man struggles to shape the world around him to his needs and to his likings, woman finds a way to harmonize her needs with those of the world in which she lives. Her approach to life is natural, practical and peace loving, while man's is warlike and mechanical.

I feel the world should be run by women.

HENRY MILLER

"To man, falling in love is the thing, but it's only the can opener. It's the woman who knows how to preserve love."

It would be the kind of a world—one world—I have often dreamed about. Would any man, woman or child ever go hungry at the hands of, say, a Jewish stateswoman?

Woman is man's greatest teacher. She teaches him from the cradle the most important lessons in life and love. She is vital to the existence, the future and the enlightenment of all mankind. I take off my hat and bow to her.

FEMINISTS

AS FAR AS THE FEMINISTS go, it seems ludicrous to me that so many of them are taking on the very mannerisms of the men they've been ranting and raving about. We all know that it's the men who've fucked up the world in the first place. Why do women want to ape them? I've seen some of these women on the television, and they're tough, masculine, mean-looking people. They do more harm in the struggle for women's rights than good, in my opinion.

Now, there are two feminists I admire tremendously—Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer. I've never met either of them personally, but I'm intrigued by them. Both are good-looking, feminine and highly intelligent. Germaine Greer debating with a man makes him look like a pickle. An idiot! I read a fabulous interview with her in *Playboy* magazine once—my God! She was tremendous, forceful, and she didn't have to dress or act like a man in order to make people sit up and take her seriously. It was easy to be responsive to what she was saying because she wasn't attacking, harassing or ridiculing. Those are the tactics of men, after all. Her talk was inspirational, eloquent, so articulate . . .

I recently read the piece Kate Millett wrote about me, the one that prompted Norman Mailer's reply in defense of my honor, as it were. The funny thing is, I began to believe while reading it that what she was saying had an element of truth to it—about me being the prime example of the male chauvinist pig.

When I reread passages from those books I'm most noted for, even I am shocked by my use of language—especially in regard to women and sex. I can well understand the rage women must feel, having themselves talked about in such a crude manner. One would think I despise women, which couldn't be farther from the truth.

You see, I created a monstrous character in my books, and I gave him my name, Henry Miller. He's a demon, a rogue, a scoundrel. He fancies himself the playboy of the Western world; he thinks he's a great lover, when, in reality, he's a shitty lover! He's always too preoccupied with his own needs and desires to open himself up to the woman's needs. It was mostly exaggeration and bravado, you see? That character *was* me, and he *wasn't* me. It's as if there are two Henry Millers. The one I created, and the one who has survived the best and the worst of his creations.

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

MEN ARE THE WORST BABIES when it comes to love—especially American men, who have the worst time of all surrendering their precious egos. Love implies a giving up of sorts, vulnerability, loss of power in one sense, the sense of self, of ego. Man does not recognize what a gem he has in woman and that through the experience of truly loving her, of giving himself up to her, he learns his greatest lessons in life.

Man believes that falling in love is the big thing, whereas it is only a can opener; he's got the rest of his life to *live* with the woman. And it's the woman who knows more about how to preserve a relationship than man does. She lubricates the wheels of the relationship, so to speak. She's the one who keeps everything running smoothly. She's far more practical than man.

I would say the artist tends to be the most sensitive to love and to woman. We romanticize her; we deify her; we appreciate everything about her—even her darker sides, her moods, her vanities, double-dealings—nothing escapes us! And, too, we probably suffer more because of our sensitivity to her. She can be a constant source of agitation, preoccupation, obsession.

THE FEMME FATALE

JUNE CERTAINLY WAS a *femme fatale*, not only in my eyes, but in the eyes of others. She was the kind of woman other women, strangers, would stop on the street just to tell her how beautiful they thought she was. Now, this was the type of woman men would kill for, die for. To tell the truth, I can't be sure if one or two didn't end up committing suicide because of their devotion to her. Devotion and obsession!

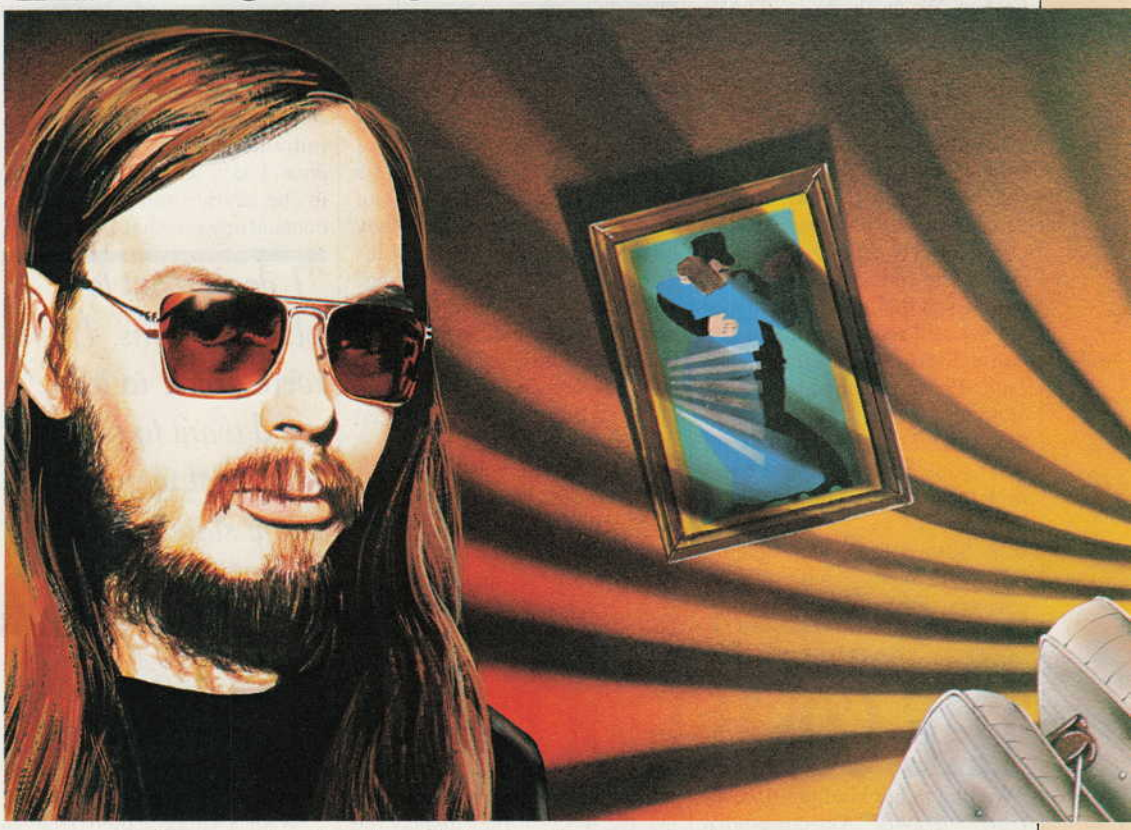
Once you're in the hands of a *femme fatale*, you're begging for mercy, you're doomed to suffer. The other side to this is, of course, all the marvelous things that happen at the hands of such a woman. She's exquisite, mysterious, ephemeral, a once only, a miracle! Never a dull moment with a beauty like that. You suffer when you try to possess her because eventually, you rob her of her mystery—the very thing that attracted you in the first place! When you try to hoard the charms of a butterfly, it's inevitable that you'll watch it die right under your nose.

June was more than beautiful. She was of

(Continued on page 56)

ONE-HALF OF STEELY DAN

Wherein Walter Becker Acts Weird and Cracks Wise, Talking About Songwriting, Stardom and Some Guy Named Fagen



Becker's words of wisdom: "It's very difficult to book a dead musician."

It goes like this: Walter Becker and Donald Fagen hole up in some recording studio for a couple of years, work a legion of topflight session players to the bone, run through millions of their record company's dollars and then turn out albums like *Aja* and *Gaucho*—albums crammed full of the cool, enigmatic jazz/pop that is Steely Dan's trademark.

OUI sent Atlanta-based journalist **Andrew Slater** on a thankless mission to waylay Walter Becker alone and get him to talk. As Slater reports, the interview kicked off appropriately enough amid the desolation of a trashed Gainesville, Florida, hotel room. "Becker sat in a chair in the far corner of the room—or what was left of it. Earlier in the evening, a buddy had done some remodeling: The mattress had been stuffed into the bathroom; the television had been yanked from its bolted position on the dresser and laid facedown on the floor; the nightstands had been sawed off the wall; and the bed frame had been reduced to a pile of wrought iron and rollers. Becker maintains the posture of a bona fide wiseass and seems to get a great charge out of fouling up your questions by cutting you off in the middle of a sentence to crack a joke.

"He reminds me of the archetypal campus hipster—the guy who read all the right books, listened to all those obscure mid-Fifties jazz records and was way too smart to let any educational institution keep him in line for four years [which they didn't]. Becker stands out from other Top Forty music makers as an articulate, witty and well-versed individual. After all, there aren't many pop stars who can cite the *Harvard Dictionary of Music* as a major influence on their work."

OUI: On the latest album—

BECKER: You have your own album out? Far out. You'll have to send me a copy.

OUI: No, no. On *your* record, *Gaucho*. Remember that one?

BECKER: Oh, sure. Well, what about it?

OUI: You didn't play as big a part in the recording of it as on previous albums. There are many songs on which you aren't even credited with playing an instrument. Why is that?

BECKER: Well, last year, on the 15th of April, at which point the recording was virtually done except for the final mix down, I was hit by a car and then in a cast for about seven months. So there were certainly things I would have done—like some of the guitar solos—if I had been able to go to the studio. But looking back at the other records, like *Katy Lied*, I think I only played the guitar on about two tracks and the bass on three. So . . .

"Drugs are just cultural artifacts of the wonderful life we once were living."

OUI: After the accident, did some of the songs become more Donald's than yours?

BECKER: Not really. Like I said, the recording had just about been completed, and the

ILLUSTRATION BY MANUEL NUNEZ

only thing that remained was the final mix down. Aside from that and a few of the guitar solos, the album was finished when I had my accident.

OUI: Have there been compositions over the years that were yours more than Donald's, or vice versa?

BECKER: No. To a tremendous extent, it's a collaboration. Donald and I are very attuned to each other in terms of musical taste and background. We think along the same lines. What can I say? We work on the music together. We work on the lyrics together. We both do it. That's why we broke up the band . . . even though we still are a band.

OUI: Was that the only reason for the breakup of the band?

BECKER: It was mostly a question of musical direction and that sort of thing. They wanted to tour more than we possibly could, and we just wanted to stay home and write songs.

OUI: Even though you and Donald are still recording under the name Steely Dan, since *Katy Lied*, it hasn't seemed like much of a band to me.

BECKER: That all depends on what your perception of a band is. I mean, were The Beatles a band?

OUI: Sure.

BECKER: Well, what if Eric Clapton played some of the solos on the *White Album*, and Jack Bruce played in the rhythm section on a cut or two, would they still be a band? Of course. What about Bill Evans? He's made a lot of records and used a lot of different musicians; yet they have all been the Bill Evans Trio. You see what I'm saying? All these years, what we have been calling bands are just extended families of musicians. So let's just say we have lots of uncles and aunts in our extended family.

OUI: But don't you think it is important for you, as a member of Steely Dan, to play on your own albums?

BECKER: It's more important to have an overview of the recording and hear what the drummer is doing and not be concerned solely with executing your own individual part. From experience, I have learned that if I was in the rhythm section, I had to concentrate on what I was doing and could not do other, more important things that had to be done.

COURTESY FRONT LINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC.

Becker and Fagen: "We think along the same lines."

"I don't want to play stadiums. If we were going to tour, we'd want to play in halls that were in the same state the people were in."

OUI: Then I guess you would have no reservations about making a Steely Dan album and not playing one note on it?

BECKER: None at all. It happens all the time. I'm not egotistical about the fact that I must do it myself. Chuck Rainey happens to be my all-time-favorite bass player. Why not have him do it if I want?

OUI: Have you thought about taking Chuck Rainey or some of your other "uncles and aunts" out on the road to do a tour any time in the near future?

BECKER: For the last album, we were going to go out on tour and take 12 uncles and aunts—big-bucks ones. We would have lost lots of money, and it would have taken months even for these great musicians to weld into a good live performing unit, something that we would have wanted to present in public. It was just a stupid idea, and when that became abundantly clear, we abandoned it.

OUI: Even with the huge success of *Gaucho*, you still would not consider a summer stadium tour, in which it would become economically feasible, if not profitable, to go out on the road?

(Continued on page 55)

A Pair of "Wild Moose Party" Girls

THE COSMOPOLITANS

"We like to get kinda outta control," drawls Alabama-born Jamie Sims, who, along with Nel Moore, fronts the New York–based group the Cosmopolitans. Their vocals might harken back to fellow Southerners, the B-52's—they display the same jerky rhythms, off-key screeches and hiccuppy refrains—but Jamie and Nel can dance in a fashion that leaves their beehived compatriots flailing in the red Georgia dust. They jerk, stomp, frug and monkey with choreographed precision, then unleash a flurry of manic, made-up dance steps.

With a single called *How to Keep Your Husband (Happy)* ("Be interested in him and the things he does/Stay mentally alert—try reading/Excess fat—Taboo"), you can imagine that the rest of their material runs on the odd side. *Party Boy*, *Bullworker* and *Chevy Baby* (about a couple who sells their child for a Chevrolet) are mere warm-up exercises for *Rockin' Doctors* and *Wild Moose Party*.

So where do these lithesome Southern belles get all their energy? "Well, it's the kind of thing that fuels itself," admits Nel. What with all their baton twirling, toy-harmonica blowing and go-go dancing, which is their favorite routine? "At the end of our version of *Wooly Bully*, Nel and I lie on the floor and make a bridge with our legs," says Jamie. "Then the guitar player does the limbo under it. It sounds a little naughty, but it's really not."

—MARGY ROCHLIN

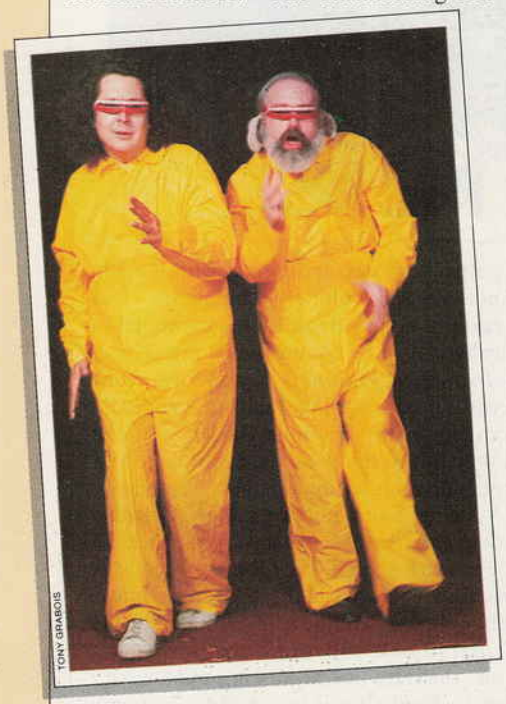
LIZ SOWERS

Cosmos left to right: David Itch, Nel Moore, Evan Davies and Jamie Sims

TRUE FACTS FROM THE WORLD OF WAX

VIGON NAHAS VIGON

ILLEGAL, IMMORAL & HAPPENING: When it comes to slogans for success, **Flo and Eddie** let **Oscar Levant** do the talking. "Our favorite state of consciousness," explains Flo, paraphrasing the late pianist/neurotic, "is unconsciousness." The unflattering self-



TONY GRABOIS

Invasion of the Flo and Eddie clones

description hardly does justice to the two most famous ex-**Turtles/Mothers/Atomic Enchiladas** the world has known. Besides singing on **Springsteen**'s *Hungry Heart* hit and **Blondie**'s *Autoamerican* LP, F&E have just released *Holiday*, their cut-in-Kingston reggae album featuring **Augustus Pablo**, **Chinna Smith** and assorted Marley-and-Cliff band members. They've also put out the second of a 13-EP set by "The Rhythm Butchers" (deranged motel-room sessions from the Turtles' heyday) and *Out of Control*, the notorious 1963 album by their pre-Turtles surf band **The Crossfires**. "After eighteen years of looking, the Crossfires finally got a record deal," smiles Eddie, adding that many tracks were "recorded live at the Westchester [L.A.] Woman's Club." Watch for Flo and Eddie's budget bonanza "Two-and-a-Half-Man Show" when it tours later this year. They are *not* kidding . . .

RAISE YOUR HAND if you're already tired of **Adam & the Ants**. **Rickie Lee Jones** isn't. She's copped their costume riff for the title of her second LP: *Pirates*. . . . MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING: The **Jacksons** are being sued for $10 mil by a British publisher, and **George Harrison** has been ordered by the court to fork over $587,000 to the songwriter of the **Chiffons**' *One Fine Day*. Court ruled Georgie's *My Sweet Lord* "subconsciously" cribbed the melody to the 1963 gal-group classic . . .

RECENT NO. 1 MELODY IN ENGLAND: the unforgettable *Shaddap You Face* by **Joe Dolce**. And you thought it was all **Delta 5** and **U2** over there. . . . SEEN ANY GOOD SONGS LATELY? You've got to hand it to those wild-eyed Southern boys **.38 Special**. What other bunch of brilliant rock poets would hire a sign-language speaker to "sing" the words of their songs along with them at a recent concert? That way, the 50 or so deaf kids in attendance weren't denied the enriching experience of hearing such songs as *Hold on Loosely* and *Honky Tonk Dancer*. . . . NEW MUSIC OUT NOW OR ALMOST FROM: **Deborah Harry** (produced by **Chic**'s Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards), **Blondie** keyboarder **Jimmy Destri**, **Jackie DeShannon**, **Gladys Knight & the Pips**, **Richard Hell** (on Shake Records), **U.S.R.** (new band formed by ex-Buffalo Springfielder **Richie Furay**), **Gloria Gaynor**, **Tina Turner**, **Elton John** and **Holly & the Italians** . . .

INSPIRATIONAL VERSE: "I'm sick of the country/sick of the town/Sick of the future/it's getting me down"—the **Damned**. . . . GOOD PEOPLE DOING GOOD THINGS: Fatima Records, small but dedicated operation intent on getting East Los Angeles' *chicano* rock-'n'-roll scene down on wax. Out now: five-song EP by the **Brat**, brash quintet fronted by **Theresa Covarrubias**. Beautiful primitivism doesn't come much better than this. . . . BREAK UP TO MAKE UP: On the rocks as of this writing: **Rockpile** (**Dave Edmunds** owns the name),

MARTHA SWOPE / ELEKTRA-ASYLUM

Ronstadt: late Lowell George duet

COURTESY CHRYSALIS RECORDS

Destri rides alone

Amazing Rhythm Aces and the **U.S. Teens** featuring Raoul. And the rock world remains irrevocably shaken by the news that **John Waite** has split for a solo career after his five incredible years as lead singer of the **Babys**. The search for a replacement continues, but will it ever be the same? . . . **Don McLean**'s follow-up to *Chain Lightning* will be *Believers* ("about people who believe in one thing or another," sez Don). . . . BRAND-NEW BANDS across this great, great land: **Black Market Baby**, the **Trouts**, the **Beef**, the **Wrong Brothers**, **People Falling**, the **Coolies**, the **Wallets**, **Washed Up & Shabby** and the timely **Blake Quake & the Tremors** . . .

LIKE FATHERS, LIKE SONS: Both **Billy** and **Rocky Burnette** will be writing songs for **Rick Nelson** in the near future. Dads **Johnny** and **Dorsey** did the honors for **Ozzie**'s boy on *It's Late*, *Believe What You Say* and many more. . . . Ex-**Dictator Adny Shernoff** producing **Cyclones**, a three-piece lead by **Donna Esposito** out of New York. . . . Untrue rumor: that **Neil Diamond**'s next movie remake will be *The Ten Commandments* starring him as **Moses**. . . . Island Records has signed the **Levi**-less **Rockats** rockabilly band. . . . Forthcoming **Little Feat** double LP will feature various rarities, including **Lowell George** and **Linda Ronstadt** performing at some musty, old charity benefit or another. . . . Filming has been completed on **Lou Adler**'s *All Washed Up* epic. The rock flick features ex-**Pistols Paul Cook** and **Steve Jones** along with **Clashist Paul Simonon**, all making music. . . . Due soon: the *Urgh! A Music War* sound track, from I.R.S., including the **Go-Go's**, **Devo**, **XTC**, **Wall of Voodoo**, etc. . . . Eleven years ago, **David Crosby** sang these words: "Almost cut my hair/ It happened just the other day/ It's gettin' kinda long/ I could've said it was in my way. . . ." Fly your freak flag.—GENE SCULATTI

COMPILING THE COMPILATIONS

A Roundup of the Independent-Label Sampler LPs—200 Bands, No Waiting

Ever since the Ramones, Sex Pistols, et al. announced the demise of dinosaur music back in 1976, rock's ragged upstarts have been turning garages everywhere into incubators for the Next Big Thing.

Fortunately, there's a way to keep track of the home-grown New Wave profusion—the compilation album. Careers have been launched on less than the live cuts and two-track demos that often make up these collections.

Consider, then, the following sampler sampling as an invitation to the courageous aural explorer. Among the scores of hopefuls and hopelesses heard on these rough-and-rude offerings, there might be one or two that goose your lobes and stir your hometown spirit.

L.A.'s new-music bonanza has yielded some of the best best-of packages to date. Rhino Records' *Saturday Night Pogo*, *L.A. In* and *Yes Nukes* serve a street-level potpourri, including some early cuts from the Motels, Rubber City Rebels, the Runaways and others. Pop Svengali Rodney Bingenheimer has put together 15 of Hollywood's more vitriolic head bangers on *Rodney on the ROQ* (after his KROQ radio slot). The steamy Circle Jerks, along with Agent Orange and the Adolescents, are standouts here, while Dangerhouse Records' *Yes L.A.* ("not produced by Eno"), Upsetter Records' *Tooth and Nail* and *Cracks in the Sidewalk* on New Alliance highlight some hit-and-run punk by the Flesh Eaters, Negative Trend and Bags and Germs. The film score to *The Decline of Western Civilization* spotlights some hair-raising live cuts by X, Black Flag and Catholic Discipline, while the series of 12 (count 'em) compilations by the Los Angeles Free Music Society (including the excellent *Darker Skratcher*) and Bomp Records' several oldie and newie packages provide an exhaustive look at the L.A. boom, and the Orange County scene is dished out on *Beach Blvd*.

San Francisco's rep as Babylon by the Bay is amply enforced by a decidedly perverse selection of samplers, most notably *415 Music*, serving up the Donuts, the Offs and SVT. *Subterranean Modern* on Ralph Records boasts a skewered rendering of *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* by all the bands featured on the album: the Residents, MX-80 Sound, Chrome and Tuxedo Moon. *City Lights*, *Rising Stars of San Francisco* and the arty *Live at Target*, with Nervous Gender and the Uns among others, flesh out Frisco's finest.

Seattle and Portland have yet to yield a comprehensive collection from their promising club scenes, leaving the Pacific Northwest to the feeble *Vancouver Independence* (Friends Records)—14 stabs at obscurity by Subhumans, No Exit, etc. Canada-wise, the absurd triple album *Graffiti Kébec* proves that schlock knows no borders.

Detroit, on the other hand, is ably accounted for on *Detroit Defaces the '80s* (Tremor Records), featuring the industrial-strength frenzy of the Twenty-Seven, Cinecyde and others. Kansas City's *Titan Sampler* accents quirky renditions by someone called Arlis, J.P. McCalin and the Intruders and the umpteenth band dubbed the Boys. Bloomington, Indiana's *Bloomington 1* (BRBQ Records) is an eclectic stew of gospel, art rock and swing, with the Big Band of Al Cobine, Chinaboise and Screamin' Gypsy Bandits. It's exceeded in weirdness only by Minneapolis' *Big Hits of Mid-America, Volume Three* on Twin/Tone Records, featuring fingernails-on-the-chalkboard melodies by Buzz Barker and the Atomic Bums, the Wad, the Swan Lake Six, Yipes and an interminable host of others.

A swing south uncovers New Orleans' *N.O. Experience Necessary*, as prophetic a title as they come, on Oblique Records. Grueling bouts with the Shitdogs, Backstabbers and Mandeville Mike and the Mental Block will send you screaming across the state line to Austin's punk wateringhole Raul's for *Live at Raul's*, which sports such spiky-headed good ol' boys as Terminal Mind and the Skunks.

The Northeast is surprisingly spare on representative samplers, but Rochester, New York's *The City That Brought You Absolutely Nothing* and Baltimore, Maryland's *The Best of Baltimore's Buried*—notables like Trixy and the Testones, Weaszels and 1/2 Japanese—lend luster to their respective burgs.

Aside from some seminal mid-Seventies compilations, the Big Apple and Beantown have little to show for their vaunted New Wave scenes. New York's *Live at CBGB's* and *Live at Max's* offer evidence of early promise from Wayne County and the Back Street Boys, the Shirts and Mink DeVille, while Boston's *Live at the Rat* does the same for Willie Alexander, DMZ and the Infliktors. More recent platters include *No New York*, an art-damage orgy with Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, Contortions, D.N.A. and Eno production values. Boston's *The Boston Incest Album* (Sounds Interesting Records) links Willie Alexander (again) with the Notes. —DAVIN SEAY

Where to Buy 'Em

If you can't find your favorite New Wave vinyl, try the following mail-order houses: Disques du Monde, P.O. Box 836, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159; The Record Obsession, P.O. Box 69230, Los Angeles, CA 90069; Bomp Records, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.

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BECKER: I don't want to play stadiums. Those kinds of shows are all ripoffs because you are so removed from the audience. If we were going to do a tour, we would want to play in halls where the band would be in the same state the people were in.

OUI: Do you ever feel like going into a club and playing in front of people? Or are you satisfied with just playing in the studio?

BECKER: I'm more oriented to the recording environment than to live performances. I was a jazz fan for many years before I was old enough to go into a jazz club. My only exposure to the music I loved was through records.

OUI: *Gaucho* was one of the first pop, single-disc packages to list for $9.98. Some people were a little upset about that.

BECKER: So were we. We went to court with the record company to try to get them not to charge that much. As it turns out, we had nothing to say in the matter. Furthermore, they are now claiming that the reason they had to charge so much was that we spent so much making the record. But as you know, the artist is eventually charged with the budget of the album. Costs are higher in New York, and they were higher than for previous albums. But it didn't matter, because it was at our expense. It's not like we were putting MCA out of business with our budget.

OUI: Do you listen to the radio or try to keep up with what other groups are doing these days?

BECKER: Here and there.

OUI: What do you think of the current state of popular music?

BECKER: I don't want to be a complainer, but you know what it's like. It sucks. No, let me rephrase that. I think that it's been kind of a dry spell for pop music. It's been a season without rain for me. Let's put it this way: I'm thinking of having the radio taken out of my car.

OUI: What is it about Steely Dan songs that make them so much classier than most of the Top 40 stuff?

BECKER: I don't know. Maybe we are just harmonically snazzier than the other guys you hear on the radio. Our melodies are certainly fancier, and Donald is able to execute harmonies that take a great deal of precision.

OUI: Is there a process that you and Donald use to write songs?

BECKER: Yeah, we start with the beginning, and then we finish it.

OUI: There's no formula for writing your songs?

BECKER: Basically, it's the same one Gershwin used: chorus, verse, bridge.

OUI: What about the structure of your songs? They seem fairly complex.

BECKER: I don't know. I think our songs are structured in a very conventional fashion, usually. We ham it up a little, but for the most part, we go for a fairly conventional structure.

WALTER BECKER

"It's been kind of a dry spell for pop music lately. It's been a season without rain for me."

OUI: In many of your songs, there are references to Asian culture, particularly to drugs that have their botanical origins in that part of the world. On *Gaucho*, there is even a song that describes the "glamour profession" of drug dealing. It seems to be something that you have devoted considerable attention to.

BECKER: These are just cultural artifacts of the wonderful life we once were living.

OUI: In *Time out of Mind*, you talk about "chasing the dragon" and things of this nature.

BECKER: These things don't mean anything in particular, as long as they evoke something and engage the interests of those who care about the lyrics, and don't bother people who don't want to be bothered by lyrics. You have to write lyrics in such a way that they don't stick out, so you can enjoy the music even if you don't understand English or you don't want to be bothered by figuring out little conundrums.

OUI: With *Hey, Nineteen*, you seem to be more direct in setting the scene, particularly when you use the "Cuervo Gold" and "fine Colombian" as a lure to get what you want out of the girl you cannot relate to.

BECKER: [Laughs.] It has been known that when a man wants to lure a woman back to his lair so he can lay her, he will say, "Would you like to see my collection of exotic lithographs?" or something like that. This just happens to be a better lure.

OUI: Judging by some of your lyrics, it appears that you have a unique way of approaching the subject of relationships between men and women.

BECKER: Yes, well, we don't write songs about how much we love someone—you know [adopts a syrupy tone of voice], "How much I love you baby" or [singing in a twangy voice] "I never thought a man would cry till you made it with another guy." That is just not our style.

OUI: As far as the music goes, *Gaucho* is a pretty mellow record. There aren't very many up-tempo songs.

BECKER: There was a tune we recorded for *Gaucho* that was up-tempo, but it didn't get on the album, because it was erased. It was great, too. One of the technicians accidentally erased it. A complete master tape, 24-track, from beginning to end. Gone forever.

OUI: Where is that technician now?

BECKER: [Sinister laugh.] I don't know, but he's certainly not working for us.

OUI: You and Donald met at Bard College in New York. What were those years like for you?

BECKER: I was at Bard for three semesters, but during the third semester, I was actually just a resident of the school. I wasn't very impressed with the program. They were asking me to read stupid books and get up early in the morning. I couldn't relate to that at all. I did meet some interesting people there. [Pause.] Not many. It was basically a good scene for my disasters. But Donald was there, and we started writing songs.

OUI: After college, you landed a job working for Jay and the Americans. How did that come about?

BECKER: We walked in, and he liked us.

OUI: That's it?

BECKER: At one time, they were publishing our songs. We'd give them the titles to songs, and they'd give us 25 bucks apiece, in advance. We needed to pay rent, so we did it. Later, we played in their backup band.

OUI: In the past year, how much time did you spend in the studio?

BECKER: If I wasn't in a cast, I was in the studio.

OUI: When you walk into the studio, how prepared are you? Have the songs been written?

BECKER: We go in with a bunch of songs and, inevitably, we write more than we can use. On any given instance, we have an idea of what we want to do. But it doesn't always work. If it doesn't work, then we'll write another chart, maybe rewrite the tune or rearrange it. Sometimes we'll just try using another band. That sometimes works.

OUI: From talking with Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits, who worked on one or two cuts on *Gaucho*, we inferred that he did not enjoy the session work. What did you put him through, and what do you expect of the musicians you use in the studio?

BECKER: I think he's a great guitar player and good at what he does. I wasn't that crazy about what he was doing on our particular thing. Personally, I put him through nothing, although I don't think it was appropriate to direct him as much as we did. We essentially want the best possible solo a person can play. And we'll do anything to get it. What that means is we have a lot of helpful suggestions and general guidance, if you know what I mean. If we hear something we like, we tell them that's the direction they should head in.

OUI: Can you think of another musician whom you would like to have play on your albums?

BECKER: Yeah, Charlie Parker. But it's very difficult to book a dead musician.

OUI: I understand that you are living and working in New York these days. Why?

BECKER: New York is the only place to be, for a person like me. If I'm not in New York, I'm somewhere I don't belong. That's my attitude. And like Bob Dylan says, "One should not be where one does not belong." ■

(Continued from page 50)
another world, another planet. It was as if our world wasn't meant for June, rather than the other way around. I hate to think of what she did to keep me going, to help me begin as a writer. It was because of her that I gave up my conventional existence—my wife, my child, my job at the telegraph company. June said, "I know you want to be a writer, Henry. Go ahead, give up your job. I'll support us—don't worry about a thing!" And she took over, as it were. I didn't want to ask where or how she got the money, because I was so grateful for the opportunity to try my hand at something I'd only dreamed was possible. June was the first person in my life who truly believed in me, who believed I had the ability to write, long before she read a word I'd written. She was following her instincts because of what I was saying about writing, rather than what I was doing about it.

I'll never forget the look on her face when she'd come home after a long day doing God knows what to scrape together some money for our rent or dinner. "Well, how'd it go, Henry?" was the first thing she'd ask. Meanwhile, she's looking at my desk, trying to see if I'd made any progress with my writing. I'd refuse to show her anything. "When I'm farther along," I'd say, trying to hold her off. All the while, I'm feeling guilty as hell because the truth was I hadn't been able to write a word.

It's funny, in a way, that the very thing she set out to help me accomplish is what destroyed us in the end. When I finally found my voice, when I began to really feel my power as a writer, it drove her away from me. She couldn't bear the fact that I didn't need her help anymore. She demanded constant applause and gratitude; she wanted to be depended upon. And anything less than complete and total obsession with her on my part was not enough. The fact that I had begun to write about my obsession, rather than live it, cut her to the quick.

On her final visit to Paris, she found me to be completely absorbed in my writing and my "new" life. She realized I wasn't about to drop everything the minute she arrived. And then, somehow—and to this day, I don't know who told her—she found out that Anaïs and I were sleeping together. One day I came home to a note in her handwriting that said something like "Get a divorce as soon as possible." And that was that. A simple end to a relationship characterized by romance and high drama. I guess I was stunned because it seemed so abrupt, so final. But by then, I was becoming numb to her histrionics.

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON JUNE

AFTER JUNE AND I PARTED ways, that was it. It was as if she were dead for me personally. However, her memory was kept alive in the writing. We didn't make contact until maybe 20 or 30 years later. It was a heartbreaking, devastating moment.

HENRY MILLER

"Anaïs Nin was becoming more a part of my Parisian life, and she was opening up to me like a flower."

We made contact through mutual friends and made arrangements to have dinner at her New York apartment. I should've known from the looks of the neighborhood what desperate straits she was in.

I knock on the door; she lets me in. Immediately I'm figuring out a way to extricate myself without actually bolting out the door. I was overcome with a sense of both panic and utter despair.

It was obvious that she'd knocked herself out trying to make a good appearance. Through all that makeup and perfume, she was a wreck of a human being—not just her face, her physical being. It was as if she'd been damaged to the core. There was nothing left of the June I'd been so crazy about, the woman who'd inspired me to write volumes—the greatest love of my life. The person standing before me was a total stranger.

Suddenly I couldn't take it any longer. After maybe 15 minutes of polite conversation, I stood up, hat in hand, and clumsily begged off her invitation to stay for dinner. Not only were the smells coming from the kitchen totally unappetizing, but the person begging me to stay was so desperate for company, so eager to please, that I felt I was smothering to death.

"What?" she says. "You mean you aren't going to spend the night with me?"—which made me all the more anxious to leave.

"Nooooo," I wailed, now with tears streaming down. "I have to go. I'm sorry," and before she could protest, I was out the door.

I wouldn't hear from her at all for years at a time. Then, from out of the blue, I'd get a rash of calls. She'd talk nonstop, making little sense, about everything and anything. What I heard beneath the lines was that she was trapped, desperate; there was no way out for her. I sent money when I could. There was little else to do.

After the last series of calls, I heard she was in the hospital and doing well. It seemed she'd gone off the deep end. Had been watching television 24 hours a day, which would drive anyone with the least amount of sense gaga. But she had no other contact with the outside world. Television was it. One day, she got up in a rage, completely disgusted, and threw the TV out her apartment window. There was a big commotion in the street, the police came, and she was taken away. Her family found a good hospital for her. Then, later, she went to recuperate with a brother who lived in the desert. That was the last I ever heard about her.

Our great love affair seems to me now like a self-created myth, a fairy tale of sorts (though not always a pretty one). One day I was thinking about June and me, thinking, "Jesus, Henry, what was that all about? What in the world did you make such a big fuss over? All that agonizing, all that rhetoric," and I laughed till I cried because it seemed I'd worked up a big sweat over nothing.

The things that appeared at one time to be earth-shattering, even cataclysmic, events have now paled in the face of old age. They are dwarfed and stunted in the face of death.

ANAÏS NIN

WHEN PEOPLE PRAISE Anaïs to the heavens as if she were some kind of saint, it puts me in a devilish mood. I don't think I'm being cold; it's just that I've become impatient with all this talk about her "goodness." She wasn't made of pure sugar, and I'm happy to say it.

It was Anaïs' foibles and eccentricities, the darker elements, that intrigued me most. Though I'd be first in line to praise those sterling qualities, I have to say the other side of her is what made her human, vulnerable, and all the more lovable in my eyes.

When we were first introduced in Paris, it was an immediate, if not an explosive, reaction. We were utterly taken with one another.

Anaïs was *burning* to live. She was bored stiff by her super-middle-class existence and her marriage to a nice, but rather conservative, businessman.

My wife, June, was visiting me at irregular intervals in Paris, but our relationship was on its last legs. We tried to iron things out, but it was too tempestuous to last. We were driving each other crazy.

And here was this beautiful woman, Anaïs Nin, who was becoming more and more a part of my "new" life, my Parisian life, and she was opening herself up to me like a flower starving for water.

With Anaïs, I felt safe, secure. She delighted in keeping things running smoothly so I could write. She was really a true guardian angel, supportive and enthusiastic about my writing at a time when I needed it most. She was generous, too. Kept me going with little gifts—pocket money, cigarettes, food and so on. She sang my praises to the world long before I'd become regarded as a writer. In fact, it was Anaïs who paid for the first printing of *Tropic of Cancer*. For these reasons, I feel utterly grateful to her.

It's rare to find a friend, a confidante, a colleague, a helpmate and a lover all in the same person. We were good for each other; we stimulated each other; and we fought, too. I don't mean brawling or slapping each

(Continued on page 121)

FAITH

WHO DOESN'T LIKE STUFFED SHIRTS...

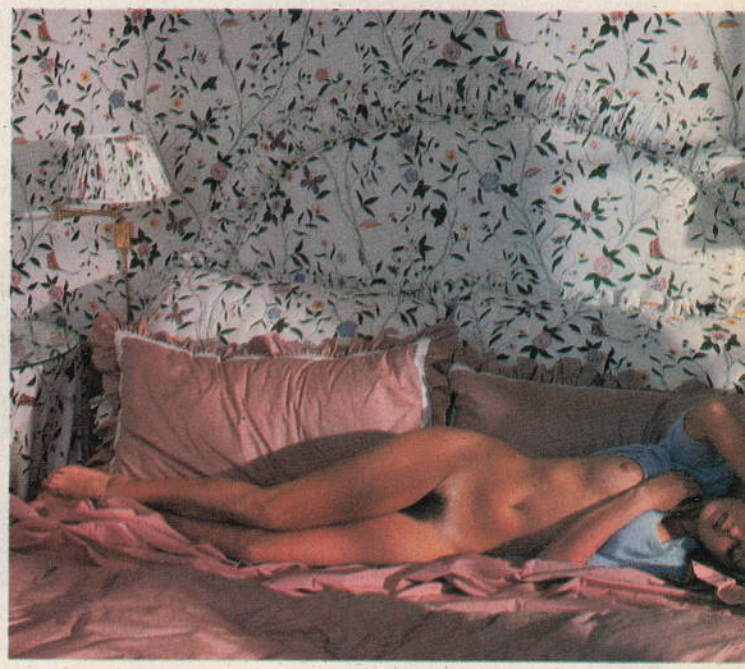
"I'm not terribly romantic, but I'm not a gold digger, either. Why marry for money and be rich and miserable? I do want to be financially independent, but I want the independence to be mine. And, well, I'm having that now." Meaning? "Doing what I want, when I want."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

We're intrigued. What sort of exciting things? "Oh, touring with a comedy company out of London, doing 'Charley's Aunt,' that lot." So you're an actress. "Well, it's a few bucks, isn't it?" Sing? "Um, like a cat. Actually, I prefer feeding sharks." Beg

pardon? "We've done some underwater filming in the Red Sea. I put on my gear and just bait those bloody fish in for the camera. It's stunt work, actually." So you're a daredevil? "Got the pictures to prove it, haven't I?"

Do you find that your spirit and beauty intimidate men? "Well, I'm quite self-critical. Being five feet, ten inches and big everywhere except my bum, I tend not to think of myself as sexy." Oh, come on. "Really. I mean, when I look good and people notice, I'm flattered. But when you look a wreck, you don't want them to notice, anyway."

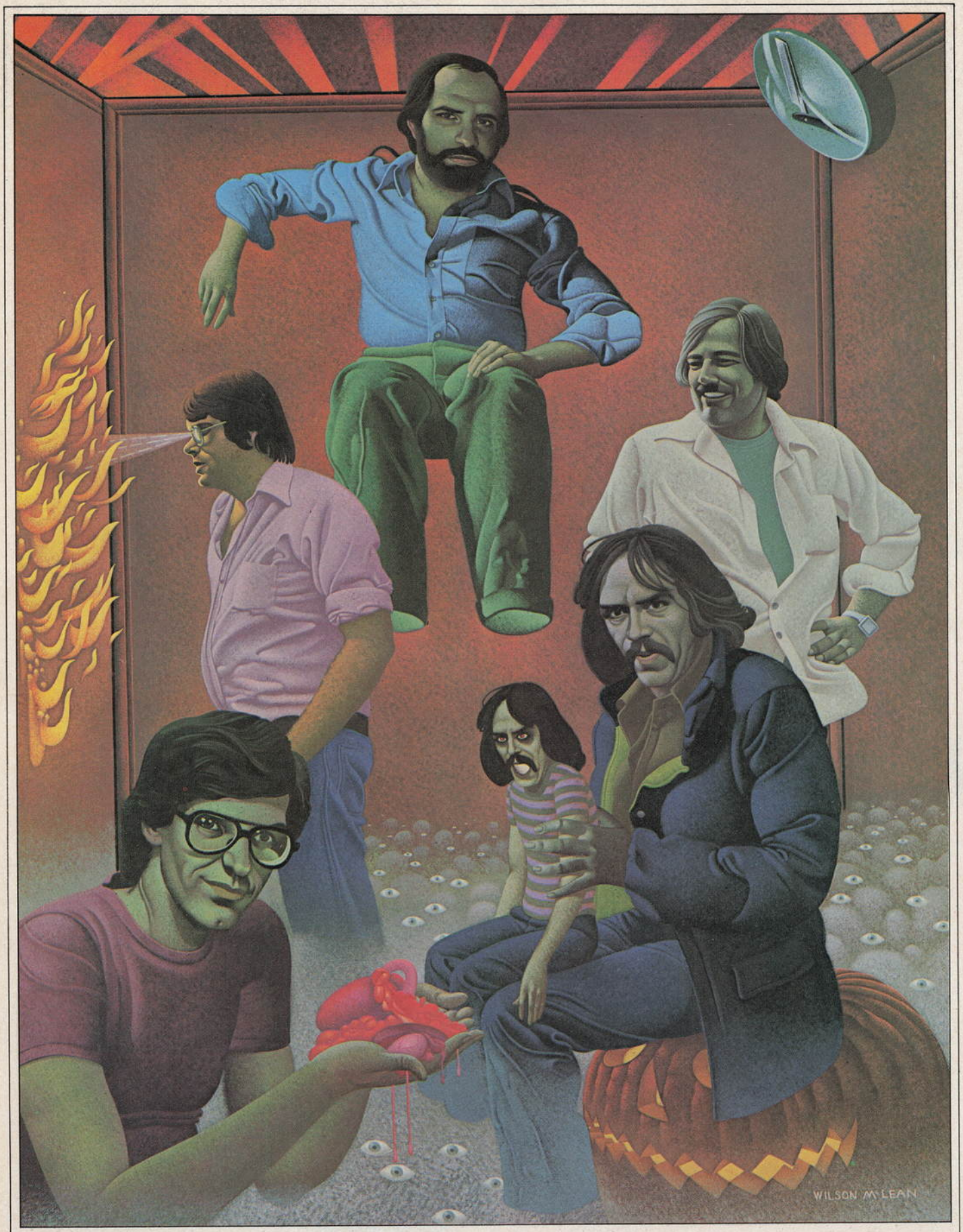


And what sort of man do you like? "Ah, sort of manly, but gentle, too. As much as I may be my own woman, I like a certain amount of order. I don't like men who let me

walk all over them. The affection is great, but not a lot of flowery sap." Americans? "Oh, I like American men. A lot of zap in 'em, a sort of 'wooo.'" Wooo? "Yeah, you know... 'go.'"

oui

AUGUST 1981



Five weird men: clockwise, the man with the *Firestarter* eyes, Stephen King; Brian (*Carrie*) De Palma; founding father George (*Dawn of the Dead*) Romero; John (*Halloween*) Carpenter; and David (*Scanners*) Cronenberg.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON McLEAN

An Interview With THE KINGS OF HORROR

Conversations with John Carpenter, David Cronenberg, Brian De Palma, Stephen King and George Romero—five fearsome men on the hows, whys and wherefores of scaring people out of their minds

"The Horror! The Horror!"
—Marlon Brando in *Apocalypse Now*

Blood Beach, *Maniac*, *New Year's Evil*, *My Bloody Valentine*, *X-Ray*, *The Demon*, *Deathhouse*, *The Howling*, *Mausoleum*, *The Funhouse*, *Eyes of a Stranger*, *Fear No Evil*, *Prom Night*...Like a horde of walking cadavers breaking down your doors and windows, the succession of scare movies emanating from Hollywood simply won't stop. In fact, the films seem to be multiplying in mind-boggling numbers—stories of revenge, boogeymen, werewolves, psycho-killers, slimy, homicidal mutations—anything and everything that preys on the conscious and subconscious fears of an unsuspecting public—a public that's devouring this new wave of blood and gore as enthusiastically as it's downing the buttered popcorn.

OUI gathered five of the most-respected purveyors of the horror genre—John Carpenter, David Cronenberg, Brian De Palma, Stephen King and George Romero—to discuss their respective attitudes toward scaring people's pants off, and to see what it is, exactly, that's at the center of the staggering appeal of the fright phenomenon.

© 1980 WARNER BROS.

Stephen King muses over Stanley Kubrick's hatchet job of his best-selling scare tome, *The Shining*.

© 1981 ROBINS STUDIO

STEPHEN KING

"Carrie," "The Shining" and "The Stand"—a trio of Stephen King's novels that made (or are making) their way to the big screen via three of the biggest names in Hollywood: De Palma, Kubrick and Romero. The best-selling author, who lives in Maine and turns out his terror tomes at a horrifically fast rate, has also seen his novel "Salem's Lot" transcribed to TV, courtesy of director Tobe ("The Funhouse") Hooper. And somewhere, King found time to write "Danse Macabre," a lengthy analysis of horror, "a search for the place where we live at our most primitive level." Tennessee-based journalist ***David D. Duncan*** *met up with the hulking, bearded King while the novelist was on a cross-country lecture tour.*

OUI: What is the relationship between film and fiction in your writing? Is there a definite visual approach, or is it basically literary?

KING: There is a visual angle, and I used to think that it came from growing up on films. Everybody who's my age—say, around 35—you know the image before you know the word. I used to get WPIX-TV, out of New York City. They used to have a *Million Dollar Movie*, and when they showed a monster movie, it was on three times a day, six days a week. So you got to see it 18 times, and you really got familiar with the image. For me, a lot of it came from that. Movie people don't read a book and say, "Jesus! This is a fantastic story. I can't wait to put it on the screen!" Because they don't care about story. Primarily speaking, they have some idea of plot, but even that's kind of a vague thing. What they say is, "fantastic image." We can do this, and we can show the car going over the cliff. We can show the vampire in the school bus or whatever it happens to be... and they buy that. And that's why people buy my books. Because the pictures look great in their heads. The pictures are easy to see.

OUI: Are there any specific films or directors that might have had an influence on your work?

KING: *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, *This Island Earth*, *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers* ...quite a few of them, really. I liked *Invaders from Mars*. That was the one where the Martians tunneled down under the earth and people would walk along and they'd sort of sink down into the sand. These red lights would come on and hypnotize them, and they would turn into Martians.

OUI: How did you get involved with George Romero and *Creepshow*?

KING: I got together with Romero, and we kicked around a lot of ideas. We talked about doing a full-length movie, and we talked about this and that. We had dinner, and after that, we went drinking. And some other

people were smoking hash or whatever it happened to be. There was this big, long silence and, finally, George looked at me and said, "What could we do that is really scary? This stuff we've talked about is all right, but none of it is really scary." And I said, "Well, why don't we do a whole bunch of stuff... like jokes. But really short. And really try to scare people. Instead of having punch lines where you'd laugh, you'd have punch lines where you scream." So I did this screenplay, and we got *everything*. It's like the *Animal House* of horror movies. It's horrible, but there are parts of it that are really funny. The major studios say that anthology films don't do well at the box office, but after this one comes out, they'll all be throwing money into anthology films, because *Creepshow* is a different kind.

OUI: Do you think that you've helped spur a resurgence in the horror genre?

KING: I don't think I have. One of the reasons that I'm successful in this is that I happened to be in the right place at the right time. When I was a kid, writing horror stuff in grade school and then in junior high, I used to say to myself, "Jesus, I wish I'd been born in the Thirties or Forties." I used to idolize the pulp magazine *Weird Tales* and its writers. People like Robert Block, H.P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Frank Belknap Long and Manly Wade Wellman. These guys had a market, and there was a place to sell this stuff. So what if the rate was a penny a word? In those days, for a dime, you could buy a bottle of milk. You could get an apartment in New York City in 1931 for $65. Two bedrooms. The same thing now is probably $1000 or $1200. And I used to say, "Well, if I'd lived in those days, I could pound that typewriter and I could turn out five, six or seven stories a month and I could live on it." But I grew up in the Sixties, when everybody wanted to be a computer scientist or they wanted to run software. The big thing at the movies was technological stuff. And I used to say, "There's no market for fantasy anymore." Then this resurgence came along, and it kind of swept me up. But I didn't change. I didn't go to horror. Horror just came to where I was. And carried me along.

KIM GOTTLIEB

Jamie Lee Curtis cowers as John Carpenter rakes in the big bucks, thanks to his smash *Halloween*.

COURTESY AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES CORP.

David Cronenberg's Excedrin headache: *Scanners*, wherein psychic powers test the Big Bang theory.

KIM GOTTLIEB

John Carpenter

BOB VILLARD / © 1981 CINEFANTASTIQUE

David Cronenberg

JOHN CARPENTER

John Carpenter is responsible for the first—and perhaps the scariest—of the holiday tie-in horror pics, "Halloween." Made for less than a half-million dollars, the film to date has grossed over $50 million. The writer/director/producer/musician (Carpenter scored the eerie "Halloween" sound track) is also responsible for the blood-and-guts cult classic "Assault on Precinct 13," the original screenplay for the Faye Dunaway shocker "The Eyes of Laura Mars," the 1979 horror fantasy "The Fog" (which co-starred his wife, Adrienne Barbeau) and the just-released futuristic thriller "Escape from New York." Come October 31, "Halloween II," which Carpenter had a hand in writing and producing, will pick up where Jamie Lee Curtis and her kitchen-knife-wielding nemesis left off. OUI sent L.A.-based writer ***Claude Rathbone*** *out to Carpenter's beachside home for the following interview.*

OUI: Even though it's difficult to classify your films as strictly horror pictures, you've earned a solid reputation as one of the true up-and-comers in the field. You're often referred to as Hitchcock's successor. Considering that Hitchcock was hardly noticed until late in his career, that must be quite a burden.

CARPENTER: My films are definitely more "suspense" than horror. They are about people being trapped somehow, people who have lost control over a given situation. They are about the things that frighten me most. In order to be effective, a good horror film must reflect the director's point of view. It shouldn't just capitalize on or exploit other people's fears. I'm very flattered by the Hitchcock comparisons, but I don't take them seriously. I was far more influenced by Howard Hawks. My film *Assault on Precinct 13* was really a retelling of my favorite movie, *Rio Bravo*. Like Hawks, I would like to make films in all genres. But my first love is horror and science fiction. I knew it was movies for me the day the three-dimensional meteor in *It Came from Outer Space* exploded in my face.

OUI: Why do you feel horror is so popular?

CARPENTER: It has been throughout history. It is human nature to be fascinated by the horrible, the forbidden. We seek it out, and we challenge it. The horror film is unique because it is a shared involvement; the audience feels common emotions. Ultimately, it's a test of ourselves: "Can I stand what I'm about to see? Will I make it through this?" Of course, deep

down, they know they're safe, and the experience gives the audience a tremendous release of tension and anxiety.

OUI: How does that relate to the explosive success that horror films are currently experiencing?

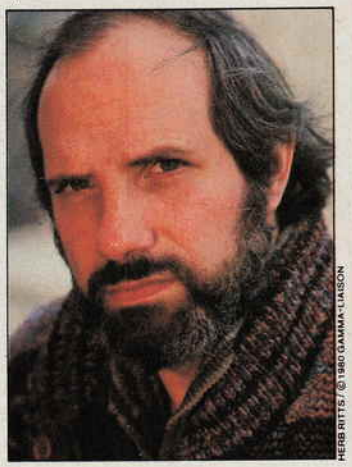
CARPENTER: The horror film initially came out of Germany during what was a postwar depressive period. I suppose the current wave of popularity might be related to that somehow, but I don't analyze things like that. Anyway, the success you're referring to isn't just with horror films. To me, it's the rebirth of the "B" movie, the return of escapist fare. They're basically meant to entertain, and nothing else. It's a step back from the pretentiousness of films in which "art" and "meaning" come first. Filmmakers today are going back to the pure American cinema of Hawks and Ford and away from the European influence of the Sixties and Seventies. As for the undeniable wave of successful horror films, I think it has more to do with visibility and respectability. For years, it was only Hammer Films and Roger Corman making horror films. Then the big studios got involved. Horror's now being taken seriously. *Very* seriously.

OUI: Compared to some of your contemporaries, like George Romero, David Cronenberg and Brian De Palma, you use relatively little onscreen violence.

CARPENTER: It's not necessary to show the graphic details. Everybody's fantasies about these things are much worse. The fact you know a murder is about to happen makes it horrifying. There's a scene in *Halloween* where a guy is lifted against the wall and stabbed in the chest. You don't see anything except his face and then his feet dangling. When people ask me how I could have made such a violent film, I ask them for specific instances. They can't remember them, because they aren't there. The film is just so intense that they feel violated by the experience. However, I'm not against being a little more graphic if the film calls for it. There's blood all over

COURTESY FILMWAYS PICTURES, INC.

Michael Caine (in drag) stalks Brian De Palma's offscreen wife, Nancy Allen, in *Dressed to Kill*.



HERB RITTS / © 1980 GAMMA-LIAISON

Brian De Palma

Assault on Precinct 13, and after I saw my first cut of *The Fog*, my commercial instinct told me something was missing; so we went back on location and added a few more gut-level shots. It seemed to me that if *The Fog* had to compete in the marketplace with *Alien* and *Phantasm*, then I'd better deliver a few more punches.

OUI: How would you classify your new picture, *Escape from New York*?

CARPENTER: It's got a little bit of everything—horror, comedy, science fiction, a little musical number, suspense, adventure. It takes place in 1997, when New York has become a walled prison colony. The President is hijacked to Manhattan, and the world's greatest criminal—a former World War Three hero—is coerced into going in and rescuing him.

OUI: I'm sure the notion of New York City as a prison strikes a humorous but entirely plausible note for those who think about it.

CARPENTER: Exactly. That's how I came up with the idea. I was in New York once and was horrified by what a pit it was. It occurred to me that if the city were a prison, not much would change.

K. KOLBERT / © 1978 DAWN ASSOCIATES

It's zombie time for George Romero, who followed *Night of the Living Dead* with *Dawn of the Dead*.

K. KOLBERT / © 1978 DAWN ASSOCIATES

George Romero

DAVID CRONENBERG

*If exploding heads, murderous infants and rabid flesh-eating women are your cup of tea, writer/director David Cronenberg is the man to talk to. A 37-year-old Canadian, Cronenberg clambered to the top of horror hill with "Scanners," a lavish, surreal bloodfest based on industrial espionage and telepathic warfare. Cronenberg's also responsible for "They Came from Within," "Rabid" (Marilyn Chambers' first, and only, nonporno role) and a chilling classic "The Brood," in which Samantha Eggar gives birth to a gaggle of ghoulish, mutant kids. Writer **Jeff Walker** talked with Cronenberg about the nature of his movie madnesses in the director's Hollywood office.*

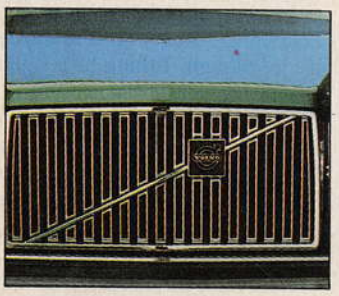
OUI: Up until now, your films have been made in Canada and have not been well distributed in the States; yet you have gained the admiration of the elite of American Horrordom. Stephen King rates you among the best currently working in the genre, saying that "Cronenberg blows Kubrick out of the water." John Carpenter has called you "better than all of us combined." That's lavish praise from two of the most well known and bankable names in horror.

CRONENBERG: I was very impressed that they would say such things, particularly John Carpenter. It's not often that a young filmmaker will say anything so generous about another. It's heartening. To set false modesty aside, though, I think he's right. Not in the sense that I'm better than everyone combined—that's lovely hyperbole—but because I'm doing something that other horror filmmakers don't, or can't. My approach is visceral, but with more intellectualism.

(Continued on page 88)

SIX LUXURY CARS WITH PRICES THAT *DON'T* MATCH

ARTICLE BY DAVID BARRY



VOLVO GL

The midline GL is dignified, respectable, solid and built to last. The fuel-injected in-line four-cylinder engine is peppy enough, but the plush and spacious interior with its sensible good looks is worth the $13,500 sticker.

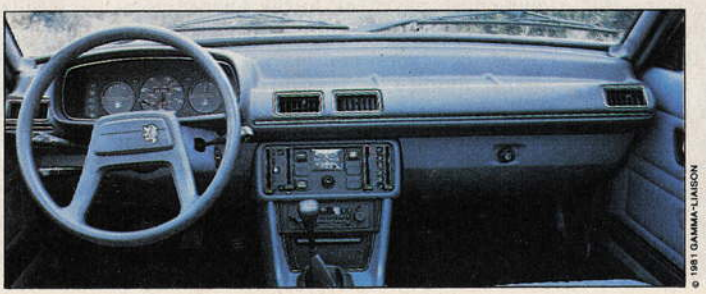
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT STEVENS / STYLING BY KATE MANCHE

The best things in life are expensive—including luxury cars. But just because you can't afford a Mercedes or a Cadillac doesn't mean you have to sacrifice your dreams. For about half the price, you get more than half the car, with enough leftover cash to pay for some of the finer things in life.

LUXURY CARS do more for your ego than haul it around. They pamper it, polish it, stroke it. Behind the wheel of such a car, you're a moving advertisement of your own success. And if you don't believe us, beg, borrow or rent a Mercedes-Benz for just one day and see for yourself. The three-pointed star on the hood, the opu-

PEUGEOT 505S

At last! A French car that looks as good as it drives. Most of the luxury features are standard, which puts the $13,500 price in perspective. And Peugeot's been building cars since 1889—now, that's reliable.



© 1981 GAMMA-LIAISON

DATSUN 810 MAXIMA

The East is rich, judging from Datsun's latest entry in the luxocar field. The 810 Maxima was engineered with European driving standards in mind, but inside it's all comfort. For about $11,000, you get digital everything, and a polite female voice that asks you to turn off the lights.

lent interior, the flawless road manners and the elegant styling make it very clear—this is motoring in class. That's the whole idea behind any luxocar, whether it's a Mercedes, BMW, Cadillac or the inimitable Rolls-Royce. Of course, even a used Rolls will set you back the price of a new home. And those other luxocars are out of reach for most of us, with a decently outfitted Seville topping $20,000, and a Mercedes going for twice that.

So how do you find a car that looks and rides like big money, without signing over your entire paycheck to the finance company every week? Simple: Just check out any of the several mid-market sedans that *almost* qualify as luxury cars. Almost? Well, no matter how much an Audi may look or ride like a Mercedes, you know it isn't one—but you probably have to look twice. A Peugeot 505S doesn't handle and ride quite as well as a BMW 528i, although it comes pretty close. And the Pontiac Grand Prix compares favorably with a Cadillac Eldorado, at a fraction of the price.

Besides looking expensive on the outside, these near-dream cars have enough padding, insulation, plush upholstery and power controls inside to give you the feel of having more than you really need. And it's all in good taste.

On a strictly bottom-line basis, the Peugeot 505S doesn't deliver as much as a BMW 528i. Nor does the Audi 5000S equal the Mercedes 380SEL, for that matter, nor does the Grand Prix Brougham match the

TOYOTA CRESSIDA

More luxury from the East, in a package that recalls the fine lines of BMW and Audi. If you don't care about driving hard on winding country lanes, you'll like this car just fine. And it's worth the $11,600 price tag just to see the motorized seat belts in action.

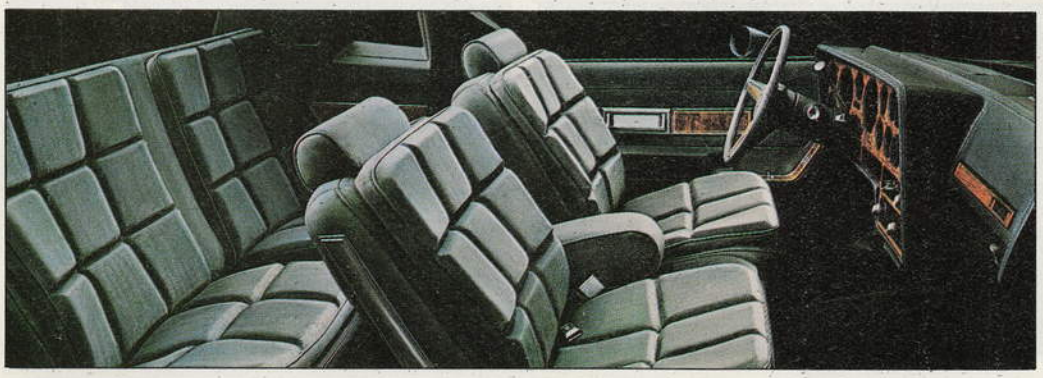
Cadillac Eldorado. But remember, you'll be spending about half as much. And that's just to drive it off the lot. Maintenance costs and insurance are invariably lower in the mid-priced sedan.

The price spread of the six similarly equipped cars we've spotlighted runs from about $11,000 (Pontiac, Datsun, Toyota) to $15,000 for a loaded Audi 5000S. The Volvo GL and the Peugeot 505S both come in at about $13,500. Those prices may vary from state to state and dealer to dealer, and you might be able to get a substantially better deal by shopping around. Don't forget, either, that there are important differences in these cars aside from prices and specifications. With the Audi, for example, you get more sophisticated engineering than with the Pontiac—*and* higher operating costs, because parts and labor on German cars are outrageously expensive. However, the extra maintenance costs may be a good investment, because German cars hold their resale value well. Before you buy, find out how much a 1980 model of the same car is going for. That'll tell you how the rest of the world feels about your car.

But enough warm-up. Settle back and relax while we test-drive a half-dozen near-dream machines.

PEUGEOT 505S

Once upon a time, Peugeots looked frumpy or odd, or—to a sympathetic eye—quaint or cute. You'd never guess they came from the haute couture capital of the world. For-



PONTIAC GRAND PRIX BROUGHAM
A genuinely American approach to luxury for about $11,000. Don't expect it to take the corners like a Mercedes, but do get used to being pampered. The Grand Prix is as quiet and smooth as a Cadillac, and it gets about 21 mpg.

get Peugeot's marvelous, distinctively French combination of soft ride and good road holding—the plain brown wrapper didn't appeal much to Americans. Now, with the 505S, Peugeot is a chic stunner with the best lines to come out of France since Brigitte Bardot. The 505S holds its own with the new-series Mercedes-Benz for looks, which is saying a lot. Interestingly enough, the genius behind the design is not a Frenchman, but the Italian Pininfarina. Why should a French car company employ an Italian designer? Who knows? But we're glad it did; it would be a shame to miss out on the best Peugeot yet because of uninspired looks.

The beauty is far more than skin-deep. The 505S has all the right stuff beneath its elegant lines—like four-wheel disc brakes and fully independent rear suspension with front-and-rear anti-sway bars. There is plenty of suspension travel for a soft ride, with the proper shock damping to control rebound and maintain firm handling over bumps. It's not a cheap way to build a car, which is why you don't find independent rear suspension on economy cars. The French approach to road holding and ride is indubitably Gallic. You'd never mistake this for a German car, even if you rode in it blindfolded. While a Mercedes or BMW corners smoothly and firmly with almost no lean, the Peugeot heels over a bit. But just a bit. Then it holds steady and true, even if pressed hard.

Peugeot equips the 505S with an exten-

AUDI 5000S
German engineering wizardry dressed up in a sports/luxury package. For $15,000, you can drive away with tight road manners and a standard of luxury that almost says *Mercedes*. Put aside the spare change to keep the car fit.

sive list of standard luxury accoutrements that are expensive extras on most cars: power windows, central door locks, electric sunroof, air-conditioning, cruise control, electric antenna, signal-seeking digital AM/FM radio, tinted glass, velour upholstery and more, which helps to put the $13,500 sticker in perspective. And Peugeot has been making automobiles since almost the beginning of time—1889, to be exact. There are millions of Peugeots on the road in countries you've probably never heard of. Peugeot is the fourth-largest auto manufacturer in the world and frequently wins—outright—the world's most brutal rally competitions, such as the East African Rally. That means you're buying into a long tradition of reliability that has finally been dressed up in a fashionable package. *Vive la 505S!*

AUDI 5000S

The Audi 5000S has a big head start on all the other car companies aiming for the would-be Mercedes-Benz buyer: It comes from Germany. The Germans long ago mastered the art of incorporating practical engineering into luxury cars, without stooping to gaudy frills or styling gimmicks. In fact, Mercedes and BMW styling is so understated that neither really took on upper-class status in the U.S. until recently. By the time the German definition of automotive elegance—simple, rectangular shapes slightly rounded at the ends—had appeared at the top end of the American-car line,

Audi was in a good position to market its own version.

The Audi 5000S is a superior car almost any way you look at it. The lines are clean, the proportions nearly perfect and the styling dignified, with just enough pizzazz to catch the eye. The interior borders on the sumptuous—uncommon in a function-before-style German car. Audi did up the interior as befits a sports/luxury car. It's plush, and the seats are ultracomfortable, with superb lumbar support and a wide range of adjustability.

The Audi 5000S is more like a Mercedes 380SEL than any other car in this class. It thrives on being driven hard. Bumps and tight turns don't faze it—the suspension simply soaks them up. The ride is admirably smooth, with excellent rebound control on bad pavement.

With four-wheel disc and drum brakes, and a five-cylinder, in-line, fuel-injected motor, the Audi 5000S is a good argument against spending the extra $25,000 you'd have to when springing for a Mercedes-Benz. It neither rides nor drives as well as a Mercedes 380SEL, nor does it look as stunning. Not quite. But is the difference worth $25,000?

An important point to consider before buying any German car is cost of service. While the Audi 5000S is undeniably engineered with a high degree of excellence, it's a complicated package. Proper care and feeding cost a lot. The unfavorable dollar/deutsche mark ratio has pushed costs up year after year, and Audi has reacted by charging for features that used to be part of the "S" package—such as automatic transmission, sunroof, sport mirrors and even the radio. A fully equipped 5000S will bear a sticker price of about $13,000.

LUXURY CARS

"Most are engineered in the European manner, with a balance between plushness and handling."

PONTIAC GRAND PRIX BROUGHAM

The Pontiac Grand Prix Brougham is an all-American mid-market luxury car. It doesn't aspire to the European luxury image staked out by the Cadillac Seville. Instead, the Grand Prix aims for the overstated, all-out-luxury turf of the Cadillac Eldorado, Chrysler Imperial and Lincoln Continental. That means a long hood and sharply raked windshield, opera rear window and "formal" roof, prestige crests, special outside trim and a richly appointed interior.

Even in an age of limits, there's nothing wrong with a car that makes you feel genuinely pampered, and the Grand Prix takes a clever route to luxury at about half the price of a Cadillac. There are almost two pages of options to choose from, and an absolutely loaded Grand Prix Brougham will still sticker at under $11,000.

The Grand Prix does not feel or drive like anybody's cheap car. The Brougham has extra sound insulation and good looks without the neon flash. Order it with a full list of options and bask in luxury. If you want anything, just call room service. Press one of many buttons and this machine will adjust the outside mirrors, raise, move forward or tilt the seat, lock the doors, close the windows, open the sunroof, unlatch the trunk and more. You get the idea.

On rough roads and hard corners, don't push the Grand Prix. It wasn't designed for handling. On ordinary pavement, on the freeways and around town, though, it offers an admirably plush ride at an EPA-rated 21 mpg. It's got plenty of pep for passing at freeway speeds. And service-and-parts bills are going to be much less than those for any import.

VOLVO GL

The Volvo GL hails from Sweden, a country that still has a monarch, and its temperament is absolutely in keeping with its national character. The Volvo is dignified,

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respectable, solid and a bit old-fashioned. Its shape is more than pleasant—it's good-looking. The proportions of the GL (available only in a four-door version) are just right—not exciting, but handsome. The Volvo is taller than many of its competitors, which gives it plenty of inside room and good visibility in all directions.

Volvos appear to be solid. They are. Sweden has hundreds of thousands of miles of unpaved roads, and winters that let up only for short bursts of spring, summer and fall. So Volvos have to be engineered like tanks to survive those Scandinavian driving conditions. The company has claimed in the past that Swedes don't trade in their Volvos—they keep on driving them. That's probably why Volvo markets them here, where updating one's garage is as socially important as updating one's wardrobe. At any rate, past performance speaks well for the life expectancy of your Volvo should you decide to keep it. The GL series is a clever pitch at the mid-priced luxury market, because the car is really a DL (Volvo's semi-economy car) with a full range of options.

The interior boasts comfortably plush velour upholstery, pile carpeting, sunroof, air-conditioning, power windows, power steering, power-assisted four-wheel disc brakes, central door-locking system, power antenna and tinted glass—all standard equipment.

Volvo really offers three different versions of the same basic car, for each of three different market areas. The economy version is the DL (with none of the luxury options), and the up-market version is the GLE—the GL powered by a V6 instead of the fuel-injected, in-line four used in the DL and the GL. The four is a good, sensible engine and has been for years. It's reasonably quiet and smooth and respectably peppy, with an EPA rating of 20 mpg.

The Volvo's solid rear axle doesn't deliver the ride sophistication of independent rear suspension, but it's more than adequate, except when pushed hard over bumpy roads. Like the Grand Prix, the Volvo GL is not oriented toward sports-luxury motoring. Instead, it's a thoroughly well engineered car with outstanding brakes, a spacious interior, well-designed seats, good instrumentation and predictable behavior. At about $13,500 with everything but a radio, it's not cheap, but it's worth the price.

DATSUN 810/TOYOTA CRESSIDA

If the Japanese auto industry hadn't already managed to practically swallow the economy-car market whole and then grab a big mouthful of the sports-car market, too, Toyota and Datsun's late entries in the status-car competition might seem like a shaky bet. Facts are facts, though, and now that Toyota and Datsun have zeroed in on the BMW 528i's turf, it figures they'll rack up sales, too.

The Datsun 810 Maxima comes in two versions: a sedan and a wagon. The Maxima sedan is equipped with virtually every imaginable luxury, including an electric sunroof. The five-speed isn't available in the Maxima, which is a shame because the automatic transmission can't take full advantage of the 810's luxury/sporting nature. The sedan is blessed with four-wheel disc brakes and four-wheel independent suspension, while the wagon sports drum brakes and leaf-spring suspension in the rear, for very fine road holding. The power plant on both is a smooth, strong, fuel-injected six.

Datsun has engineered its luxury liner in the European manner, with a nice balance between plush accommodations and good handling. The 810 gets a bit noisy, and the ride a bit rough when it's driven hard, but it hugs the road and enjoys the workout. The difference between the Datsun and more expensive European cars is that the 810 lets you know it's working, while the big-bucks cars motor around effortlessly.

If you like gadgetry, you'll like the Datsun, because the 810 has controls and digital monitors for *everything*. The Maxima even has a recorded female voice that says, "Please turn off the lights," if you should forget.

The Toyota Cressida looks a lot like the Datsun 810. They could pass, in fact, for brother and sister. Both have the clean-cut, understated approach to luxury lines that BMW and Audi have worked to near-perfection. Toyota's suspension engineering, however, is more American than European. With live rear axle and rear drum brakes, the Cressida gives you a smooth, quiet ride for highway cruising, though bumpier and with less responsiveness than the Datsun. If you don't care about driving hard on winding country lanes, the handling will be just fine. The Toyota engine is also a fuel-injected six, but it's a bit quieter than the Datsun 810's.

The Cressida doesn't play digital dashboard games, although it offers some unique luxuries, such as automatic temperature control and *motorized* seat belts. The French and Germans may have *thought* of motorized seat belts, but only the Japanese could have *done* it.

Pricewise, the Cressida and the 810 are pretty much head-to-head. One is cheaper this way; the other costs less that way. The Datsun checks in at around $10,800, while the Toyota lists for $11,600, and both get EPA figures of 22 mpg. Toyota and Datsun have already built good reputations for reliability, and service bills on these cars shouldn't cripple you.

•

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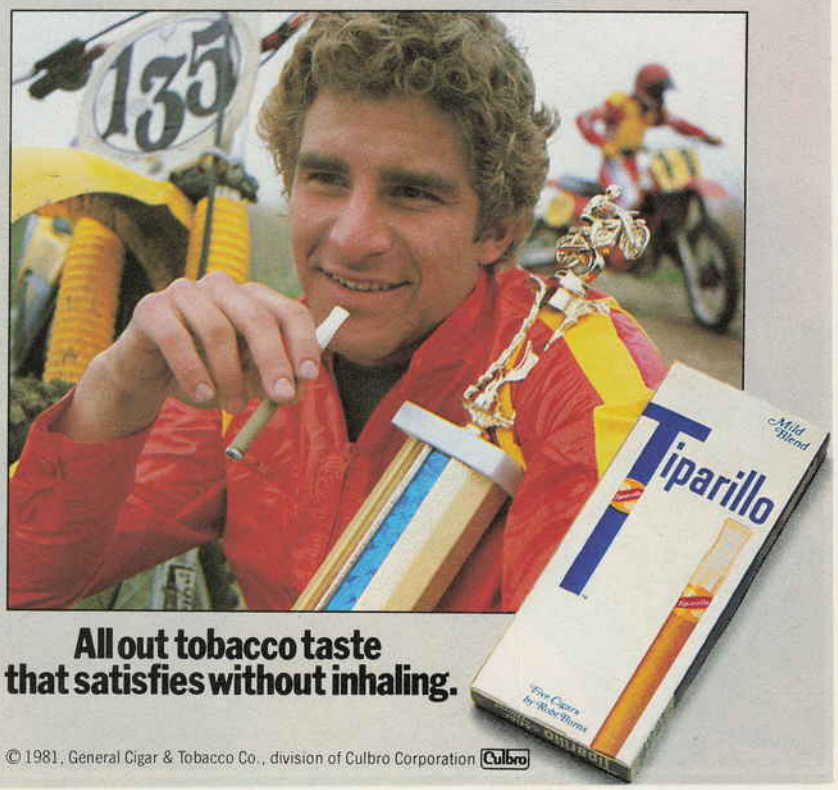

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ONE WOMAN TALKS TO A MAN—FOR MEN ONLY

#4

"Sandy": Thirtyish, works for a big corporation. She has long, blonde hair, a nice, full body, and she smiles and laughs a lot. She loves the beach, feels comfortable in singles bars and admits that she really digs men.

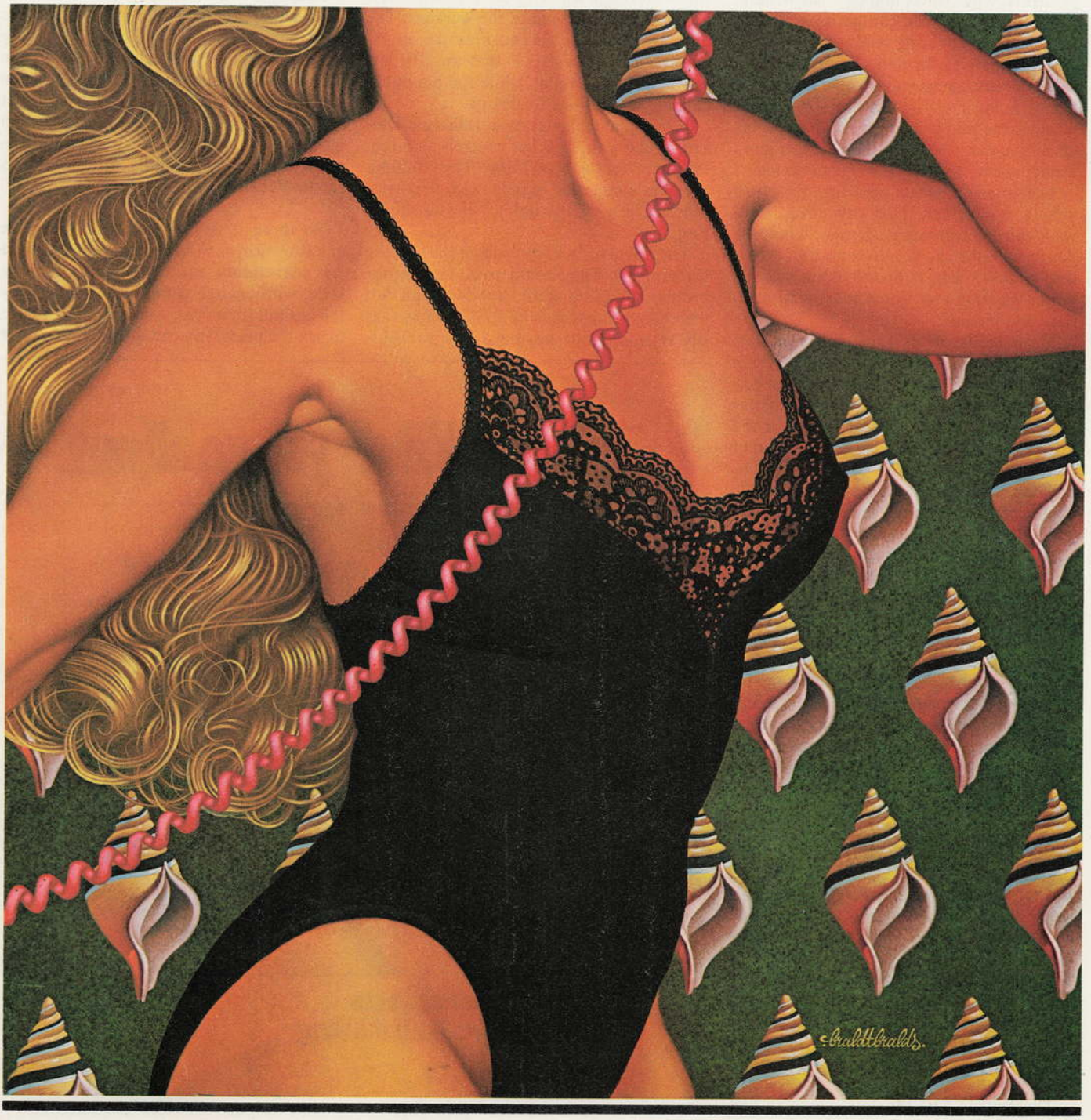


ILLUSTRATION BY BRALDT BRALDS

I'm just a nice, small-town girl from the Midwest. I grew up raking the leaves and putting them in a pile and playing in the yard with the neighbor kids. I was very innocent. My first experience with sex was under a tree, with mosquitoes biting every inch of my body. It was a horrible, painful experience. I thought, "Oh, my God, is that all there is?" I think I felt that way for about ten years. I got married young, and stayed married for a long time.

My husband was a talented, ambitious guy whose dream was to come to Hollywood and make it big in show business. He promised to support me so that I could do my own thing, which was landscaping. But once we got here, I discovered that promises were not promises. They were pretenses that he actually believed. I don't want to talk too much about the marriage, except to say that it is very difficult to live in this city with a man who is trying to get into show business and not succeeding. It was a total freak-out for him. He thought he could make it on his talent, but in Hollywood, it really *is* who you know. His ego was killing him. He would walk around the house saying he hated himself; so I ended up hating him, too.

I took a nine-to-five job to support us. I still believed in that good-housewife attitude—you know, hurry home from work to cook dinner and take care of your suffering husband. That killed his male ego even more. The last few months we were together, we didn't have sex at all.

It ripped him apart that I couldn't have an orgasm with him even though he tried his damnedest to make me come. It just couldn't happen, partly because he was trying so hard. But finally, he just gave up. The heart wasn't there for either of us. But I just would not fake an orgasm . . . This is hard for me. May I turn the recorder off?

If you want to. But you sound fine.

[Long pause; she leaves the recorder on.] I have to think about what I'm going to say . . . What finally cooked the marriage was my going on a cruise with my stepmother. My husband consented out of guilt, because I had supported him for two years. This was a way I could get out on my own—but be safe with my mom. Right! I had a passionate affair with this wonderful Greek man, and I thought, "Hey, if I can do this, I'm more unhappy than I realized."

A few months later, we separated. I was afraid of being alone and lonely. I had alienated my friends by staying away from them, avoiding them to be at home with my husband. But after one week on my own, I already felt like I was breathing fresh air again. I called him and said it was over, there was no chance we could get back together again. For the next few weeks, I hid out. I didn't date. You know, I had been so unhappy for two years, I thought I'd be this lowly, boring person to be around. What did I have to say to anyone? But one night, some friends dragged me to this big party, and I had a riot. I realized how much fun it was to be out among men again.

Right away, I got into the singles' bar scene with a girlfriend of mine. She was a striking Latin with long, black hair, and I was a tanned California-type blonde. We went out every night and had a gas. The guys in the bars couldn't wait to slip us some cocaine. That was back before people got so stingy with it. [Laughs.]

I never got mesmerized by coke. But I enjoyed it, and I stayed in a sex-and-drugs-and-rock-'n'-roll stage for a while. I had a long series of one-night stands. I thought, "Wow, this is California, and I'm out here doing coke and screwing good-looking guys." It was a real adventure that I obviously wanted, or needed, after the way I was raised and after my years as the faithful little housewife. But the adventure wore out after a year or so. I was so affectionate with these guys—always wanting to hug and be hugged—but I kept finding men who thought that meant I wanted to get serious and tie them down. I was just looking for real warmth and couldn't find it. There wasn't any. There just wasn't. Maybe it was my own fault. One guy I really liked said I was like all the other women he dated: As soon as I got involved, he was afraid I wanted to get married. I asked, "Why would you think that when I've just come off a divorce?"

He said, "You give off that feeling."

I asked, "Why? Because I like to hug you and show affection? Because I want more than a roll in the hay? I can go roll in the hay with anybody." He didn't buy it. A lot of men seem to panic if you show too much affection. But I still believe that sometimes a hug is worth more than a trip to bed. A hug a day keeps the doctor away. After that guy fled, though, I sort of reevaluated myself and decided that maybe he was right. Maybe I *was* looking too hard for warmth. So then I went through a three-month stage when I didn't date at all. I came straight home from work, unplugged the telephone, gained about 20 pounds and got fat. I watched TV and hated myself. I didn't even paint, which is what I enjoy most.

How'd you come out of that depressed period?

I was at the beach one day, and I met someone. We spent seven straight weekends together, having this great love affair. But after seven weekends, I didn't hear from him. I was being rejected after seven weeks. That's happened a few times. The seventh week is still my scary week. If I get past seven weeks, I think maybe I've found someone. But one thing I've discovered is that the more men I've been out with—the more relationships I've had—the easier they are to get over. I would mourn for weeks after some of those seven-week specials. It was like a state of shock: "Oh, no, another rejection? What is this? [Laughs.] Can't I find anyone with warmth?" But no more. I'm way past that stage.

Last fall, I was into a totally ridiculous stage, going out with all sorts of men, one after another, just having a ball with all of them. I even had four men at once, all on one bed.

How was that?

Wonderful! They were sweet and gentle, all of them kissing a different part of me, or whatever. It was incredibly erotic. I thought, "If the kids from home could see me now, the little girl from the Midwest, experiencing something like *this*." I just realized, my mom will never be able to read this article now. [Laughs.] We might have to erase this part. In fact, there are a few other people who won't be able to read it. Hardly anybody can read it! *Mom, help!* [Laughs.] It was just a fantasy, that's what it was. It was fun. And that's all it was for me. I told only two of my close girlfriends, and they both said the same thing: "God, do you know how lucky you are to have experienced that?" I thought, "I really am, but I'll never do it again."

Why not?

It was just a stage. I tried it, and that's it.

How'd it come about?

Three of them were roommates, and a

OUR INTERVIEWER TALKS ABOUT "SANDY"

This month OUI sent Larry DuBois, a remarkable interviewer who adeptly uncovers the innermost thoughts of others, out to interview "Sandy." Here is his report:

"She looks like what people have in mind when they talk about those golden girls of California, the kind you might see in a TV commercial for the Pepsi generation.

"She's an independent woman. Her job requires real responsibility, and it pays her well enough so that she can maintain her own spacious, comfortable apartment in a nice area of Los Angeles.

"I liked her, and I enjoyed doing her interview. She has a light sense of humor about her past and present struggles with men and with her sexuality. That's all I have to say. Beyond that, she speaks for herself."

fourth came along. They're all close friends, and they're all attractive men. Of course, we were up all night doing all sorts of illicit substances that make one less inhibited, and it just kind of happened. I've talked with all of them since, and it wasn't like they stopped respecting me. They thought I was a beautiful woman for it. But I still don't want an experience like that to ever happen again.

Why not?

I just don't need it.

That's not good enough.

[Laughs.] Not good enough? [Long pause.] I don't look at myself as being a bad person for doing it. I feel lucky for doing it, but once you've been to a place, it's never the same the second time, you know? I've often wondered if I ever go back to Paris, will it be as wonderful as it was the first time I was there?

Still not good enough.

That's the only thing I can think of. Maybe it will happen two years from now. Maybe in six months my attitude will change again. But right now, this is how I feel. I want to keep it special in my mind. It's strange, though. Up to that point, I was keeping a journal of whom I was dating, how my job was going, how my moods were. But after that, I stopped. I don't know why. I would like someone to analyze it for me, to tell me if I do have some kind of hidden guilt about it. I don't want to believe that I do. I want to believe it was just the beautiful experience I remember it being, to have four men loving and kissing me. But this is my life in L.A., and there was another life before I came here that maybe affects how I react to things now. Maybe deep, deep down, there is guilt, way back in my upbringing. I like to think that would change, that we can expand our horizons and feel new ways about things. But it sure was interesting. Let's just call it one of the high points in my education about men.

After your experiences with so many men the last few years, how does it leave you feeling about the opposite sex?

I'm still optimistic that men are nice, basically, after you understand them.

What do you mean by "understand them"?

I mean, I've learned what kind of man I like by going through so many of them. There are certain men who come on the strongest and the most romantically, and they tend to be the most insecure. After a while, you realize that, and you just don't allow yourself to be swept away by that kind of man. I don't like men who are immediately in love with me. I don't like men who are only interested in what's between my thighs. I like men who like *me*, who enjoy my mind, who will even wait a couple of dates before coming on to me about hopping into the sack. Certainly, there are times when *I'm* that way, when *I* can't wait myself. [Laughs.] Then I'd love it to happen right away. Not to sound egotistical, but I have yet to be refused.

ONE WOMAN

"If he had suggested a drink, I probably would have said no. But a girl's safe in a coffee shop, isn't she?"

That's easy to believe.

Thank you.

What have you learned about men sexually?

In a word, how to spot the ones who are going to be boring and selfish in the sack, the ones who aren't going to be concerned with how *I* feel. I can generally tell now which ones are going to be concerned only with how *they* feel. I don't end up in bed with many of them anymore, because I'm becoming a better judge of character. But that comes with age, and not just to women, but to men, also. They know what to expect from women, and they can tell which ones are going to be the warmest in bed.

How do you spot the ones who are going to be good lovers?

Usually, they're the ones who are genuinely interested in talking to me and listening to me, and in really getting to know each other first. If they talk about nothing but themselves, and try to impress me with how much money they're making, what kind of car they drive and how much cocaine they can shove up my nose, I find myself going the other direction, saying no way is this guy getting me into the sack. It's a total turn-off for me, and I think it is with most women. Men who have to try to impress you like that usually have very low opinions of themselves. The ones who aren't out to impress you are the classiest guys of all.

As I said before, I like warmth, and you can feel that about a man. There are a lot of men who just don't like to kiss and hold and hug, because that's more intimate than just fucking. I used to run into that all the time, before I wised up about whom I went to bed with. That's very commonplace, especially with one-night-stand guys. They just want to fuck. That's why I've learned that men who don't want to get to know me before we go to bed are the ones who aren't going to take the time to get to know me *in* bed, either.

What have you learned about yourself sexually?

I've found that I know what I like. I've come into a sexual awareness, which seems to be true with women who hit 30. I didn't think it would hit me until I was 35, because I was a late starter and a slow learner. But it's hitting me like a ton of bricks. I used to have this huge fear of telling a man what made me feel good. I don't think it's rare for women to have that problem. I think most women have a difficult time telling a man what they want, because men want to think they know how to do it without your telling them. I'm pretty well able by now to determine which men can handle being told—or even nicer, which ones will ask before you have to tell them. Those are the ones I find myself liking and going out with, and usually becoming involved with. The jackpot is when you find a man who doesn't even need to ask. Maybe you just need to remind him every once in a while. [Laughs.] The man I've been having this wonderful love affair with for the last couple of months is like that. He loves to hug, loves to be affectionate, loves to hold me all night while we sleep together, loves to wake me up at 4 A.M. to make love. Not just to jack off, but to share warmth with each other.

Recently, I've had many phone calls from guys I was going out with months ago, but I've refused to see them if I thought the question of spending the night with them would come up. I don't want to jeopardize this relationship. Also, I don't have the desire to sleep around right now. Maybe two years of sleeping around is my maximum. I'm not ready for marriage; I'm not ready for living together; but I sure am enjoying this relationship.

It's really strange how we met. I was driving down Sunset Boulevard at two in the morning, coming home from a terrible party. Some guy who was afraid he was gay had been crawling all over me, hoping I could change him. I had to leave. At a stop sign, this Alfa Romeo pulled up alongside me, and the driver, a nice-looking man, asked me to join him for coffee. I said no. At the next stop sign, he asked me again. I had this feeling of trust, which I hope I'll never lose. I might get killed in the meantime, but so far, I've met nice people through my trust. Anyway, he said, "Let's just go have coffee and talk."

If he had suggested a drink, I probably would have said no. But a girl's relatively safe in a coffee shop, isn't she? [Laughs.] So I said, "I'm trusting you very much," and followed him.

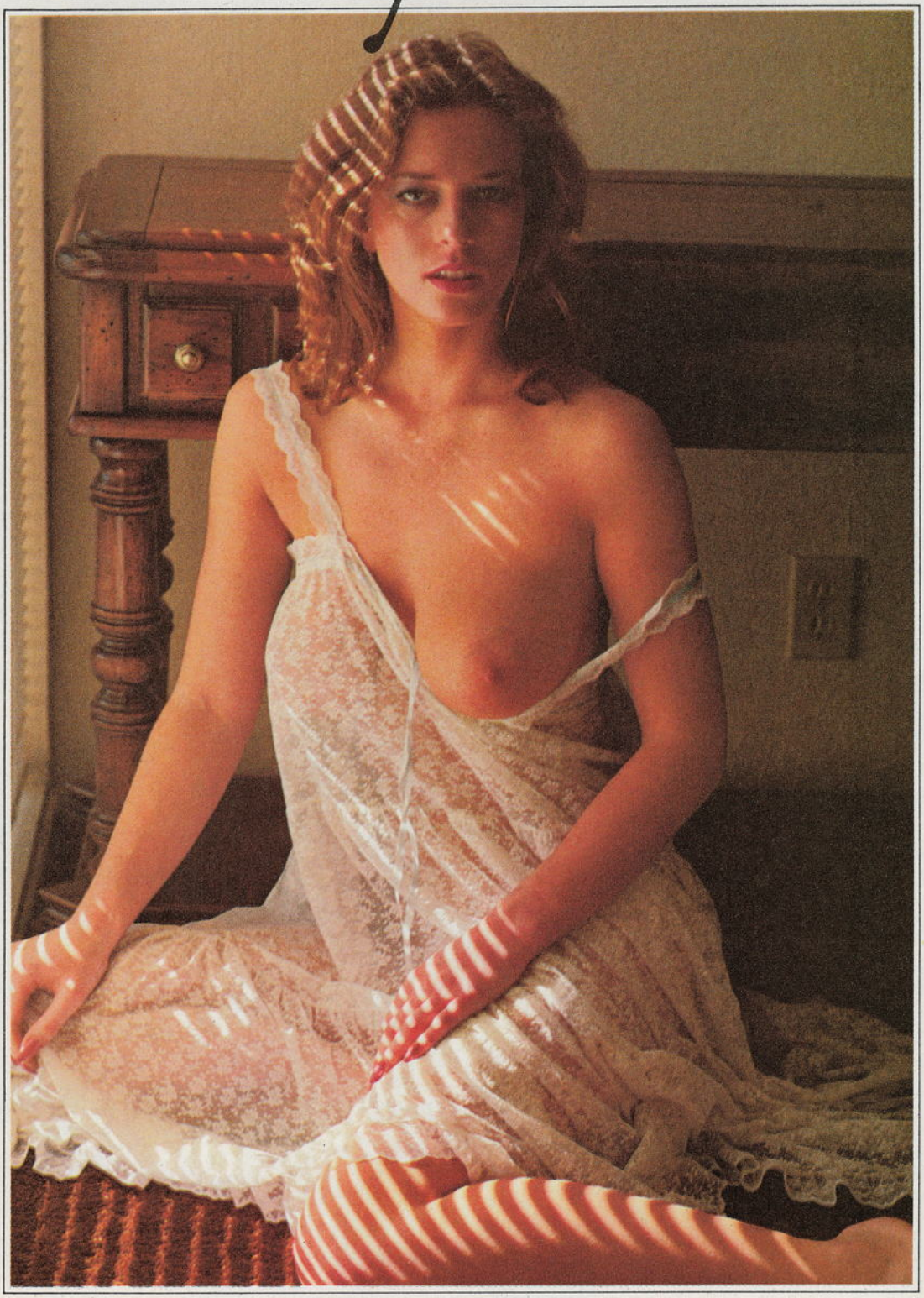
We ended up spending the night together, but we didn't make love. We just held each other. I said, "I'm sorry, but I'm just not into one-night stands anymore. I've been through that stage, and I'd like to get to know you first." I think he liked that. Since then, it's been the most romantic relationship I've ever had. I've never been held so much or hugged more or received more phone calls just because he wants to say he's thinking about me, that he misses me.

Do you feel any possessiveness developing in him?

He says he doesn't want a serious relationship yet, and then I have to tell him I'm not asking for one. We have to go over that occasionally. He says, "Please go out with other men." But I know it would kill him if I did. I just know it would. He says he hasn't

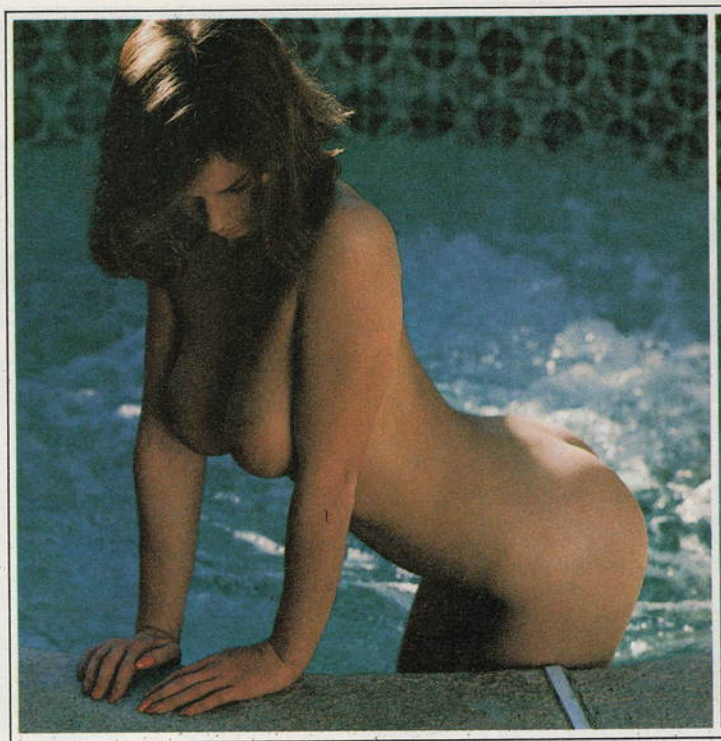
(Continued on page 120)

Lynn

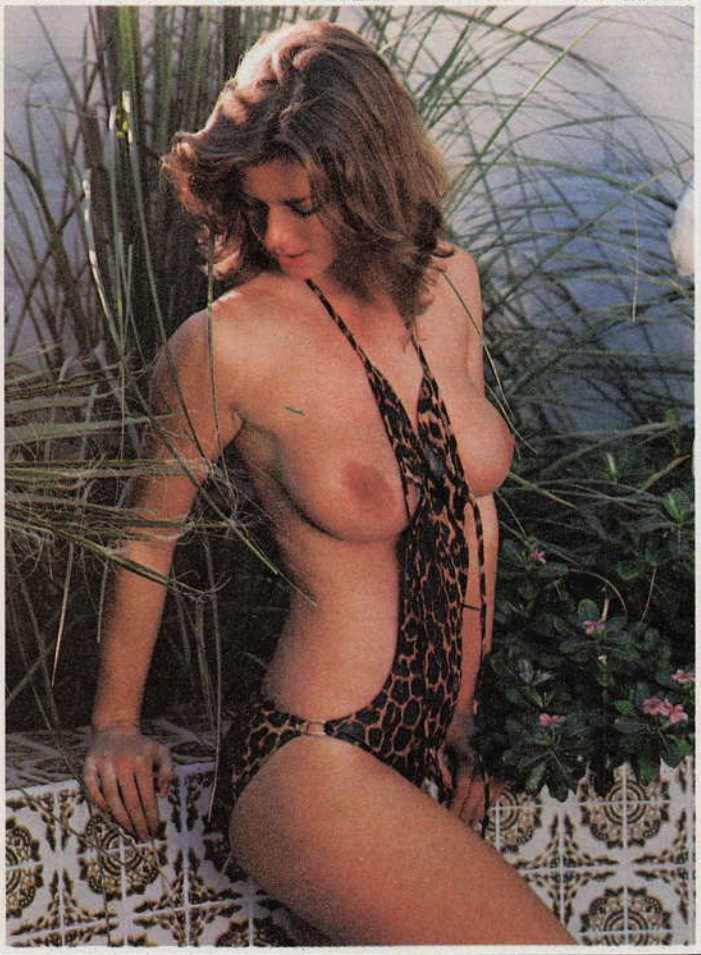


Photography by Brian Anderson

The first thing that we noticed about lovely 20-year-old Briton Lynn Cheer was her easy physical rapport with everything around her.



"Actually, it was quite difficult for me to learn to just accept. I was always referred to as a thoughtful child—meaning I'd take every idea and fairly pull it apart and put it back together again. That may help develop one's powers of deduction, but when dealing with the physical world, it's best to shut down the annoying computer in your head that analyzes the feeling out of everything."



"Sensuality isn't the result of reason—it's impressions. And anyway, if you're always so busy trying to find the exact point, chances are quite good that you're going to miss it altogether."

"As the man said, the way to love is easier done than said."

"After all, what's sensual? Is it being wrapped in a mink and sipping champagne in the back of a limo, or jumping around in the lawn sprinkler until your shoes squish? It's all a matter of mood and, well... money."

(Continued from page 69)
Most horror films are just gut-level, without characters who are creative, powerful or even intelligent. My films always have one or two characters who are all of those things, who actually make things happen. Too many horror films are about zombies or psychotics. I'm fascinated by people who want to do things, change things, who try to get a handle on the human condition and then dare to try to alter it somehow. It happens with doctors and scientists a lot, but I'm not talking about the same old "you're taking science too far ... man was not meant to tamper" stuff. My films are my laboratories, where I try out my own theories, carry them to the extreme and see what happens.

OUI: Your films generally center on relationships that culminate with people turning on their closest friends and relatives. *Rabid* has rabies-stricken family members attacking their own children; *The Brood* features a young wife who gives birth to horrid children through eruptions on her body and then sics them on her family; *Scanners* contains the classic triad of the eccentric father and his two sons at odds over a deadly secret.

CRONENBERG: Fearing that your loved ones might turn on you is certainly the ultimate paranoia, and I do set up very bizarre situations in which a normal relationship would be very difficult. But the main thing that unites my films is extreme body consciousness. The enemies in my films are not just within your own house or family; they are within your own existence... your own body. Physical existence is not only a source of certain delight, it is also the home of ultimate horror, because we all know that the body will die. I'm an existentialist. I believe we are all we have, and what we do with ourselves is entirely in our own hands. The most important thing is the perplexing relationship between mind and body. My films extrapolate from that theme. The natural next step is the relationship between minds, and the alienation and isolation of those who are different from the norm. *Scanners* is a perfect example. A "scanner" cannot let those around him know what he is, because their reaction would be to destroy him. The lead character doesn't even know he's a scanner at first and has to adjust to the fact that he is entirely different from everyone else. The closest I've come to dealing with a normal relationship is in *The Brood*, which I think of as my version of *Kramer vs. Kramer*. In its own way, it's a lot more realistic than *Kramer*. *The Brood* is also autobiographical. I know it's ridiculous to say that about a horror film, but when you see it, it makes sense. It's the nightmare reality, the dark side opposite all the sweetness and understanding of *Kramer*.

OUI: What do you think of the controversial trends you mentioned, particularly the films featuring kids as the source of evil and those in which women are brutally terrorized and murdered?

CRONENBERG: They're perfectly natural,

"Horror movies tell certain truths that are very painful and necessarily unpleasant and not in good taste."
—David Cronenberg

because horror films deal with everybody's fears and anxieties. Children are very mysterious to adults. They have a lot of power over them; they change their parents' lives completely from day one. Parents are extremely vulnerable to their own children. Movies in which kids are evil and powerful are an adult-fantasy response to some very disturbing realities. As for the films in which a lot of women are being killed, no one should be surprised by them. Every man knows that women have certain powers over him, and this is both mysterious and frustrating, particularly at this point in history. What these films deal with in a fantasy way is an extreme psychotic reaction to that frustration. Horror films tell certain truths that are very painful and necessarily unpleasant and, in fact, not in good taste. Horror films have nothing to do with "good taste," thank God. The good ones *have* to be offensive. Remember that art is basically subversive to society, because it appeals to the unconscious and deals with concepts that are not always in accord with society.

BRIAN DE PALMA

Brian De Palma's pictures run an eccentric course—from the downright silly ("Get to Know Your Rabbit") to the absurd ("Hi, Mom"), from camp ("Phantom of the Paradise") to kitsch ("Sisters"), from psychic chaos ("The Fury") to religio/sexual anxiety ("Carrie"). He has made his mark in moviedom by utilizing a deft blend of sexual thrills, intense fear and a sense of cool, painfully prolonged anticipation. Be it the moody melodrama of his Hitchcock homage, "Obsession," or the stark, suspenseful shock of "Dressed to Kill," De Palma knows how to send a chill down filmgoers' spines. De Palma's latest picture, "Blow Out," is another taut thriller, reteaming two "Carrie" supporting players—John Travolta and Nancy Allen (De Palma's wife)—in the lead roles. ***Harry Wasserman*** *and* ***Charlie Frick*** *caught up with De Palma in New York, where they talked with the screenwriter/director about the appeal of horror and suspense.*

OUI: Was Stephen King's *Carrie* your idea, or did the studio request that you do this film?

DE PALMA: No. I went after it. I read the book and tried to find out if they wanted to do it. I pursued it actively.

OUI: When you did *Carrie*, did you meet with King?

DE PALMA: No. I never met him directly. I read the book, and I tried to get someone to hire me to direct it. We finally met at a publishing party about a year and a half ago. I had read a lot of his interviews, and I talked to him a little about it. I like him. He's a smart guy. He liked the movie; he had very good feelings about it. He had read some interview in which Pauline Kael referred to his book as a "trash novel." For some reason, he attributed the quote to me and got very mad. But I never thought it was a trash novel. I thought it was very effective.

OUI: Are there any techniques that you like to use to heighten a visual or emotional effect in a movie?

DE PALMA: You have to lull audiences into a state. The best thing that you can do is play some sweet music and lull them into a false sense of security, and then clobber them. There are whole kinds of elements of surprise and suspense. That's why I use comedy a lot of times, to loosen people up. They start to laugh, and you can catch them completely off guard. If they've laughed, they've released all their defenses. "Ah, there's nothing to worry about here," and then you *clobber* them. You have to really watch an audience and see how they react. It's amazing what they react to, things that you would never have thought they would laugh at. You can always feel an audience by how they react: when they are quiet, when they start to talk, when they rustle around, when they are quiet, when they light up cigarettes, when they cough. You can really read an audience that way.

OUI: There seems to be a widespread interest in parapsychology and ghost stories. You could be partly to blame for that.

DE PALMA: Yes! People love that stuff. They absolutely love it if they can believe it. If you don't make it too absurd. The good thing about *Carrie* is that the parapsychology is played down. It's basically about adolescent trauma. "Am I going to the prom? Everybody else is. Why is that good-looking guy giving me such a hard time?" I always dealt with the parapsychology as an extension of her adolescent rage. There are millions of scenes of Carrie floating things around the room, but who cares? That has nothing to do with her adolescent experience. Basically, her telekinesis is an extension of her anger. You are very angry when you get rejected as an adolescent.

OUI: What is the difference between your subtle horror and the real bloody stuff? How do you compare the bloodbath at the end of *Carrie* or the scene at the end of *The Fury*, in which John Cassavetes blows up, to the kind of horror that's more offscreen, an implied kind of horror?

DE PALMA: I think an audience can take a lot

(Continued on page 118)

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THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

The New Ameri

A city slicker's guide to just where you'll find it, how to get at it and what to do with it once you have it

By Rodger W. Claire

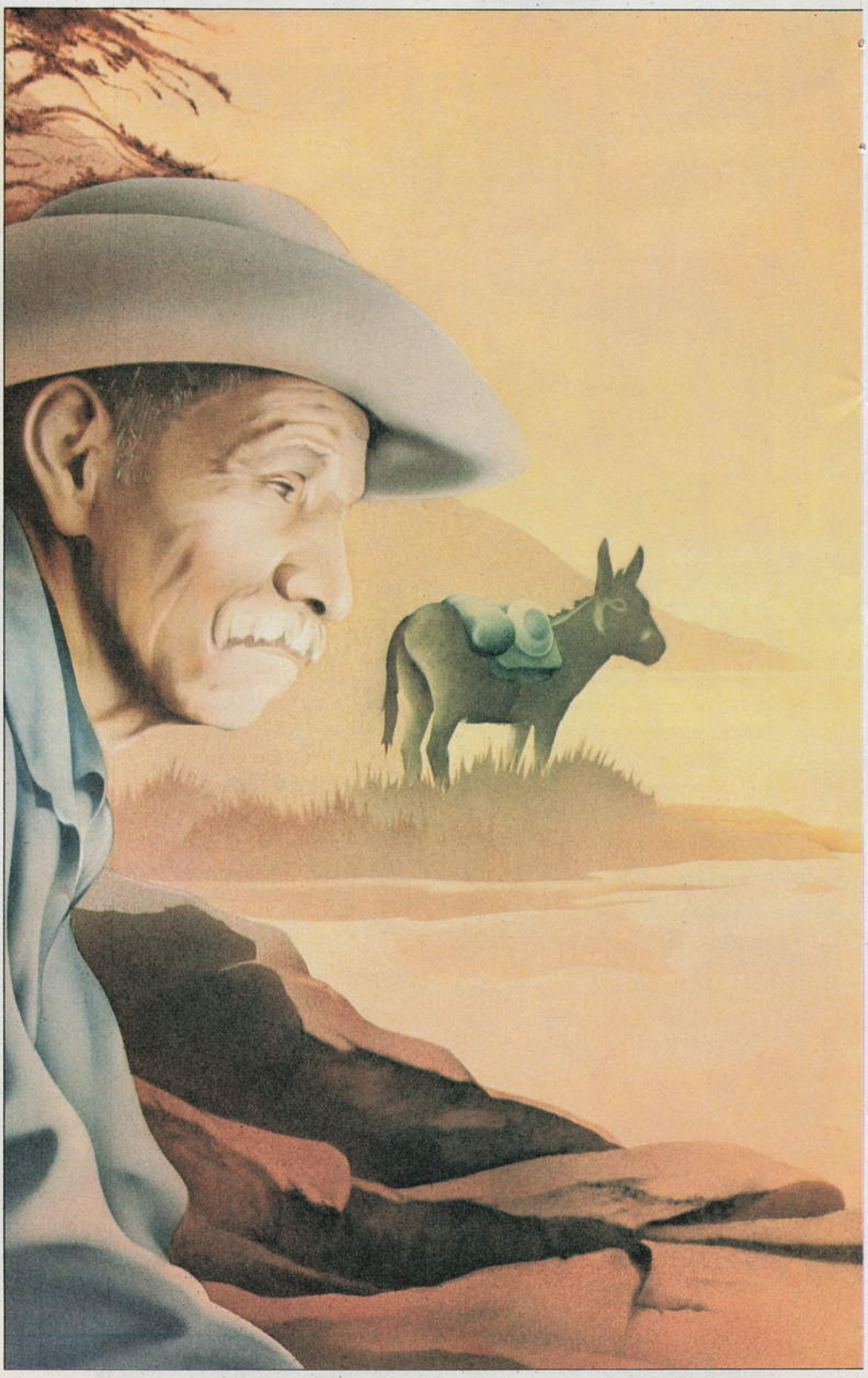
"Gold don't call out to be picked up. You got to know how to recognize it. You got to know how to tickle it so it comes out laughing."—from "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre"

Things are tough. The dollar's sliding downhill faster than a pig on ice. The price of a tankful of gas is worth more than half the cars in East L.A. And the price of beef? Been to McDonald's lately? You can weigh on a fishhook the amount of meat they use in one of those hamburgers.

Making it from week to week has become a back-breaking chore. Credit-card companies are slapping on penalty charges, rent control is fighting a losing battle, and Reagan is implementing a fiscal policy that ought to put us on an economic par with South Yemen.

So how can you grab your piece of the diminishing American pie? One way is to pan for it—pan, dredge, dry-wash, nugget-shoot or just plain scratch around. I'm not talking about some dust-caked Walter Huston type stumbling half-crazed out of the Sierra Madres. That kind of cultural dinosaur went out with Manifest Destiny. I'm talking about people like you and me—broke.

With the price of gold hovering around $500 an ounce, it has suddenly become practical to go out there and slosh around in the nation's riverbeds. Go skiing in Aspen and you'll glide by people dressed in wet suits, working Colorado's freezing streams with portable dredges. Stop off in Placerita Canyon next time you're heading for Magic Mountain outside of L.A. and you'll find two or three couples panning between a quarter- and a half-ounce a day (worth about $250). On the weekends, Nevada is crawling with college kids picking their way



U.S. estimate: "Only 10 percent of

can Gold Rush

the world's gold has been mined."

around the state's long-forgotten claims. And California's Annual World Championship Gold Panning Competition is a regular weekend-prospectors' hoedown.

Panning and dredging for gold have become *the* thing. Gold, in fact, is gonna be bigger than cowboys. But there's a way to do it right. That's why OUI presents the following quick guide to gold mining. Where it comes from. What it looks like. Where to find it. How to get it. Where to sell it. But most important, how to enjoy practicing one of America's oldest traditions.

Yeah, you say. There's no gold left; it was all mined out years ago, right? You believe that and you probably believe Dolly Parton sleeps on her stomach. The United States Geological Survey estimates that only 10 percent of the world's gold has been mined. In addition, most experts agree that the original forty-niners, using a crude and inefficient technology, let as much as 50 percent of the recoverable gold slip through their fervid little fingers. It's still lying there in forgotten tailings (waste left after the gold-bearing ore has been processed) and at the bottom of frozen streams. Remember, too, that the process of stream deposition is ongoing—the same forces of wind and rain and gravity that deposited the metal originally are perennially replenishing those deposits. Furthermore, gold is all over the place. There are known gold deposits in 21 states (see map on following page), and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of the stuff is unearthed every year. In 1980, over 188,000 mining claims were recorded with the Bureau of Land Management on national forest land under its administration. It's out there, just waiting for someone with enough gumption to come and take it. Many an American, in our near future, will clean off the ol' desk, give his boss the single-finger salute and head off for them thar hills.

Gold fever has once again become highly contagious—as well as profitable. In 1974, for example, Eric Oldendorf was stricken with a terminal case of it. He traded his degree in psychology for a pick and shovel and headed for the Mother Lode. Before long, he had teamed up with an old desert fox, and the two patented the Goldhound Goldwheel, a portable and highly efficient automatic gold panner. In the last five years, Eric has pulled out more than 40 ounces of pay dirt.

Around the same time, Jim Miner started

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL IMHOFF

"People who hit pay dirt have a good idea where those nuggets are before they even put the latch down on the front door."

poking his head into many of the deserted mines that dot California. While checking out an old dig in the Kern Valley, he and a friend discovered a shaft that dropped down 80 feet. Jim and his friend edged themselves along a narrow ledge, careful to avoid the rattlesnakes that had crawled out of the hot sun into the yawning darkness. A stifling-hot breath arose from the bowels of the mine. They could hear the fluttering of bats' wings down below. They were just about to turn back, when Jim thought he saw a faint light at the end of the shaft. It turned out to be a strange outcropping of white rock that seemed to glow translucently in the dark. He chipped off a small sample, and the two beat it out of there. When they returned to the city, Jim had it analyzed. The strange rock assayed out at two ounces of gold per ton—that's rich enough to start taking your meals regularly at "21."

And not long ago, two college students—using diving gear and a mechanical dredge—were working a hole (a natural pool at the bottom of a river) on the Middle Fork of Northern California's Yuba River, just a few hundred feet outside a major campground. After working through about 20 feet of overburden (worthless gravel), they struck bedrock literally paved with gold. In less than a week, they brought up more than 200 ounces of shiny, rich nuggets, and were back home in time for final exams.

Last spring, a group of us—with a collective bank account that would have been laughed out of Biafra—were sitting around in one of L.A.'s many nameless, eminently forgettable bars, bemoaning our hapless condition and the injustice of the gods, and generally cursing anyone who looked like he had a dime's worth of satisfaction more than we had, when Tom suggested we try our hands at gold mining. We'd all heard the stories, and we had been bending elbows just long enough for it to sound like a good idea. My fascination owed more to atavism than to alcohol: My grandfather had spent 40 years trudging up and down every godforsaken mountain and desert wasteland between Los Angeles and the Canadian border. Besides, it was a chance to get out in the Wide Open, to breath some air that you couldn't see, for a change . . . and who knows, maybe we *could* find something.

So, after pooling our grubstakes, we headed for the Mother Lode country to get our hands dirty—Heineken bottles piled high in the back of the van, the windshield clouded thick with good smoke, and Leadbelly blasting away the last vestiges of the city. We were high, and glad for an escape from the slow grind of nine to five. But it wasn't long before we began to feel something a little different—an awakening, a stirring of those slumbering passions that lie buried beneath the overburden of civilization—something I felt again the first time I dipped my gold pan into a cold mountain stream.

This fever steals over you as you snake your way up California's Highway 49 through the gently rolling hills dotted with scrub oak and buffalo grass. To the east, where the hills begin their gradual ascent, the scrub oak gives way to Ponderosa pine and Douglas fir, and finally, to the High Sierra; there, overlooking the rich western valleys, broods the Sierra Nevada, sitting on her secrets like a fir-covered Buddha.

This is the land of Rattlesnake Dick and Lotta Crabtree. The highway is the original route carved by the forty-niners as they forged their way east from San Francisco. A lot of them found themselves looking down the bore of Black Bart's six-shooter and were left holding nothing but a piece of bad poetry, his personal calling card. Everywhere, you can see signs of these first gold-crazy fools! Sutter Creek, Discovery Lane, Gold Rush Road. The little mining towns that dot the roadside look like something from an MGM backlot. Taverns here sport etched glass, polished wood and gleaming brass. The infamous Lola Montez, onetime mistress of Ludwig of Bavaria, drove the prospectors wild with her spider dance, a neat little number that involved spiders crawling intimately over Lola's scantily clad, writhing body.

The area from Mariposa, in the south, to Georgetown, in the north, is known collectively as the Mother Lode. The name comes from the Spanish *Veta Madre*; early Mexican settlers named it after the rich gold veins of Sonora in northern Mexico. It was here, in the little town of Coloma, on the South Fork of the American River, that James Marshall discovered a dime-sized nugget in the tailrace of Sutter's Mill and unleashed gold fever on the world. Marshall, a neurotic little Peter Lorre type, never again found anything so golden, but he was hounded to a pauper's grave by the superstitious miners who thought him more charmed than a divining rod.

Within 12 hours after leaving Los Angeles, we were waist-high in water, panning for gold not more than five miles from the spot where Marshall found his first—and apparently last—nugget. Well, that is, most of us were. Rick lay propped against a boulder, staring into space like some lidless creation of Dr. Blood. Toni lay clumped in the van like a pile of old clothes. Both were victims of the 17 battalions of Girl Scouts that had stormed our sylvan bower just after dusk the night before, singing all 103 verses of *Think I'll Eat Some Worms* until the wee hours of the morning. Which brings up an important point: Always plan ahead. Before you go rushing off into the wilds, do a little groundwork. Sure, there's gold in them thar hills. But people who hit pay dirt have a pretty good idea where those nuggets are before they even put the latch down on the front door. As Roger Ascham sagely propounded some 400 years ago: "Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty."

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

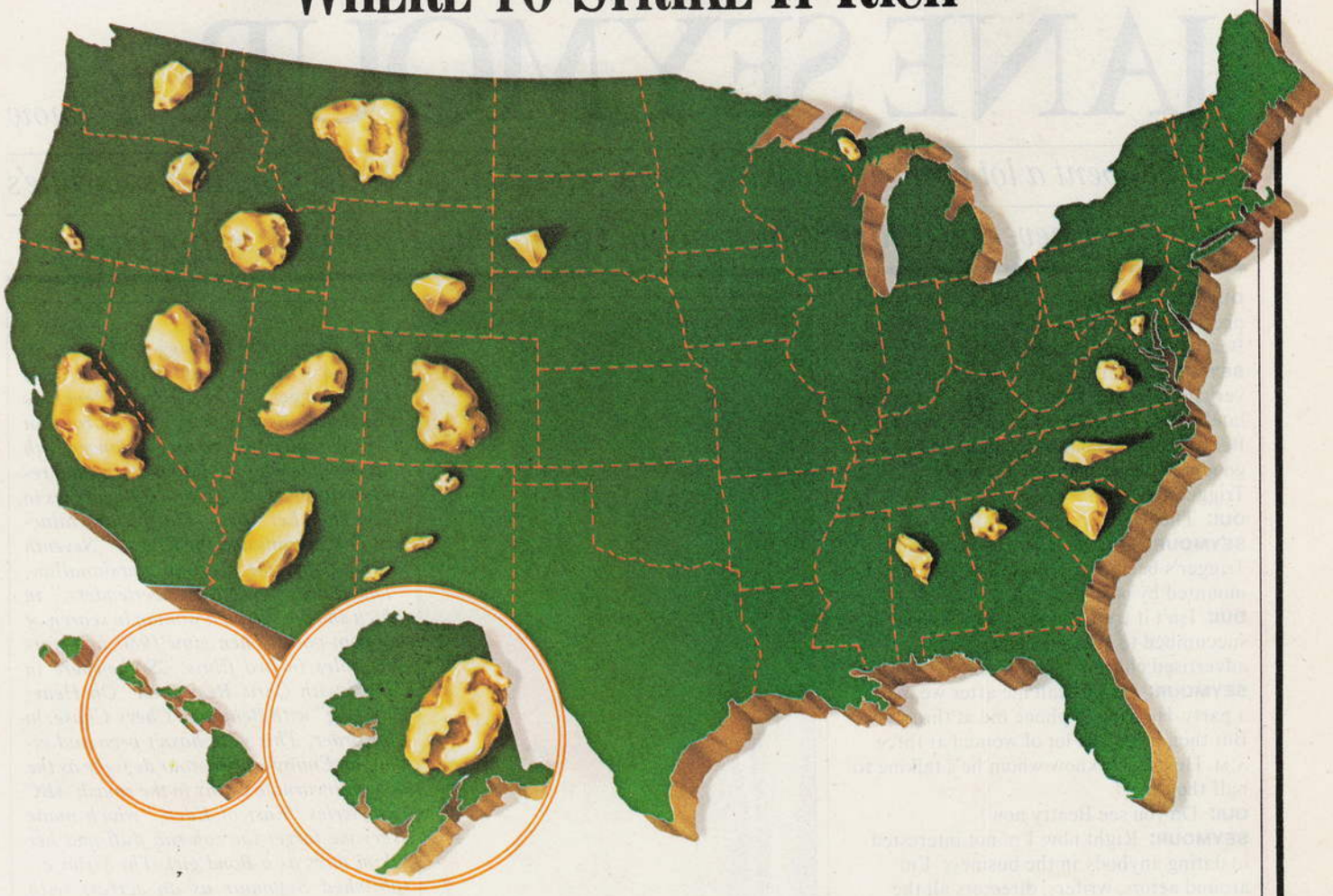
Before we so much as bought our first pick, we got ahold of some geological reports. These reports are published by your state's division of mines and geology, and they provide valuable information on local geology, rock types, fault structures and old mines of specific regions. They'll save you a lot of gas and time running around trying to find an ore bed. The United States Geological Survey's Professional Paper No. 610 maps the 508 most important gold-bearing districts in the United States, and you can supplement these with highly detailed geologic maps of individual regions.

Now that you've got these maps spread out all over the kitchen table, what the hell are you looking for? Well, the metal itself appears in three forms: *lode* (natural veins), *aggregate* (combined with other elements) and *placer* (freed by erosion and deposited in riverbeds and streambeds). The kind of gold you're mining determines where you'll go and the kind of equipment you'll need. Because placer mining is the cheapest, the most accessible and the most fun, it's perfect for the city slicker and weekend prospector.

1. Look for fault-zone outcroppings that might expose gold-bearing veins to the forces of erosion. The gold, once released from its matrix by the actions of wind, rain and gravity, will wash into the natural

(Continued on page 115)

WHERE TO STRIKE IT RICH



"There are known deposits in 21 states, and hundreds of thousands of dollars of the stuff are unearthed every year."

ALABAMA
- Tallapoosa County

ALASKA
- Almost everywhere

ARIZONA
- Cochise County
- Bisbee
- Tombstone
- Yavapai County
- Yuma County

CALIFORNIA
- Amador County
- Calaveras County
- El Dorado County
- Humboldt County
- Imperial County
- Inyo County
- Kern County
- Los Angeles County
- Mariposa County
- Nevada County
- Placer County
- Tuolumne County
- Yuba

COLORADO
- Chaffee County
- Gilpin County
- Gunnison County

GEORGIA
- Cherokee County
- Lumpkin County
- White County

IDAHO
- Blaine County
- Bingham County
- Elmore County
- Idaho County

MARYLAND
- Great Falls

MICHIGAN
- Upper Peninsula

MONTANA
- Beaverhead County
- Broadwater County
- Cascade County
- Jefferson County
- Lewis and Clark County
- Madison County
- Missoula County
- Powell County

NEVADA
- Clark County (Las Vegas)
- Elko County
- Eureka County
- Humboldt County

NEW MEXICO
- Colfax County
- Grant County
- Santa Fe County

NORTH CAROLINA
- Burke County
- Cabarrus County
- Montgomery County
- Rowan County
- Transylvania County
- Union County

OREGON
- Baker County
- Grant County
- Jackson County
- Josephine County

PENNSYLVANIA
- Lebanon County

SOUTH CAROLINA
- Chesterfield County
- Lancaster County
- McCormick County

SOUTH DAKOTA
- Lawrence County
- Pennington County

UTAH
- Garfield County
- Grand County
- Millard County
- Piute County
- San Juan County
- Tooele County
- Unitah County

VIRGINIA
- Faquier County
- Fluvanna County
- Orange County
- Spotsylvania County

WASHINGTON
- Chelan County
- Ferry County
- Kittitas County
- Okanogan County
- Snohomish County
- Stevens County
- Whatcom County

WYOMING
- Albany County
- Fremont County

ILLUSTRATION BY VIGON/NAHAS/VIGON

An Interview With

JANE SEYMOUR "I know

I've spent a lot of my life looking down, and then slowly looking into someone's eyes. But I never do it to anyone who can't handle it." /Interview by Jon Denny

OUI: Haven't you been linked in the gossip press to such unlikely names as Warren Beatty, Roman Polanski and Elliott Gould?
SEYMOUR: Actually, the press has been very good to me. Have you read Liz Smith lately? But I *have* been linked to Warren Beatty, Roman Polanski, Elliott Gould and goodness knows who else. Probably Trigger, too.
OUI: The horse?
SEYMOUR: Of course. Although I think Trigger's been properly stuffed and mounted by now.
OUI: Isn't it true, though, that you've succumbed to Warren Beatty's well-advertised charm?
SEYMOUR: He did call me after we met at a party. He used to phone me at three A.M. But then he calls a lot of women at three A.M. He doesn't know whom he's talking to half the time.
OUI: Do you see Beatty now?
SEYMOUR: Right now, I'm not interested in dating anybody in the business. I'm around actors, writers, directors all the time. I don't want to be around an actor *all* the time. I could imagine what fun we'd have, sitting around and comparing the relative stages of our careers. How exciting.
OUI: Why is it that many American men think English women are stuck-up?
SEYMOUR: Some of us *are* stuck-up. And some of us are just more reserved. I think we're overpolite sometimes, too. And then we all have this strange accent that people mistake for being snotty. Actually, I get very fed up with hearing that I'm aloof and icy cold.
OUI: But aren't you aloof and icy cold?
SEYMOUR: There *is* something about being English, isn't there? And it's not only the voice, because I can change that. It's the attitude, I guess. For some reason, the British hold themselves in a way that intimidates the average American. I'm not that way at all, but I come off that way. It's a national characteristic. I guess the only English person that Americans feel comfortable with is Benny Hill. No one wants to swill beers with Prince Charles. Or David Niven.
OUI: American men won't swill beer with you? I find that hard to believe.

PETER KREDENSER / LIAISON AGENCY, INC.

Jane Seymour is the biggest thing to hit America with an English accent since Mick Jagger. Born Joyce Penelope Wilhelmina Frankenberg, just a dropshot from Wimbledon, she was a dancer with knee trouble who got into pictures and received tinges of recognition for her roles in "Live and Let Die," "Battlestar Galactica," "Captains and the Kings," "Seventh Avenue" and the all-time marshmallow, "The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders," in which she portrayed a woman in search of her pom-poms. Then came 1980, and starring roles in two films: "Somewhere in Time" with Chris Reeve and "Oh Heavenly Dog" with Benji and Chevy Chase, in that order. This year hasn't been bad, either: an Emmy-worthy tour de force as the demon-incarnate Cathy in the smash ABC mini-series "East of Eden," which made everyone forget the rah-rah fluff and her bikini days as a Bond girl. The series established Seymour as an actress with impressive range, as well as flowing chestnut hair and brown-green eyes that must be England's most exquisite export. She stands a good chance of picking up a trophy or two this year for her stunning performance in "Amadeus," one of Broadway's biggest hits. She gave out an Oscar on this year's telecast, too, and deserves an honorable mention as the woman most likely to turn heads with her hair. Seymour is veddy British—elegant and determined.

SEYMOUR: American men seem intimidated when they're around me. They never seem to know what to say. They never know what to do with their hands.
OUI: You say you can change your voice. Does that put them more at ease?
SEYMOUR: I worked very hard developing American speech patterns and dialects, and it does help. I can put them at ease immediately by turning into my American. I slouch. I chew gum loudly. Give me a pair of blue jeans and a cowboy hat, and I'm one of the gang. It freaks them out.
OUI: Now, Jane, there you go sounding condescending.
SEYMOUR: That's true. Not all American girls chew gum loudly.
OUI: How does a proper Englishwoman survive the California lifestyle? You *do* live in Southern California, don't you?
SEYMOUR: I just sold my old house and bought another that overlooks Sunset Boulevard, in an area called Birdland. I look around, and all I see are giant pine trees. And my Alfa Romeo, which I never get a chance to drive.
OUI: It's a long way from Wimbledon.
SEYMOUR: Actually, I do things that are very un-Californian. I don't drive a Mercedes 450SL. I don't roller-skate. I hardly ever wear jeans. I never jog, because I don't believe in it. I don't play

"Actually, I do things that are very un-Californian. I don't drive a Mercedes. I don't roller-skate. I hardly ever wear jeans. I never jog. I don't play tennis. I don't snort hot tubs."

DICK ZIMMERMAN

"I think British men are so stuffy. My next husband will probably be American. American men have wonderful minds like computers. All that information is stored inside—all those sports scores and so on."

tennis. I don't snort hot tubs.

OUI: So what are you—some kind of weird social outcast?

SEYMOUR: I do things like read. Think. Cook. I don't believe in the California culture at all. But I've managed to survive. I have a very fertile mind. The only extra stimulation I need is other people.

OUI: Are you stimulated easily?

SEYMOUR: There aren't very many closet intellectuals in Los Angeles, that's for sure. I don't know many California men. I have a tendency to spend most of my time with New Yorkers who are just passing through. Or New Yorkers who've settled in. I like cosmopolitan people, worldly people. I don't like people who are restricted to a two-mile stretch of sand.

OUI: Do you get turned on by surfer types? Have you ever had an uncontrollable desire to wax someone's board?

SEYMOUR: Just about everybody in the business is Jewish; so most of them don't exactly look like surfers to me. I don't know too many Jewish surfers. In fact, I don't know too many native Californians. As far as waxing boards is concerned, I have two major drawbacks: My name isn't Cathy—all the girls in California are named Cathy. And very rarely do I use the word *wow*.

OUI: What a relief. Whenever I hear the word *wow*, I'm gone. I'm out the door. I leave.

SEYMOUR: Wow!

OUI: Do you really dislike California?

SEYMOUR: I like the sun. I like the fresh fruit. However, I have never tried granola. Do you think there could be something wrong with me?

OUI: Do *you* think there's something wrong with you?

SEYMOUR: I think I'd like to move to New York. You see, I have a rule: I never spend more than two months at a time in L.A. I know my brain will turn to mush. So I get out, even if it's just for a day. Then I drive up the coast to Santa Barbara, which is still California, but since it's out of town, my mind only turns to semimush. I love watching the water hit the rocks. There's something incredibly sensual about the sea.

OUI: Do you enjoy getting wet?

SEYMOUR: I stay in the car and watch the water hit the rocks. I don't jump in. That's the weirdest question anyone has ever asked me.

OUI: Let me ask you about your role on the TV movie *The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders*. What possessed you to appear in this all-time monument to T&A?

SEYMOUR: When I read the script, I really believed I could play an investigative reporter who goes undercover with the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders and does things that are against what she believes in. I can't do anything unless I get totally into it. It's my problem. I considered my role to be a classic closet intellectual. She had to deal with the sexual harassment of this awful nerd, played by Bert Convy. I had to go to Dallas to live with the cheerleaders for a while.

OUI: You went undercover as a cheerleader?

SEYMOUR: Yes, and cheerleading is not something I grew up with. You have to remember that in Britain, they don't have cheerleaders or American football and, to this day, I've never seen either. Still, I was curious about the girls. I was actually curious. Who are these people? So I hung out with them. I went to the discos and the bars, and I drank a lot of beer. I was amazed. No one gave a damn about Jane Seymour. Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders are *stars*. I was a very minuscule, petty piece of dust on the ground. Of course, I still had to put on that awful outfit and stand there and kick up my legs and shake and everything. The uniform is cut in such a way that it's very tough to keep on.

OUI: So you agreed to do the TV movie for the money?

SEYMOUR: Oh, no. I didn't get paid much. I did it for one very good reason. Although I've played a lot of American roles, all of them were women in period pieces, either the 1940s or the 1890s or the 1790s. Everybody kept telling me that I never do anything that the average middle-American would see. So they told me: "You're never just a sort of gorgeously whatever piece of American apple pie. Jane, if you want to play apple pie, you've got to prove that you *are* apple pie." So I decided to cut a slice of apple pie. I did it for that. I became Miss America Apple Pie Coca-Cola. And you know what? I absolutely hated every minute of it.

OUI: But you got the chance to act with Bucky Dent, the Yankees' shortstop-turned-actor-turned-shortstop. Wasn't that worth it all?

SEYMOUR: I didn't know who Bucky Dent was. When I met him, I realized Bucky Dent was not a brain surgeon. He is no brain surgeon, but he's a sweet guy. Kinda cute. There was a lot of *cute* in that movie. Just don't send me back to Dallas.

OUI: You didn't like the Big D?

SEYMOUR: I saw the other side of the Big D. We stayed at a place we called the Royal Roach Inn. I've never seen cockroaches that size. They were giant cockroaches. It was like *Revenge of the Killer Cockroaches*. Cockroaches named J.R. I don't think I'd be right as a regular on *Dallas*—unless I played an exterminator.

OUI: Who sprayed J.R.? What a concept!
SEYMOUR: You see, if I wanted to be famous or rich, it would be easy. A couple of years ago, I was offered a fortune to do my own series on television. I was absolutely amazed. Totally baffled. They said I could do anything I wanted. They said they'd pay me anything I wanted. Do you want to produce your own movies? Do you want as much money as a Charlie's Angel? They were equally amazed when I turned them down. I was a James Bond girl, and I remembered how long it took me to live that one down. I could never deal with being boring week after week.
OUI: You really fought that Bond-girl image, didn't you?
SEYMOUR: I don't believe in creating an image. I don't believe in managers. I don't believe in publicists pushing the product named *Jane Seymour*. In doing the James Bond films, they created an image they felt should be me. I didn't realize what they were doing until halfway through, and I couldn't live with it. It wasn't me. I'm not terribly in favor of push-up bras. I am not a willing victim.
OUI: And yet, you appeared in the original *Battlestar Galactica*?
SEYMOUR: I manage to survive all sorts of movies and TV shows. I wonder why I did that one at all. I guess it was for the same reason as the *Cheerleaders* thing. The original role in *Battlestar Galactica* was actually fascinating: a female newscaster who believes in something, pursues it, suffers from galactic cancer and has a child without a father. The plot thickened. I died in it. Then they tested the three-hour movie, and all the kids went, "Mommy, Mommy!" and I got a phone call, and the TV executives said, "Listen, you can't die." I said, "Tough, I'm dead." Then they told me I should come in and see the movie. They ended up reshooting everything I was in. They cut out all my dialogue and kept all the close-ups where I didn't look like I was about to drop dead. I ended up playing a limp little character wandering around being a mommy. Eventually, they talked me into doing another two-hour special.
OUI: Cogent question: Do you believe in the "Jordache look"?
SEYMOUR: What's that?
OUI: You know: "You've got the look I want to know better." The Great American Obsession with the Tush.
SEYMOUR: Really? What's a tush supposed to look like?
OUI: Reminiscent of a pear.
SEYMOUR: You may note here that during the summer, I wear flimsy, gypsy-type dresses, so I can feel total freedom. Cotton and silk feel great on my body. I am not a slave to the "Jordache look." I am not a slave to anything! Doesn't that sound great? Britannia. Britain! Britain! Never, never slaves! I don't like to wear boys' clothes. I don't look like a boy. I was built in the shape of a woman.
OUI: What do you think is the sexiest part of your body?
SEYMOUR: I've been accused of having very dangerous eyes. I have weird eyes—one brown and one green, and they slant upward. I have to be very careful, or I can look very Oriental. I've been offered a lot of Japanese roles.
OUI: Why are you looking at me that way?
SEYMOUR: Most people can't handle eye contact. It's very intimate, very powerful. There is a wonderful book I read about how people will make love in the future. No one wears clothes anymore; they just wear dark glasses. Having children is handled by the breeders and the test tubes. We live in total bliss, total remote control. We tune people in and out on large television screens. The only way to make love, then, the only way to have—and this sounds so extraordinarily L.A., I can't believe it's passing through my lips—a *meaningful relationship* is to take off the glasses and look someone in the eyes. That is the equal of orgasm, of contact. It's a wonderful thing. The one thing that no one does anymore is look other people in the eyes. People can't deal with it. I think it's a

"I can't stand to look at a man with mirrored sunglasses. What turns me right off are supermacho types. I don't go to discos. I can't stand a guy who makes a big effort. I can see through everything."

PETER KREDENSER/LIAISON AGENCY, INC.

great way of making love.

OUI: What happens if you're nearsighted?

SEYMOUR: Then you take off your glasses and get closer. I know I've spent a lot of my life looking down, and then slowly, slowly looking up into someone's eyes. But I never do it to anyone who can't handle it.

OUI: What breed of man can't handle it?

SEYMOUR: I'll tell you the type of men I can't stand to look at: men with mirrored sunglasses. What turns me right off are supermacho, superslick, superpretentious suave types. I don't go to discos. I can't stand a guy who makes a big effort. I can see through everything. I like mystery. A sense of humor. Power, along with vulnerability. A sense of fun. I don't care for looks. Actually, I distrust anyone who looks good.

OUI: You don't date persistent Chris Reeve look-alikes?

SEYMOUR: I'm never seen with a Chris Reeve look-alike. I'm seen with Chris Reeve. Who needs a look-alike when you have the real thing?

OUI: Ah-hah!

SEYMOUR: Most of my dates would never win a photogenic contest, though. And I must tell you, when they told me Chris was going to be my leading man, I hadn't seen *Superman*, and I asked everyone what he looked like. He didn't sound like my type at all. *Superman?* Younger than I? Twice my size? Rich and famous? Faster than a speeding bullet? He sounded terribly boring. But

JANE SEYMOUR

"It's not easy being Mr. Jane Seymour. I need someone who can take only so much and be protective."

Chris is actually different. He lives in one pair of deck shoes. He owns one belt buckle in the whole world. He's very different from his image. I have nothing to do with the looks-conscious society we live in. I think it's sick. People I like—people I trust—those are the people I fall in love with.

OUI: Has a man ever left you?

SEYMOUR: Men don't leave me. I leave them! It's tough to find a man who can accept my schedule. So I find men who are driven more than I am. I like men with different powers, who don't feel challenged or threatened by me. I don't need that when I play. I need a man who trusts me, and I consider myself worth trusting. When I was married, in England, my husband kept telling me to come to America, that I'd really make it big here. He was not an actor. He was in electronics. I came to America, and he never followed. It's very difficult. It's not easy being Mr. Jane Seymour. But I need someone who can take only so much and then be protective. It requires a great deal of self-respect.

OUI: Is there a difference between American and English men?

SEYMOUR: Sometimes, I think it's like chalk and cheese. Then other times, I think British men are so stuffy. My next husband will probably be American. American men have wonderful minds like computers. All that information is stored inside—all those sports scores and so on. The good thing is that I make friends before lovers.

OUI: Do you go out with strangers? How do you meet new men?

SEYMOUR: I'm seriously worried about myself in that respect. On the table in front of me is the surviving flower of a very large bouquet that was sent to me by a gentleman I don't know. He was sending me flowers every other day. Some of the people around me are very protective, but then someone screwed up and told him where I was staying. He called me up and asked me out for a drink. I said I don't go out with strangers. He said, "Well, how do I get to know you?" He said he really thought he liked me. I said, "Oh. I'm puzzled. I'd like to know how you'd like to get to know me."

OUI: Did you meet him for the drink?

SEYMOUR: We talked on the phone for about a half hour. He said he wanted to meet me. It came down to my feeling that

(Continued on page 119)

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ON THE SEAMY SIDE

BY FRED SCHRIER

"The time? Why, sure—it's a quarter past six."

"I am not dirt cheap! I cost less because I'm generic!"

"You have no rooms?! The missus and I have driven the Packard day and night from Decatur to get here. And we had our hearts set on staying in the porno district!"

Oui's SPORTS

THE BEST PICK THE BEST

Fireballers vs. Power Hitters, Catchers vs. Thieves in a Superstar Showdown

The fate of a game, or even an entire season, often boils down to a confrontation between superstars, one of those *mano à mano* showdowns that become the stuff of sports legend and record books. In baseball, it can be fireballer vs. power hitter, speed merchant vs. pickoff master, or even manager vs. umpire. In football, it might be hotshot quarterback vs. glue-fingered interceptor, extra-point artist vs. field-goal defender, or running back vs. linebacker.

RICH GOSSAGE *"Smoke that nobody can hit consistently."*
—Ben Oglivie

Who do today's superstars truly fear when the pressure is on? Who *do* the best rate as the best? To find out, OUI will be presenting a series of sports features in which top athletes personally pick their toughest competitors. In this first "Best Pick the Best," contributor **Larry Bortstein** asked two of the premier power hitters in the major leagues—Mike Schmidt of Philadelphia and Ben Oglivie of Milwaukee—to rate the top power pitchers. Conversely, he checked with two of those power pitchers—Rich Gossage of the New York Yankees and Vida Blue of San Francisco—and got them to own up to which batters they least like to see heading toward the plate.

Some pundits are saying that the stolen base may soon supercede the homer as baseball's most lethal weapon. So OUI also asked three of the premier thieves in the land—Rickey Henderson of Oakland, Omar Moreno of Pittsburgh and Garry Templeton of St. Louis—to rate the catchers who are the most difficult to run wild on. Then OUI consulted three catchers with reputations for stopping base-path larceny—Rick Cerone of the Yankees, Rick Dempsey of the Orioles and Steve Yeager of the Dodgers—for their ratings on baseball's top bandits.

HITTERS VS. PITCHERS

Ben Oglivie: The Brewers' slender, 32-year-old, left-handed-swinging left fielder powered 41 out of American League parks in 1980.

"When you play the Yankees, you know you're gonna see more heat thrown against you than you see from other teams, because the Yankees have probably the two fastest pitchers in the American League: Ron Guidry and Rich Gossage. Of course, I like to see mostly fastballs since I'm a fastball hitter. But when you get guys who can throw as hard as those two can throw when they're at their best, you're gonna see smoke. And *nobody* can hit that kind of smoke consistently.

"I'm a left-handed batter, so naturally, I like to hit against righties more than I do lefties. But Gossage, who's a right-hander, is not your typical righty. He is probably more effective against left-handed hitters because he can keep the ball away better than any other pitcher in the league against left-handed hitters.

NOLAN RYAN *"Throws so hard, you overswing badly."*
—Mike Schmidt

BEN OGLIVIE *"He'll murder anything you throw to the plate."*
—Rich Gossage

"I think I have a little more success with the fastball pitchers in our league than some of the other home-run hitters, because I take a short swing. I don't try to kill the ball. I'm more of a wrist hitter, unlike those who try to hit with the entire arm. If I get a pitch I can hit, I try to time my swing and then cock my wrists at just the right moment, and the ball goes. I never hit as many homers before as I did last year, but maybe I'll keep hitting 'em like that for a few more years. Unless I face Guidry and Gossage a lot!"

Mike Schmidt: One of the premier sluggers of this generation, the Phillies' 31-year-old third baseman has won four National League home-run titles, belting a career-high 48

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FOCUS ON SPORTS

MIKE SCHMIDT *"You can't risk throwing him the same pitch too often."* —*Vida Blue*

homers from his right-handed stance in 1980.

"The two fastest pitchers I've seen in my nine years in the National League are Nolan Ryan and J. R. Richard, both with the Astros. They can cause you to overswing real badly and miss the ball altogether, because they throw so hard. I haven't had too much luck against either one of them, although I did hit a double off Ryan in one of the play-off games last season.

"There are some guys in our league who really throw hard. Montreal has two of the fastest, in Scott Sanderson and Bill Gullickson, and the Dodgers have one in Bob Welch. Vida Blue's been around awhile, but he can fire the hard fastball from time to time.

"Still, there's probably no one who can throw as hard as Ryan and Richard. Who knows how J.R.'ll be if and when he comes back from his stroke? But one of his biggest assets is that he's so tall, the ball looks like it's coming in on you from three feet away, and you just can't time your swing that way.

"Ryan's been clocked as having the fastest fastball in history, and I sure won't argue with that. He also has probably the toughest curve around, and you always have to wonder why he hasn't won a lot more games than he has. I'll let him worry about that, though."

OMAR MORENO *"You almost have to concede second base to him."* —*Steve Yeager*

PITCHERS VS. HITTERS

Vida Blue: In 11 big-league seasons, the last four with the

GARRY TEMPLETON *"He keeps getting faster and faster every year."* —*Steve Yeager*

Giants after seven years across the bay with the Oakland A's, southpaw Blue was a Cy Young Award winner as his league's best pitcher and has been a 20-game winner three times.

"Ninety-five percent of the hitters in the majors are fastball hitters, and the good hitters especially can kill you on the fastball if you groove it for them or you don't throw it in the right place. A guy like Mike Schmidt, for example, can drive a good fastball out of the park one pitch after you've got him swinging on the same fastball in the same place. You can't risk throwing a guy like that the same pitch too often.

"In the National League, two other real good fastball hitters are guys like Steve Garvey and Ron Cey of the Dodgers. They've beaten me a few games. I'm sure glad Reggie Jackson was a teammate of mine with the A's most of the time I was there. I didn't have to face him then like I had to after he went to Baltimore and then to the Yankees. He's probably the most deadly fastball hitter in the game. You don't ever want to groove a pitch to Reggie.

"Any good pitcher knows he has to throw more than just a fastball to be successful. I try to mix 'em up with other pitches, especially now that I'm a little older and I can't count on throwing the ball consistently at ninety miles an hour like I could when I was younger."

Rich Gossage: Probably the top relief pitcher in baseball, this 30-year-old fastballing right-hander saved 33 games for the Yankees last year, while striking out 103 batters in 99 innings.

"If I'm throwing the ball well, I feel I can throw the ball past any hitter in baseball. Sometimes I have to do this because one hit or one run will beat us. It's not like when you're a starter—you know people are gonna get on base, and you can shrug it off. With me, or any reliever, one guy on base could be the ball game. So I try to come in and just throw as hard as I can and try to stop the other team even from getting a foul tip, if I can prevent it.

"But it isn't always that easy, of course. The big power hitters can time a good fastball—even one that's thrown more than one hundred miles an hour—and hit it out. People like Don Baylor of the Angels or Ben Oglivie of the Brewers. These are guys who can murder anything you throw up to the plate. You just hope you can stop them more often than they beat you.

"On my best days, I know my fastball is working if the batters start swinging ahead of the ball. It means the fastball is really moving and doing things up there. I'm the first to admit that I couldn't get too many guys out with any other pitches if I didn't have the good fastball. Even now, I find I get hit more by the so-

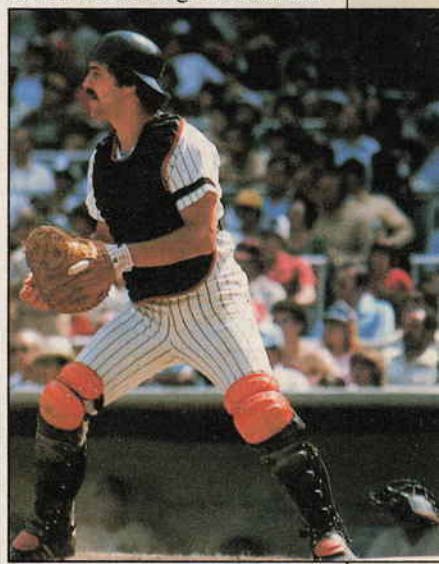
GARY CARTER *"He makes you regret your mistakes."* —*Garry Templeton*

called singles hitters than I do by the power hitters. You face a guy like Rod Carew and he won't hit it out of the park, but he'll single and double you to death."

CATCHERS VS. THIEVES

Rick Cerone: The 27-year-old, four-year big-league veteran came to the Yankees from Toronto in 1980 and blossomed into one of the game's ranking receivers.

"I think I have a good arm and can get a throw away quickly. But I feel my job is to keep the average base runner from stealing nine times out of ten, and not to worry that much about the great base run-



RICK CERONE *"He can do it better."* —*Rick Dempsey*

ners—the guys like Rickey Henderson, Willie Wilson, Ron LeFlore. They'll run you

(Continued on page 122)

The Secrets of Betting Baseball Totals

$ *Introducing one way to win big money without picking a winner* $

by Roger Dionne and Gary Austin

It's a sports bettor's dream game: the Seattle Mariners vs. the Oakland A's at Oakland. That's right—the Mariners vs. the A's. First, Floyd Bannister is the starting pitcher for Seattle, and Mike Norris is starting for Oakland. Both have been in top form of late. Next, the Mariners and the A's are in terrible slumps. What's more, the game is being played at night, and the air is heavy. Finally, there's a storm raging off the California coast, which is causing winds to blow in toward home plate at 25 mph. In the morning, however, the wind was blowing *out* from home plate at 25 mph. So the linemaker in Las Vegas made the total on the game 10. Yessir, it's a sports bettor's dream. You have no idea who's going to win the game, but you might safely bet that the two teams will score fewer than 10 runs.

Action-eager bookmakers devised the totals wager in the early Seventies. At 11–10 odds (i.e., $11 to win $10), the bettor wagers that the number of runs (or points or goals, depending on the sport) scored by both teams in a game will fall *over* or *under* the bookmaker's number. If the total falls on the number, the bet is a tie.

The bookies thought they had found a new sucker bet, but the fact is, anyone who spends the same amount of time handicapping totals as he spends handicapping the games themselves will have a much higher percentage of wins with totals. For in baseball, there are numerous handicapping factors that can help the bettor determine whether the game is likely to go *over* or *under* the bookmaker's number. (Baseball totals, incidentally, generally range from 6½ to 9½.)

Take a look at that Seattle-Oakland game again. It's the ideal *under* play. First, you have two outstanding starting pitchers who have been throwing well in their recent outings. It doesn't matter whether they've been winning or losing, so long as their earned-run averages are low. Second, they are pitching against, at least currently, weak-hitting opponents.

Third, Oakland and Seattle are in hitting slumps. More than the other sports, baseball is an amazingly streaky game. For a week or two, a team might be knocking the cover off the ball. Then it gets shut out, the batters lose their timing, and for several games, they can't seem to buy a base hit. Anytime you spot either sort of streak, you stand to win money.

Run production also varies significantly from day to night. Along both coasts, damp night air deadens the ball somewhat, while everywhere in the country, prevailing winds change markedly from afternoon to evening. For example, day games in Texas' Arlington Stadium have been good *overs* the past few years, but at night, the wind blowing in from right field makes Arlington somewhat of an *under* park. Last year at Anaheim, the Angels went *over* only seven times and *under* 17 times in their day games, but at night, they went *over* 34 times and *under* 23.

Then, there is the wind. Newer stadiums, like Three Rivers in Pittsburgh, are well protected from wind currents, but in many of the smaller, older parks—particularly Wrigley Field near Lake Michigan in Chicago and Fenway Park in Boston—the wind is nearly always a factor. If it's blowing out at more than 10 mph, you probably have an *over* play. If it's blowing in, you have an *under*. The sports bettor has a big edge here because the linemaker puts up his total in the morning, based on weather conditions at that time, while the bettor has all day to place his bet. A call to the weather bureau can tip him off to a potentially big money-making play.

Pitching, the home park, whether a team is hitting or in a slump, whether it's a day game or a night game, the prevailing wind, the bookmaker's number—these are the factors to be considered in wagering on baseball totals. You'll probably never find as beautiful a betting situation as our Seattle-Oakland game, but you will find plenty of games in which enough *over* or *under* factors are working together to make you the favorite to win your bet. ■

WRIGLEY FIELD, CHICAGO *The hapless Cubbies may lose, but "the Hawk" could make you an "over" or "under" winner.*

OAKLAND-ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM *Pacific-coast storms have blown Las Vegas linemakers out of the money.*

THREE RIVERS STADIUM, PITTSBURGH *A well-protected playing field results in a tougher totals situation.*

WHO'S IN THE BOOTH?

A colorful quiz in which OUI have a little fun with your favorite sports chatterers

by Paul Luchessa

Are you a certified sports junkie? Do you watch N.F.L. reruns in March? Will you tune in for celebrity peewee golf and mud wrestling from Guam? Are you able to survive repeated verbal saturation bombings of time-worn homilies, hackneyed verbiage and every maudlin comment in the sports lexicon—all couched in twisted syntax replete with invented words that even Dizzy Dean would have had a hard time recognizing as English? If so, you should have no trouble picking the fun guys with shellacked hair and bright blazers who would most likely be responsible for the following imagined samples of sportscaster patter.

1. "Jeepers, ol' Reggie's steamin'. Didja see him go in there spikes high? He wanted dat second baseman bad. Yesiree, ol' Reggie was gonna tattoo him. Y'know, good buddy, that shows me a lotta class. I mean, here's a ballplayer makin' over a hundred grand a year, and he ain't afraid to get his pants messed up if he can cream the other team's star infielder. That's what this great game of baseball is about, folks—unselfishness."

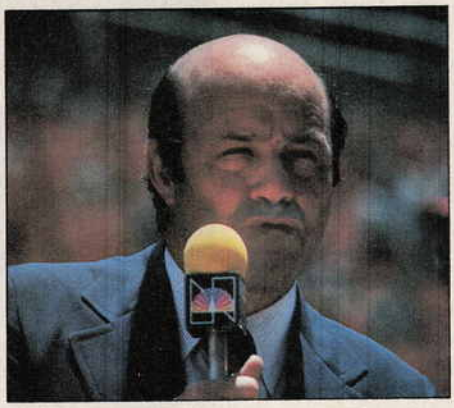
a. Harry Caray
b. Tony Kubek
c. Joe Garagiola
d. Jim Bouton

2. "Yes, it sure was a great first half—did I say too much?"

a. Brent Musburger
b. Phyllis George
c. Irv Cross
d. Jimmy the Greek

PHYLLIS GEORGE *"Did I say too much?"*

3. "Stabler, er, Plunkett, rather, lets it go. Bradshaw's got a step on Wright—I mean Jackson. He's got it! He's racing down the sideline! They'll never catch him—er, no, he hasn't got it. Rather, Jackson's got it—*he's* racing down the line. Oops, there goes a flag. Now the referee, or rather, the umpire



JOE GARAGIOLA *"Jeepers, ol' Reggie's steamin'."*

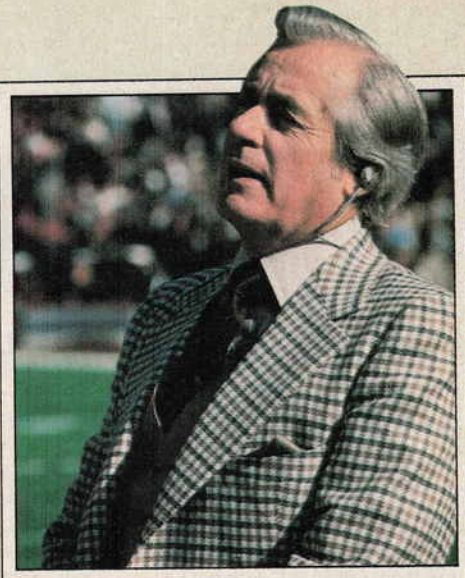
is blowing the whole play dead. Guess the Rams'll have to run it over again. I mean the Raiders, of course. Well, it's been a comedy of errors here in Kansas City—what? Oh, of course, we're in Denver. What am I talking about? . . ."

a. Lindsey Nelson
b. Curt Gowdy
c. Chris Schenkel
d. Bill Flemming

4. "Boy, this sure is exciting, fellas [yawn], like the time we stuck Ben-Gay in the Packers' jocks. Turned out to be a mistake. They were so fired up, they ran all over us. What—are they bringin' out the kicker already? Chickens. Would ya look at that guy—four foot six, and half of it foot. In my day, kickers used to play. I mean, Gordy Soltau and those guys were real players—not like today's kickers. Now they're all fags—that's a fact. You can quote me on it. Geez, is this game ever gonna end?"

a. Merlin Olsen
b. Tom Brookshier
c. Rosey Grier
d. Alex Karras

5. "I give the Cowboys about a three-point edge in this one. Number one, Danny White, bruised his little finger playing backgammon, and statistics show he doesn't play well in temperatures above seventy-four degrees. Dorsett doesn't run as



CURT GOWDY *"What am I talking about?"*

well on real turf, and Drew Pearson tends to be moody on the West Coast. That'll shave approximately six and a half points from the Cowboys' offense. Now, on the Oakland side, you got an offensive line that averages over thirty years old, which, if you divided that by the number of defensive men who have their hands taped, gives you a figure roughly in the area of two point five—not to mention that any team who punts three times in a half is a natural seven-to-five underdog. So, Cowboys all the way, unless it rains, which gives you a whole new set of numbers."

a. Brent Musburger
b. Bryant Gumbel
c. Jimmy the Greek
d. Pete Axthelm

6. "What an egregious performance. Why, to me, it is inconceivable that a man, a player of the caliber and experience of number eight-seven, should fail to cleave unto his bosom a ball thrown as serendipitously as that. Even in the days when I was the unheralded warrior of the sandlots of Brooklyn, never did I witness such incompetence, such lack of professionalism in a practitioner of the noble art of pass receptionality. But, friends, such are the vicissitudes of the N.F.L. on any given day . . ."

a. Frank Broyles
b. Howard Cosell
c. Brent Musburger
d. George Allen

Answers

1. (c) Joe Garagiola
2. (b) Phyllis George
3. (b) Curt Gowdy
4. (d) Alex Karras
5. (c) Jimmy the Greek
6. (b) Howard Cosell

Scoring

0	Non-English-speaking immigrant
1	Intellectual or head
2–3	Woman or child
4–5	A case-a-day man
6	Carries a portable TV to stadium to watch instant replays

Oui's Sports

SWEET ON THE STREET

A summertime star-watcher's guide to the hottest playground-basketball games

By Bill Lawren

All across America, all summer long—on outdoor playgrounds with netless rims, in meat-locker gyms, where the out-of-bounds line is a brick wall, even in the relatively plush confines of UCLA'S Pauley Pavilion—some great in-your-face playground basketball will be happening.

You might be sucking on a spliff while waiting to run at 4th Street and Sixth Avenue in the Village or just enjoying the show at Philadelphia's time-honored Baker League, but the chances are very good that you'll be mingling with a future—or even a present—Dr. J, Wilt the Stilt, Tiny Archibald or Marques Johnson, all of whom not only started on the playgrounds, but continued to indulge in off-season playground ball right through their illustrious careers. At the same time, you might be running with such legendary playground figures as Joe Hammond, Galen Baker, Steven Strother and Tenspeed Beal, who, on any number of occasions, have shamed even top N.B.A. stars with some of their most embarrassing facials.

The prototype of playground ball is, of course, the three-on-three half-court game, a loose, disjointed, hot-dog sort of run in which players call their own fouls (this leads to innumerable high-decibel arguments but remarkably few fights), and makers-takers is the order of the day. In the old days, this was all there was, and it had the makings of such heroism as:

—Wilt Chamberlain jumping into his red Oldsmobile and driving at thunderball speeds from Lawrence, Kansas, to New York, trunks and sneaks in the car, stopping at every playground game he could find.

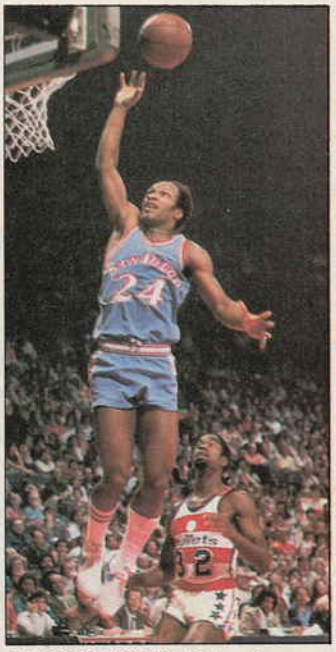
—Jackie Jackson (later of the Globetrotters) jumping *over a man's head* to dunk the ball.

—Tiny Archibald coming back from a leg injury, running seven miles a day, then playing ball from midnight to three A.M. at Community Center 18 in the South Bronx.

—The late, great Herman "Helicopter" Knowles, perhaps the most famous of the pure playground players, going up for a shot, then *treading air* until the man guarding him was called for three seconds. (According to one aficionado, Herman was called the "Helicopter" because "when he goes up, all you see is knees.")

—Connie Hawkins picking quarters off the top of the backboard.

But although the three-on-three game is still the most prevalent around the country, it can no longer claim to have an exclusive on topflight players. Herman the Helicopter is dead, killed in a car wreck, as is the legendary Philadelphia player Teddy Claxton, who was scheduled for a tryout this year with the Atlanta Hawks. Many outstanding playground basketball players have had their troubles with the law. And with today's salaries, top pro and college players are loath to risk ending their careers on account of a playground injury.

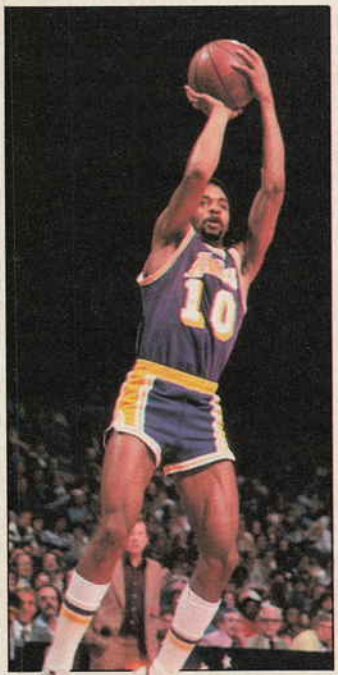


LLOYD FREE, *Baker League, Philadelphia*

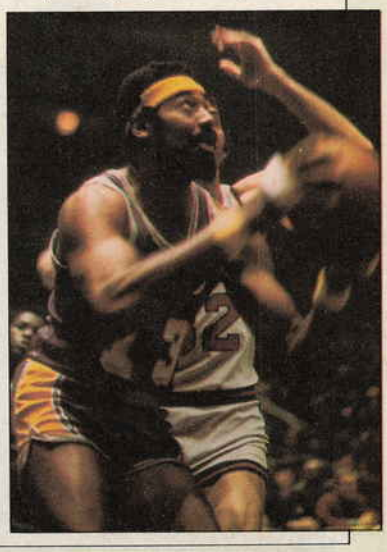
At least, at the top level of skill, the helter-skelter three-on-three game has given way to a more organized form of ball: the league—replete with referees, full-court games and throngs of spectators. The most venerable of these leagues, New York's Rucker Pro Tournament, was nationally televised on cable last year, with Tiny Archibald and ladies' phenom Nancy Lieberman doing play-by-play and color. Such well-established leagues as the Rucker, Philadelphia's Baker League, the Chicago State League and L.A.'s Crenshaw have boasted an impressive array of top pro and college stars, including Archibald, Howie Komives, Billy Paultz, Lloyd Free, Darryl Dawkins, Chamberlain, Billy Cunningham, Joe Bryant, Artis Gilmore, Reggie Theus, Mark Aguirre, Marques Johnson, Sidney Wicks, Freeman Williams . . . the list is practically endless.

Perhaps the most inspiring thing about the top leagues is that they give the local legends a chance to go head-to-head with the pros. This brings about some memorable performances. The New York *cognoscenti* still buzz about the night Joe Hammond scored 73 points in a Rucker game while being guarded by, among others, ex–Golden State forward Larry McNeill. Herman the Helicopter is still remembered for the game in which he scored 27 points and blocked five shots—three of them in succession—while playing against Willis Reed, Bill Bradley and Walt Frazier of the then–N.B.A. champion New York Knicks. Even if it's just a matter of blocking out a Dawkins for one rebound, or getting around a Sidney Wicks for one board-rattling dunk,

NORM NIXON, *East Hills Playground, Pittsburgh*

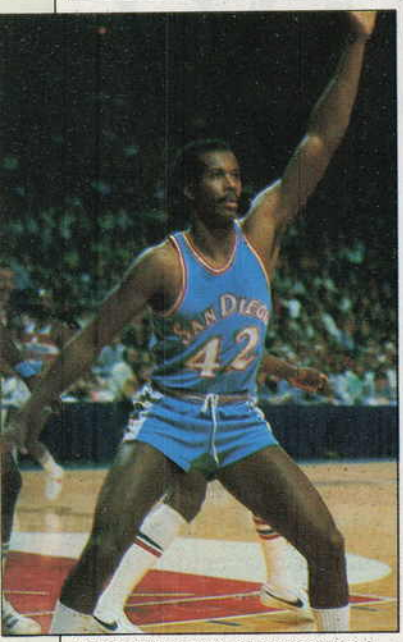


WILT CHAMBERLAIN, *Baker League, Philadelphia*



YOCKS OF THE JOCKS

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD, W.B.C. Light-Heavyweight Champion: Three asparagus were crossing the road. One gets hit by a car. The other two rush him to the hospital, and he's on the operating table for two hours. The doctor finally comes out and says, "I have good news and bad news. The good news is that he will live. The bad news is that he will be a vegetable the rest of his life."



KERMIT WASHINGTON, *Fort Stevens Park, D.C.*

of such stuff is great entertainment, and great basketball, made.

Where *are* the best playground B-ball games from coast to coast? Consider the following OUI summer star-watcher's tour of city courts.

NEW YORK: The acknowledged basketball capital of the world offers as its summer showpiece the Rucker Pro Tournament in Harlem. Other great runs include the West 4th Street Playground in the Village, where Kareem, Roger Brown and Tony Jackson have played, and the Mt. Vernon Basketball Center, former home of Gus and Ray Williams.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: A very lively basketball town, it has produced the likes of Adrian Dantley, Kenny Carr, Larry Wright and Kermit Washington. Some of these guys still run during the summer at Fort Stevens Park, 13th Street and Van Buren NW.

PHILLY: Here, the prestige games are played in the Baker League, the oldest topflight organized summer ball in the country. Former Eastern League great Sonny Hill (one of the first to dunk the ball) is the chief organizer. Games are played in air-conditioned comfort at McGonigle Hall at Temple University. The league has included such past stars as Wilt, Billy Cunningham, Guy Rodgers, Chet Walker and Woody Sauldsberry, and even now gets talent like Lloyd Free, Joe Bryant, Ollie Johnson and 5'8" Charlie Criss.

PITTSBURGH: Here, it's the East Hills Playground on Wilner Drive, home of the East Hills–Connie Hawkins Summer Basketball League. Players have included the Hawk himself, Norm Nixon, Billy Knight and Maurice Lucas.

CHICAGO: It's generally agreed that the Windy City's number-one game is the Chicago State League, which boasts Bulls mainstays Artis Gilmore and Ricky Sobers, Atlanta's Eddie Johnson, Isiah Thomas of Indiana U. and the Olympic team, and practically the whole squad from DePaul. A competing game that has fallen on hard times is the Malcolm X League on the South Side.

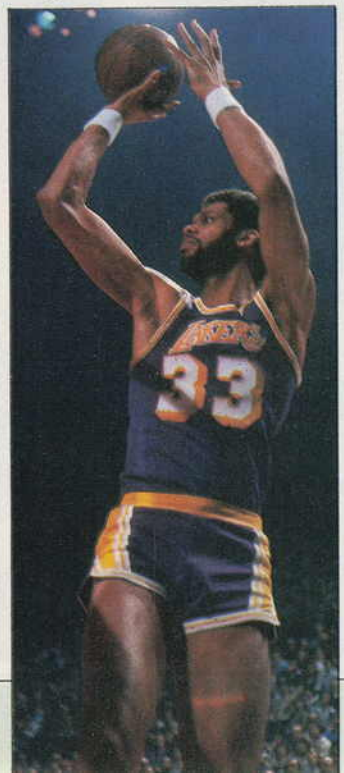
LOS ANGELES: There's an impromptu summer circuit that includes topflight games at Crenshaw High, Queen Anne Playground, Manual Arts High, Pauley Pavilion and Venice Beach. Look for Marques Johnson, Sidney Wicks, Reggie Theus, Freeman Williams and purer playground types like Tenspeed Beal and Raymond Lewis.

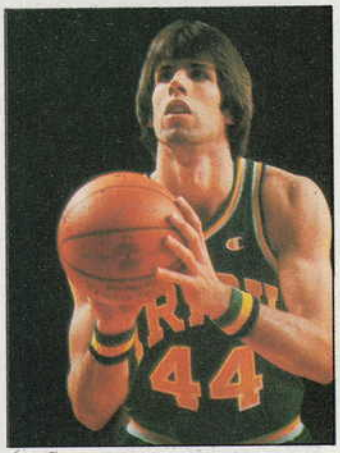
There are a couple of games here and there that seem to specialize in old pros, those who may have lost their N.B.A. cutting edge but can still put it in your eye. Examples are Evans Field in Providence, Rhode Island, where Ernie DiGregorio and Marvin Barnes mix it up with the youngsters from Providence College, and the Sixth Street courts in Ocean City, New Jersey, home of Bill Melchionni, Matt Goukas and, occasionally, Notre Dame hotshot Kelly Tripucka.

There's also an underground game in one major city that will remain forever nameless. Why? Because the game is illegal. Thousands of spectators jam into a bandbox gym to watch top college players risk their eligibility to play against pro stars. The game is so treasured that the local sportswriters, all eager spectators, have agreed never to admit in print that it exists.

Then there's the Notre Dame Bookstore Basketball Tournament, which has got to be the woolliest off-season game of them all. The tournament is held in conjunction with a week-

KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR, *West 4th Street Playground, New York City*



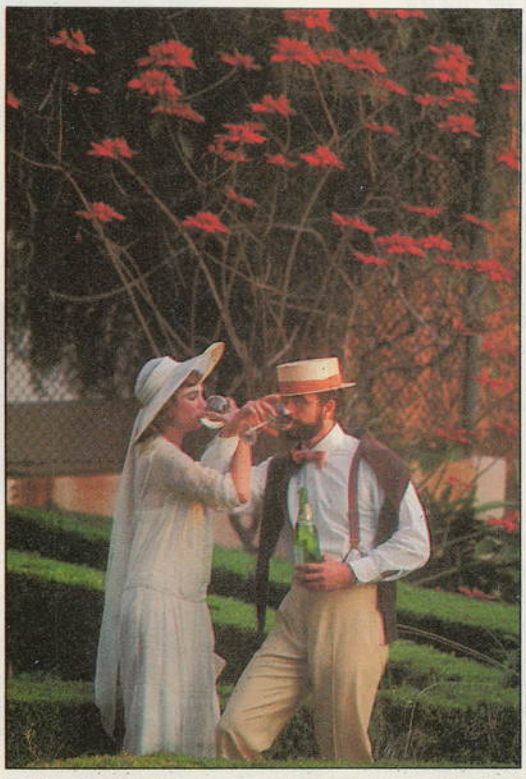


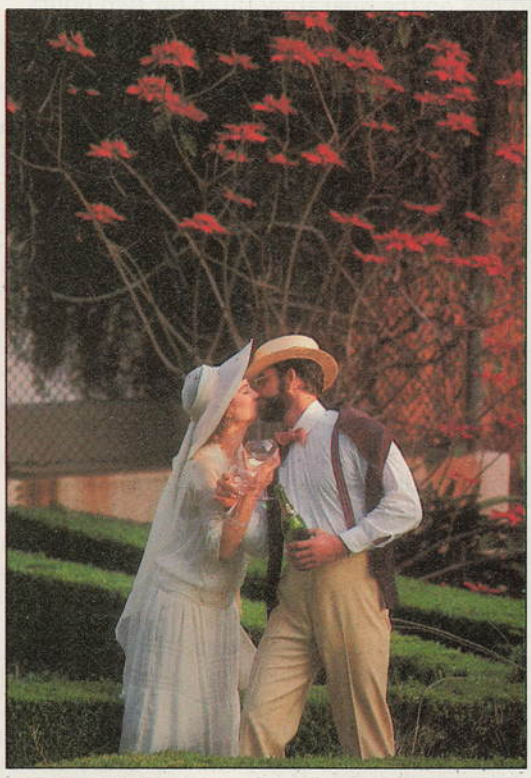
KELLY TRIPUCKA, *Sixth Street, Ocean City, N. J.*

long spring bacchanalian festival called An Tostal, and spectators line the outdoor courts ten deep to watch football players like Tony Hunter and Bob Crable run with and against the Gil Salinases, Tracy Jacksons and Stan Wilcoxes of Notre Dame's varsity basketball team. This game is so laissez-faire that last year, Hanzlik led his team to victory while wearing street shoes, sunglasses and an ankle-length trench coat. The Bookstore Tournament also features the most unlikely playground hero of them all: a white, balding, 28-year-old math teacher named Tom Sudkamp, who invariably outscores even the basketball stars.

So there it is—a rundown on the who, what and where of playground ball. As for the why, well, if you have to ask, maybe you should just go back to the drawing room. Someone's sure to be getting up a good game of Monopoly. ■

POOLSIDE LOVERS

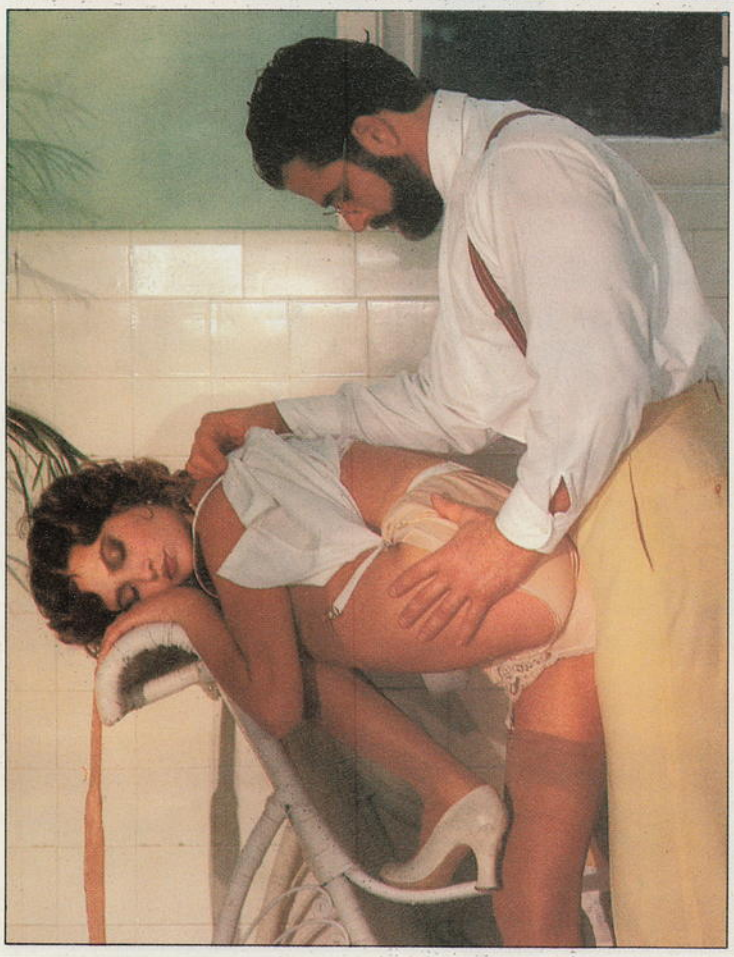




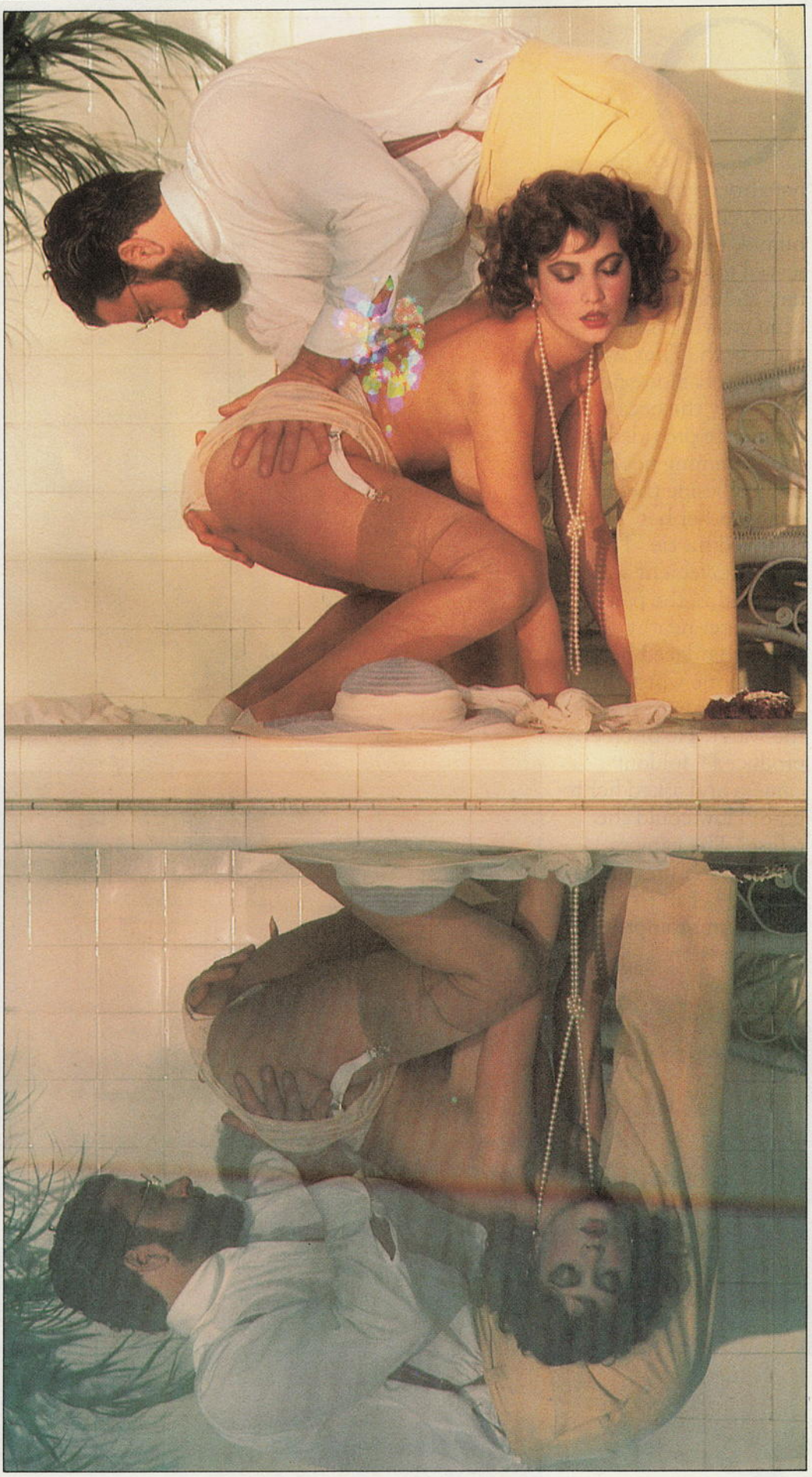
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JEFF DUNAS

We christened it the "Roaring Twenties." It was a time when the dreadfully rich certainly knew how to throw a party. And those who showed up definitely knew how to shake a leg. The site was a cheerful blue-and-white Georgian colonial mansion overlooking the bay; the lawn started at the beach and meandered toward the front door for a quarter of a mile or so. He dressed in white flannels, and she floated in on a cloud of pale organdy. "Why don't we slip away and rendezvous at the indoor plunge?" said he.

It was a day straight out of *Gatsby*

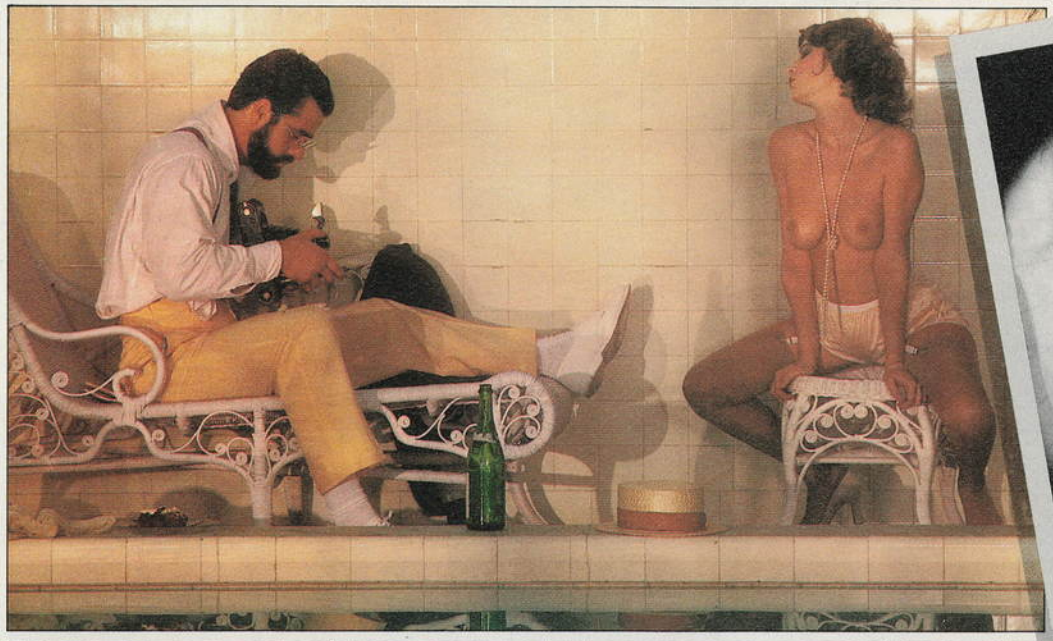


"Sounds simply ravishing to me," said she. He pinched a bottle of Mumm's from an unsuspecting bar station and a piece of apple spice cake, just in case he felt the urge to nibble. The delightful purr of Rolls-Royces could be heard as they moved up the circular drive to deposit guests. And the mellifluous sounds of oboes, saxophones and trombones drifted across the lake.



Once this naughty couple was indoors, the air felt humid, but it only served to intensify a certain feeling that had been growing inside them both. They were completely alone now, with only the occasional resonance provided by the swimming pool as it rippled beside them. She removed her hat. He removed his tie. Their every movement was reflected in the pale-blue water nearby. The pearls that laced her neck shone when they caught the light from the water. He discreetly produced a foldout camera and asked her to pose. How could she refuse? The camera released the siren in her, and she began to preen for this impromptu photo session.

Soon it was too much: The excitement caught hold of her, and she melted into his arms. Outside, the music continued. People savored the taste of caviar, and they burst the tiny bubbles against their cheeks, oblivious



to the love that was taking form so near—and yet so far.

Humor from Abroad

Blachon

By Roger Blachon

French cartoonist Roger Blachon maintains that a cartoon should "be aggressive and speak for itself.

"It should not require a caption, as so many American cartoons do," he says.

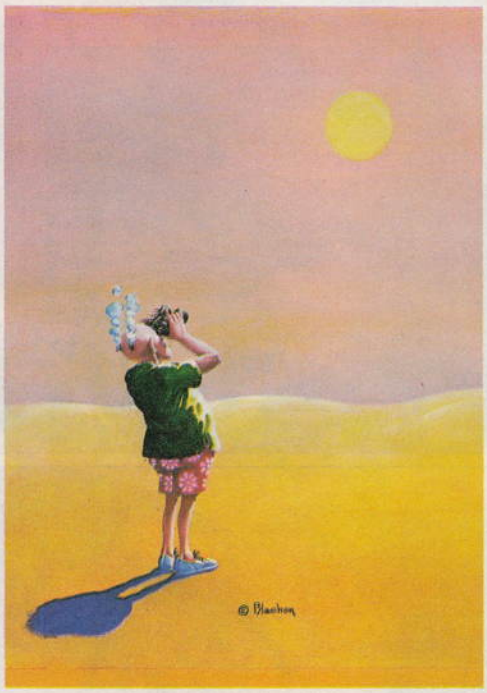
"American cartoonists also shy away from certain topics like death or handicapped people," he says, "with the exception of the *National Lampoon* and the work of Gahan Wilson. This is unlike the French."

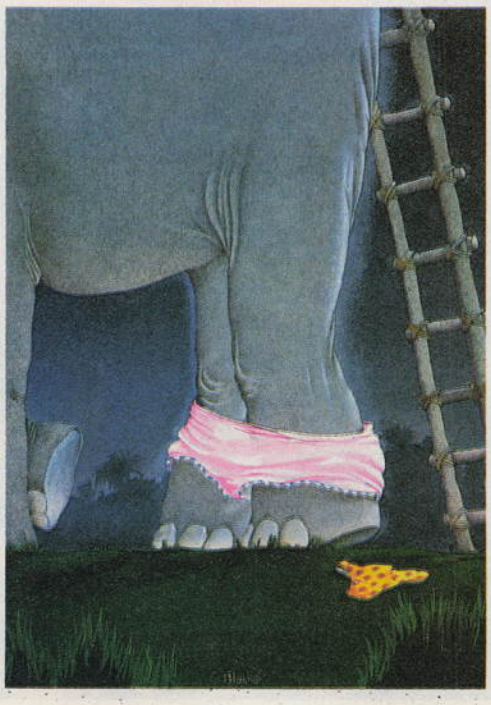
Blachon was a high school art instructor until 1972, when he was offered a job in advertising (in 1977, he won an award from the *European Journal for Planners of International Advertising*). He was recruited to design many of Air France's ads, using his stereotypes to express the "French way of service." But when the Concorde began commercial flights, Air France sobered up its self-image and gave Blachon a backseat.

"In the beginning, agencies come to you because they like your style," he explains. "They want an ad just like a certain drawing you once did. Then they begin to modify what you present, until the original idea is no longer the one you started with. And you slowly begin to realize that the world you created has lost its character."

So he packed up his belongings, moved 50 miles outside Paris—into a renovated mill surrounded by a forest—and began to freelance.

Blachon has also published several children's books, which have been translated into English and German. He was a professional rugby player from 1960 to 1972, and he continues to play—as well as garden and construct model airplanes—when he's not hunched aggressively over his drawing board.





(Continued from page 92)
drainage system and end up in rivers and streams below.

2. Study your reports for possible Tertiary outcroppings. These rich stream deposits were formed millions of years ago during the Tertiary geologic period, but over the eons, they were covered by lava flows and volcanic ash. A few million years ago, our modern rivers—which follow drainage patterns different from their archaic counterparts—began to cut through the ancient channels, thus freeing the buried gold deposits and collecting them in the new streams. The most famous of these, "Big Blue" in the Mother Lode, yielded $3.5 million *a mile*. If you can locate a similar outcropping, you'll be using Colombian for kindling wood.

3. Check out the area for bedrock that is likely to be riddled with cracks and crevices. These act as natural riffles to catch any gold floating downstream. The best rock types for natural riffles are slate, phyllite and granite.

THE TOOLS YOU'LL NEED

What's a gold digger without his gear? Loading our tools posed no problem, so we spent most of our effort trying to find room to pack all the beer—we eventually just dumped some of the food. Beer is the prospector's holy water. Remember that.

Besides beer, you'll need a shovel, a gold pan, a prospecting pick, a magnifying glass, a pair of tweezers and some small vials to put your gold flakes in. Oh, yeah. Take along a pair of trunks or a bathing suit. Kathi forgot hers and was forced to pan in shorts and a T-shirt. The first time she stepped into a hidden hole and came up dripping wet, we were all given quite a treat. She's got some priceless nuggets.

You might want to bring along a sluice box, which will allow you to wash five to ten times more dirt than a pan. A sluice box is basically a trough about 12 inches wide with a series of riffles, mounted about four inches apart on the bottom, to catch the gold. Rig the sluice so that the river current flows through it, and then shovel your gravel in. The force of the river washes the dirt for you.

If you've really got the fever, you'll want to bring a dredge. This is the one area of mining technology that has undergone a considerable revolution. Motorized dredges weigh about 25 pounds and work like a huge underwater vacuum cleaner: You use the hose to suck up all the gravel and black sand from the cracks and crevices that can't be reached by traditional means, and the overburden is then sent through a hopper and a sluice box, which float on the surface of the water. A dredge is the most efficient means of placer mining, allowing you to move up to one-and-a-half cubic yards of dirt per hour. The use of dredges is restricted in almost every state, so check with your state's department of fish and game to obtain a

GOLD RUSH

"The most famous of the ancient Mother Lode deposits, Big Blue, yielded $3.5 million a *mile*."

permit before you get your feet wet.

Once you've dredged up all that black sand (composed of heavy minerals like chromite, tourmaline, magnetite and cassiterite, which are usually found with gold), you might want to use Eric Oldendorf's automatic panner to retrieve all the gold and save yourself weeks of painstaking panning.

Perhaps most useful of all is the prospector's bible, *The ABC's of Mining: The Prospector's Handbook*, a manual originally published in 1898 that tells you everything you ever wanted to know about gold mining. You can pick one up from Goldhound International, Inc., 4078 Lincoln Blvd., Marina del Rey, CA 90291.

HANGING OUT

You're much better off if, once you arrive, you spend a little time talking to the locals. Most of these people are direct descendants of the original argonauts; they've been swimming in the same gene pool for generations, and they've heard and seen it all. Any action within a hundred miles of them, they'll know it.

Set up a "codger" watch. You'll find them in or about the local bars—preferably establishments with outdoor plumbing. But once you've spotted your old codger, don't go striding up to him like some lame city slicker and ask where the nearest gold is.

First of all, gold isn't gold, it's *color*. You're looking for color. Second, the subject must be approached obliquely. Start off wide and then circle in, like a dog meeting a new friend. And always use the colloquial. If you want to know whether there's any color in that creek just outside of town, start the conversation with something like "Say, you fellers know where I can find a good shovel?" And keep in mind that these old guys have been chawing over the same stories for years, so don't swallow 100 percent of what you hear. Just as in panning, you've got to sift through all the bullshit before you get down to that little nugget of truth.

WHERE TO LOOK

The key to finding placer gold is simply understanding the science of stream deposition. Here's the Golden Rule: Placer deposits are determined by the volume and velocity of the water flow; ergo, where the stream slows, the metal is deposited.

Gold is carried downstream by high water during the spring runoff. The rushing current scoops up the precious metal and carries it along until (1) the gold encounters an obstruction or (2) the velocity of the current slows and the gold sinks to the bottom. Here, in a nutshell, are the best places to look for gold.

1. Find a point at which the slope of the streambed begins to level out. At its headwaters, the stream is steep, and the gold is whisked along like a leaf in the breeze. But as the stream's slope begins to flatten out (a gradient of 30 or 40 feet per mile is perfect), the current loses velocity, and the gold drops to the bottom.

2. Look for gold along the inside bend of a river's curve. If you've ever seen a river from the air, you'll notice that it snakes across the country, forming a series of S-curves. Because gold is so heavy, it grudgingly follows the path of least resistance, which, in a stream, is a straight line running from inside bend to inside bend. As the current approaches a curve, it strikes this inside bend first and slows down. When it does, what has been suspended precipitates out. Hopefully, the current has been carrying gold. You will always see a buildup of gravel bars along these inside bends. Gold, being the heaviest of the metals, will work its way to the bottom of this overburden. So get out the ol' shovel—or better yet, the dredge; you'll have to do some digging.

3. Look for large boulders, especially ones that stand in the middle of the main current. As the water rushes around these obstacles, it will eddy behind them on the downstream side. These eddies form a calm, and guess what? . . . Yep, gold will deposit here, too. Look also for dikes (an intrusion of hard rock through the bedrock of the river or stream). These form natural riffles and are great for gold deposition. If the dike slants upstream against the current, it will act like a scoop and will catch the gold in front of it. If it slopes downstream, it will act like a riffle and cause the water to eddy behind it, thus depositing gold on the downstream side.

4. Look for gold where the river emerges from rapids or where it widens after passing through a narrow gorge. In both places, the current loses velocity, and gold will be deposited. These are especially good places to look behind large boulders. And keep your eyes peeled for deep pools or holes. Gold travels along the bottom of the river and will always work its way down to the bedrock. If there are any holes, it will settle right into them. Avoid holes with large boulders in them, however, because these are probably "boil holes"—the force of the current will cause these rocks to churn and grind any nuggets trapped in them like pepper in a pepper mill. The same goes for pools at the bottom of waterfalls.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR HANDS

Now I'll teach you to pan the way my grandfather taught me more than 20 years ago. First off, if you have a steel pan, throw

it in the campfire. This will burn off all the oils so that the gold won't mix with them and wash out with the gravel.

Here's the trick: Allow the weight of the gold to keep it anchored to the bottom of the pan while the water washes out all the lighter material above. OK. Fill your pan about three-quarters full of silt and gravel and then dunk it in the stream. While holding the pan level with one hand, use the other to break up any large clods and to scrape off the coarser gravel. Be sure not to tip the pan too much or you'll scrape your gold out, as well. Now move the pan gently in a circular motion from left to right, making the gravel swirl inside the pan. This will bring the lighter material to the top and allow the current to wash it away.

When you've got down to the finer stuff, tip the pan slightly away from you and begin swirling again. But this time, add a gentle forward motion so that you carefully force the lighter materials over the lip of the pan. Every now and then, level the pan and shake it back and forth; this will keep the gold on the bottom and bring the lighter minerals to the top. Once you get down to the black sand (if there's no black sand, go back and reread this article—you're in the wrong river), remove the pan from the stream, leaving about a half-inch of water to cover the bottom of the pan. Shake the pan back and forth to see if there's any gold underneath. Pick out any visible flakes with your tweezers and put them in your vial. Give the pan another swirl to wash the black sand up around the sides of the pan. This will help you find the finer flecks.

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?

All that glitters isn't gold? No—it's truer to say that *nothing* that glitters is gold (although it may seem to glow if you have gold fever). If it sparkles, it's probably pyrite, or fool's gold. Placer gold is an alloy that contains silver, copper, iron, cadmium and platinum, depending on the location. It can vary in color from greenish yellow to a reddish tint, and it's all dull. Here's a quick test: (1) Hold your find to the sunlight; if it scintillates, it's not gold. (2) Strike it. Gold is highly malleable and will flatten. Pyrite will shatter. (3) Scratch it with the blade of your pocketknife. Gold is a very soft metal and will bear a mark. (4) Swirl it in the bottom of your pan. If it stays anchored to the bottom, you're in. (5) Drop it in nitric acid. If it's gold, nothing will happen. If it's pyrite, it'll smoke worse than a stale Gauloises.

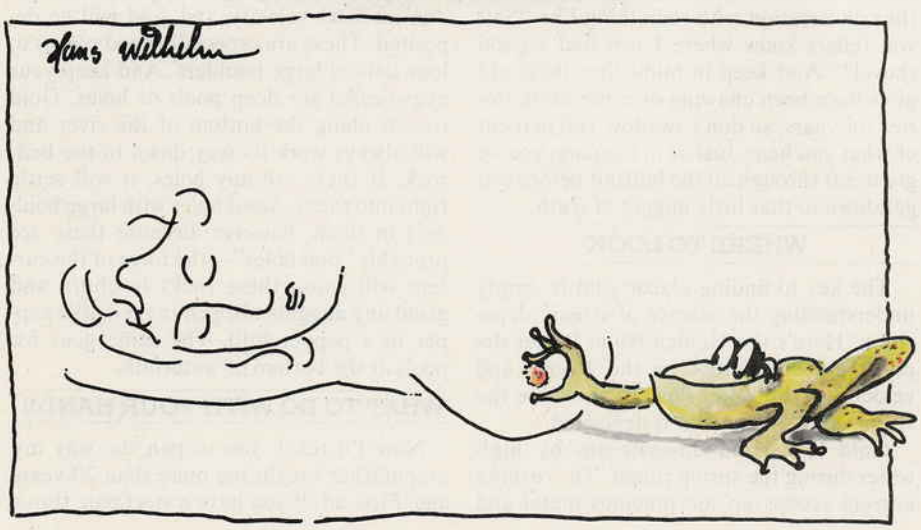
CASHING IN

If you do get lucky, you might want to unload your strike for cash. If you got real lucky, you can sell it to any of the government mints. Most likely, though, you'll have only a few nuggets. These you can sell to jewelers or coin shops for up to two times their market value. If you have some very fine nuggets, you might want to advertise in some of the prospecting journals. Raw gold can be sold to any number of refineries, including ASARCO Incorporated in Tucson, Arizona, or Handy and Harman in El Monte, California.

•

The more shrewd among you may have noted that I have neglected to mention how my friends and I fared on our quest. Well, we got to talking with the bartender at Murphys Hotel in the Sierras. And he just happened to mention this little creek south of there that runs into an underground cavern veiled by the mists of a waterfall that shields its mouth. And a short way past the cavern entrance, below the multicolored stalactites, there's this deep pool and . . . Hey, let's just forget I ever mentioned it. No offense, but I don't want to see you there next spring. ■

THE SENSUOUS FROG



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to spend a lot of time comparing notes. I don't mind people having opinions, but it does burn me up to see racist attitudes in people who've never even bothered to research their own hasty conclusions.

ANNE, 19, STUDENT
Charlottesville, Virginia

SEX AND CLOTHES

"I dress for my own pleasure. I never thought girls paid attention."

As I'm a sailor, I can't wait to get out of uniform and into something casual and hip every chance I get. I dress to suit my own pleasure, and I never thought that girls paid much attention. But after my last trip to New York, I had to change my mind. One night, I went to Studio 54, wearing a blue silk shirt and tight black pants. I never have any trouble getting in, because I resemble Richard Gere, the guy in *American Gigolo.*

Anyway, I wasn't there long before I met a girl at the bar. She had long, blonde hair and was wearing tight jeans and a white T-shirt. The outline of her nipples showed through slightly, and I found myself getting turned on just watching her. After looking me over, she said, "I just love your clothes. Want to know why?"

Well, I know a leading line when I hear one; so I asked, "OK, why?"

"It's so easy to tell how you feel about me," she replied.

I couldn't believe this chick was for real; so I asked, "Just what do you mean, exactly?"

"I'm talking about that big, beautiful bulge in your pants," she answered, just as cool as you please. To make a short story shorter, we put down our drinks, danced one dance and went to her apartment, where I put that bulge to work all night long.

FRANK, 23, SAILOR
Long Island, New York

VACATION SEX

"American girls are the friendliest and most open."

In the past, I've always taken vacations in Europe or Mexico in search of exotic pleasures with the opposite sex. Unfortunately, my fantasies about foreign women were always ten times more exciting than the reality proved to be. Money difficulties forced me to take a vacation in the States this year, and believe me, I've learned a thing or three. I'm happy to admit that American girls, especially those in the West and Southwest, are the friendliest and most sexually open females populating this planet.

I took a trip to Phoenix a couple of months ago, ostensibly to visit an old college buddy. That took one night. The next day, I drove to Squaw Peak in north Phoenix. There's a road that goes most of the way up, but the summit is accessible only by trail. It took me about 40 minutes to hike up to it,

but the spectacular view of Phoenix was worth it. For a while, I just basked in the solitude and scenery. It seemed to be an off day for hikers, and I started down. But halfway down the trail, I spotted two girls making their way up the path. I waited in the shade of a bush until they caught up to me.

I said "Hi," and was rewarded with a pair of dazzling smiles. I offered them a cool drink and asked if I could walk up to the summit with them. They shrugged and said sure. We laughed and joked and had a great time getting to know one another. Once at the top, I gave Lynn a hug to celebrate reaching the summit. She hugged me back, so I kissed her—it all seemed so natural. I wasn't prepared for the way she plunged her tongue into my mouth, but I sure as hell didn't back away. Neither of us realized how long we'd been kissing until the other girl said that she felt like going back.

Lynn and I took the hint, and we found a secluded spot surrounded by outcroppings of rocks. At one point, as we climbed to reach it, Lynn lost her footing. and I had to grab that lovely fanny with both hands to keep her from falling. We finally made it to our spot, adrenaline pounding. Within seconds, my hands were under that tank top, fondling her luscious breasts. Lynn didn't waste any time either and, still kissing, we both undressed in a hurry. Our jeans became a mat, although we ended up rolling all over the rocks in our passionate, urgent lovemaking. Never in my life have I experienced two minds and bodies getting in tune so quickly and completely. Shuddering orgasms overcame us both at the same time—another rarity in my experience.

We were lying in each other's arms, resting, when Lynn's friend poked her head over the top of the rocks above us. Nonchalantly, she asked if we'd got the lust out of our system. I am still amazed at how natural it seemed to be lying there naked, having a chatty time with these two women, one nude and the other fully clothed. It turned out that they were both students at Arizona State University and this was their first time hiking up Squaw Peak. Lynn said that she certainly would have come earlier if she'd known what she might find.

We spent the rest of the weekend at my motel and most of the next week, with a little time out for her classes. The entire experience was truly the vacation fantasy of a lifetime. I'm back home in Boston now, and I still can't get Lynn out of my mind. As I said when I started this letter, I may just have to move to that wonderful sun-drenched, sex-crazed state, Arizona. And to think I used to believe it was only populated by Barry Goldwaters.

ALAN, 27, COMPUTER PROGRAMMER
Boston, Massachusetts

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write: OUI *Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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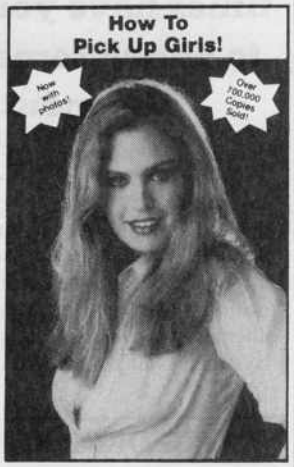

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(Continued from page 88)

more graphic violence now than they could when *Psycho* was made. Their appetites have been whetted a little more; they have a higher tolerance. You can take more nudity and sexually explicit stuff. I think it's interesting, because it has a tremendous dramatic effect if it's used in the correct place. If one character wants to kill another character and he has the emotional justification for doing it, when that scene arrives, you better deliver. I also feel that our culture has very little direct experience with violence or death.

OUI: But we see it all the time on television.

DE PALMA: One of the reasons we see it on television and in the movies is that this is an aspect of our psychological makeup that has been totally tranquilized. How many times have you really wanted to go kill somebody or punch somebody in the mouth? People have real anger; yet they can't throw a punch anymore—you can't shoot somebody who's destroyed your life. I mean, all of these kinds of traditional things where *you'd* like to eliminate somebody for some very good emotional reason—forget about it! So we go to the movies and watch people blow each other away. Thank God, because if we didn't have that, I think we would be doing it on the streets.

"People have real anger—how many times have you wanted to punch somebody in the mouth?"

—Brian De Palma

GEORGE ROMERO

"Hell is other people," Sartre wrote, but it remained for George Romero to provide the most graphic demonstration in "Night of the Living Dead"—the ultimate horror, a whole world of middle-American zombies walking the streets. Made for a pittance in Pittsburgh, the movie has since grossed millions and set the tone for the current horror boom. Romero followed it a decade later with "Dawn of the Dead," in which the zombies, now in majority, browse through a suburban mall in search of their favorite specialty meat—the flesh of the few surviving humans. In between, the Pittsburgh-based director made "Martin," a vampiric tale. More recently, Romero gave us "Knightriders," a biker movie based on the Arthurian code. With "The Stand," Romero promises to emerge as a full-fledged Hollywood director, but on his own terms. "Anytime you have to guarantee a mass audience to get theater bookings, you get McDonald's," he told L.A.-based freelancer ***Jim Trombetta****. "The vision will probably have to come from those of us on the alternative side."*

"I'm sorry, but the night of the living dead isn't until tomorrow night."

OUI: What's the real difference between a zombie and a human?

ROMERO: That's my essential concern. The gap is narrowing. Of course, my zombies are not really like the traditional zombie. My zombies are definitely dead, while the zombie of classical legend is not necessarily dead, but engulfed in the drives of a master will. My zombies are true to their own hunger, to their own drives, which is why they return after death to the shopping mall in *Dawn of the Dead*. I'm very sympathetic to my zombies. In *Dawn of the Dead*, it's the humans who are the aggressors, not the zombies. It's very easy for a human to handle the zombies, until he makes one mistake: falling into their hands and becoming one of them.

OUI: We understand that you will continue your zombie saga with one more film.

ROMERO: Yes. It will take place in a world in which you first see nothing but zombies—they control the surface of the world and appear to have become the operative society. Then it will be revealed that groups of humans, who really control things, remain below the surface, manipulating the zombies for their own ends.

OUI: Do you have nightmares?

ROMERO: I haven't for a long time. Now I give them to other people. I'm looking forward to making *Creepshow*, which is scripted by Stephen King and myself. It will be a really scary film. I haven't made a really *scary* film since *Night of the Living Dead*.

OUI: *Dawn of the Dead* wasn't a scary film?

ROMERO: I think it's a riot! It's broad and bawdy and colorful and, to me, always a bit ridiculous, including the violence. If there's suspense, it's the suspense of sitting in the dentist's chair, waiting for the drill. It's a satire. It's very bright; there's nothing coming out of

the shadows, like in *Night of the Living Dead*, which really is a nightmare. In *Dawn*, the scariest thing is the shopping mall.

OUI: What about your vampire film, *Martin*? Was that a horror movie, or something else?

ROMERO: I think of it as a psychological drama. I consider Martin a psychotic kid. He thinks he's a vampire; therefore he is one. Unfortunately for him, he comes from a family that also thinks so. Of course, there is the sequence in which Martin invades a suburban house and terrorizes a woman. But the whole point of that is how easy it is for him to find her and to get into the house. And how does he get in? Through the automatic garage door, of course, which is sold as a protective device. I had one of those damn things—it opened every time a plane went over. Now, *that's* scary!

OUI: Vampirism is Martin's sex life. Do you think horror is connected to sex?

ROMERO: It is for Martin. Personally, I've read everything from Freud onward on this, and I don't know if I even have an opinion. For me, horror is much more a matter of film technique. It helps to have a natural, realistic setting, which people know and accept. For me, *Jaws* works not because of the mechanical shark, but because of its being seven-eighths submerged in this *other element*.

OUI: What is *Creepshow* going to be like?

ROMERO: It'll be an anthology film, with five original horror stories we've worked up together. It's back to the roots for me, because they're like the stories in the horror comics of the Fifties. Steve and I have also worked on a script for the movie of his book *The Stand*.

OUI: How will you handle it?

ROMERO: What Steve did with words, I want to do with images. It should be very surrealistic. There's lots of magic, so you need good effects. I also see the people as being dwarfed in the midst of these vast, deserted, natural and civilized settings, like the ruins of Las Vegas. It's important to show that, because the whole point is that there are very few people left after the plague, when these weird things start to happen. With so few people, the good and evil separate out very clearly. Right now, with so many people, good and evil are mixed up, more widely disseminated. But the story shows that there *is* a difference.

OUI: What are you trying to accomplish with these films?

ROMERO: I'm not just a horror fan; I'm a genre fan. I think people connect with genre stories, with pop culture, more than with anything else. These stories can have a moral—can be parables in a way—and can communicate more true information than some kind of "searing" social drama. There's more information on Phil Donahue's show than in all of *Kramer vs. Kramer*.

OUI: If you could do any movie you wanted, without interference, what would it be?

ROMERO: *Tarzan of the Apes*. I want to do a jungle movie, man! They're the ones that really have to do with sex! ■

JANE SEYMOUR

(Continued from page 98)

he just wanted to meet Jane Seymour, not me. And since I keep Jane Seymour quite separate from me, he didn't know who I was. He accepted that. No more flowers. I don't flaunt myself for flowers.

OUI: Would you ever get nude for the general public?

SEYMOUR: Do you think I'm kinky?

OUI: There's a time and a place for everything. How about "Still waters run deep"?

SEYMOUR: I see. Now you ask me all the really bad questions. Do you believe that I'm the only person who's ever been on four pages of *Playboy* totally clothed? How do you like that? I turned down a lot of money there, too. I think something has to remain a mystery, or there's no real reason for someone to get to know me.

OUI: Are you proud of your body?

SEYMOUR: I'm not worried about my body. It's OK. But I'm no Bo Derek. I don't want to be. I don't need to be. I like to be enticing—sexy. A drop of my hair. A bare shoulder. I think it's a lot sexier than saying, "Let's do it now!" Anyway, I don't think Bo Derek or Farrah Fawcett or Suzanne Somers are actresses. I think they're very beautiful movie stars. There's a big difference. I don't consider myself beautiful. Actually, I don't think I belong in this century. I belong in the past, or the future.

OUI: Is time-travel a recurring fantasy? Many of your roles are in period pieces.

SEYMOUR: I find the reality in all the roles. I identify with the roles. And I sync myself into the fantasy. I always have a current fantasy running, which I live out. I live out my fantasies through the work. I'm a chameleon. In *East of Eden*, I disguise myself as a whore and dye my hair blonde. It was part of a fantasy. I was not the obvious choice to play a whore and a killer. But being a Raquel Welch or a Charlie's Angel isn't part of my sexuality. It isn't part of my sensuality. I prefer playing a foul-mouthed, cheap landlady's daughter who happens to be a whore. And who happens to wear a large religious cross around her neck.

OUI: Thus, the end of the famous British reserve?

SEYMOUR: Lesley-Anne Down is Lesley-Anne Down. I don't play just British roles, anymore. And I'm not part of the old assembly line, either. I don't want to make a lot of money and own the toilet at the end of the concrete jungle.

OUI: So you really don't want to be famous?

SEYMOUR: I'm most proud of the fact that most people don't have the foggiest idea who I am. *No one* knows who I am. And I'll keep that mystery about me. I like being an underground person. That doesn't mean I'll do underground porno films. It just means I like being surprised and doing the surprising. I might do anything! Except show up in Dallas! ■

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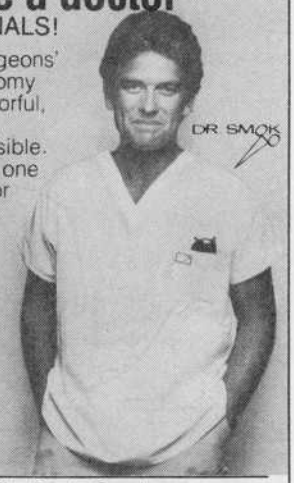

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(Continued from page 80)

seen any other women since he met me, but it still scares him that we're as serious as we are, and that he cares this much for me, because he's so involved with his career. He wants *everything*—a house, fortune—before he settles down with a woman.

So my heart is with him. But even though I haven't been fucking around, haven't had any desire to, I can't totally close myself off to other men. In fact, I have a date tonight with someone I haven't seen for three months. He's 36, and I really thought he was wonderful, a great guy. But I guess I hugged him once too often and he got scared, because he quit seeing me, without any warning. I felt terribly rejected. But then he called again the other day.

Why are you going out with him?

I think it's mainly to see my reaction to him. I have this curiosity to see how I'm going to react, to see if I still think he's as great a person as I thought he was then. So I'm going to have dinner with this guy, just to see my reaction to him. But also to see his reaction to me, to see if he notices any change in me.

You've talked about this new relationship you're building. What happens if this guy turns on to you, and you turn on to him, and then comes the question of whether or not you go to bed with him?

That's such a hypothetical question. At this point, I have no desire to go to bed with him.

At this point. But what happens when you're enjoying yourself at dinner, and then afterward . . .

It might happen. I only live once. And I might just do it. I mean, I'm not *that* stingy with myself. The point is that the man I'm going with now would never know about it. I've figured that one out. Why hurt someone unnecessarily? I've learned there are certain things you tell people, and certain things you don't, and honesty is not always the best policy.

If anything happens, will you feel guilty tomorrow?

I don't know. I'll have to see. I'll let you know. I really will. I'm anxious to find out myself. [Laughs.]

•

DuBois adds a footnote:

She called me the next afternoon. Her first words were: "How does being home alone by nine-thirty sound?" Then she said that after her experience with the new relationship, she had become more "picky and selective"; so she noticed details about this guy she hadn't noticed before. Now she thought he was a drip. When they got into his car, he asked her if she knew any good restaurants, preferably nearby, because he had an early meeting in the morning and didn't want to drive too far. "He hadn't even taken the trouble to pick the restaurant and make the reservations himself. I wanted to go to a nice restaurant, but now I was in the position of wondering what he expected me to select."

When they parked, they had to cross a busy street. "He didn't take my arm or act like a gentleman. He just started across the street, assuming I'd keep up with him. A real turn-off."

The wine list came. He ordered a beer and asked her if she wanted anything. Yes, she wanted a bottle of champagne, but since he hadn't asked her if she wanted to share something from the wine list, she felt she'd better just ask for a glass. She already knew how *this* evening was coming out.

She drank her champagne. He didn't ask if she wanted another, and the waiter was classy enough to know that it is the man's responsibility to ask him for more drinks. So the waiter didn't ask her. Finally, she had to ask her date if she could have another. "How tacky," she said to me. "By now, all I could think of was getting the hell out of there. Luckily, the waiter was nice, and so there was some brightness to the evening. Otherwise, there sure wasn't any spark in the conversation. It was a constant struggle trying to think of something to say. It's amazing how people and relationships change. I don't care if I ever see that guy again." ■

ONE WOMAN

"I guess I hugged him once too often and he got scared. Because he quit seeing me, without any warning."

"I think Mook has taught us a very valuable lesson about large things: Never try to eat them."

(Continued from page 56)

other around. Anaïs never raised her voice. She wasn't volatile the way June was. We simply disagreed on a few things. It wasn't a matter of a lack of communication. It's just that she had her opinions, and I had mine.

Anaïs was overly concerned with what people would think or how they'd react if she told the complete truth about herself. She spent untold hours cutting everything from her diaries that might raise a few eyebrows. She was preoccupied with creating an image that would make everyone love her and think only good things about her, which was ridiculous, impossible. But just wait! When her beloved fans finally get their hands on those uncensored manuscripts, an entirely different personality will emerge. "Saint Anaïs" will be laid to rest at last, and the real woman, Anaïs Nin, will be born again.

You know, Anaïs held me up as a kind of symbol for the life she longed to embrace, the life she was hungering for. When she goes on in her diaries about her bohemian existence, I can tell you that she misrepresented herself. She was very well provided for by her banker husband. He must have helped support a good number of Anaïs' bohemian friends. Her ability to be a double-dealer made her able to heap goodness and generosity on so many people.

One day I accused her of being unfair to him. Here we were, having this passionate affair right under his nose. I told her that I felt their relationship was a total sham, that she was using him, and asked her why she didn't leave if she wasn't happy with him. She looked me straight in the eye, and she said, "If I left him, what would happen to my children? You can't expect me to abandon them, Henry."

Her "children." Jesus! It seemed she considered her family and her circle of friends, myself included, to be her children! As if we were incapable of surviving without her. Christ! It sounded like she was doing charity work or something. It was that Lady Bountiful attitude of hers that made my blood boil.

And then she said, "If you ever talk about the nature of my relationship with my husband again, I'll walk out that door and never come back." Needless to say, Anaïs drove a hard bargain.

I'd say that Anaïs was motivated primarily by fear. The fear of seeing family and friends suffer or go without, the fear of being thought badly of, the fear of being unloved. She wanted to do the "right" thing always. She wanted to be thought of as a good human being, an exemplary person. But in order for her to demonstrate this "goodness," she had to put her demons, her trickster, to work for her.

I'm simply not impressed by, nor am I interested in the do-gooder. I've always had the closest and most intense relationships with mischief-makers. Anaïs fell into this category in a roundabout sort of way. Lying and cheating were the sacrifices she made in order to help others to better their own lives. She certainly made many sacrifices on my behalf; the debts I owe her are virtually unrepayable. But allow me to set the record straight once and for all. Though she may have set herself up to be a martyr, and though she was, in the end, a true guardian angel, Anaïs Nin, in my mind, never made it to sainthood.

ON DEATH

I BELIEVE I'LL DIE in bed, smiling, in my sleep, with my hands clasped over my breast. Now I know for certain that I'm going to die! You know, I always knew there was death, but not me, don'tcha know! I'm not afraid to die; it isn't dying that's so bad. It's the agony of going through the dying process, the suffering before death. That's what I fear most.

I believe that within the next hundred years, people will die blissfully, without suffering, without fear. The more fully we embrace our lives, *live* our lives, the easier it is to accept the notion of death.

I read a book about death called *Life After Life*, and it raised some interesting points, one being that in the last stages of life, you settle accounts, prejudices, hatreds with the world and so on. Well, do you know there is this devilish instinct in me that wants to hold on to hating people, to hold them up to ridicule! I don't want to settle my accounts with shits and bastards! I want to actively hate them.

People ask me if I believe in reincarnation. I don't have reminiscences of past lives or lifetimes. Many of my friends have, but not I. I do believe that I'm an old soul, a very old soul.

The Hindus say we keep coming back again and again to learn lessons. The lessons we didn't learn in one lifetime are waiting for us in the next. Now, I don't know if this is true, but seeing how I didn't learn much from my experiences this time around, I most likely will return again. I go back and forth on this. Sometimes I want to come back, and then there are times when the idea is abhorrent to me.

But if I should happen back this way once more, if given the choice, I'd like not to live the life of the artist or the writer. I'd like more than anything to be a man who grows flowers. It seems to me that the life of the horticulturist is the cleanest, the purest, the most natural life of all. The man who tends a garden is the man most directly in touch with God. ■

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(Continued from page 101)
crazy no matter what you do; so you can't kill yourself worrying about them. But if I can prevent the average guy from taking liberties on the bases, I've done my job.

"It seems like our league is loaded with great base stealers all of a sudden. Just about every club's got one. Henderson and Wilson are probably the two fastest guys in the league, and they're almost impossible to stop. But there's also LeFlore, who's back in the American League now [Chicago White Sox] after a year in Montreal. And Cleveland has Miguel Dilone, and Seattle has Julio Cruz. These guys may not be as lightning fast as Henderson or Wilson, but they're real good base runners. They get a good jump, and they know what it's all about.

"Henderson's probably the most natural base stealer I've seen since I came up. Wilson used to be easier to figure because, for some reason, he wouldn't take that long a lead when he first came up. But now, forget about it. He's going from the moment he gets on base."

Rick Dempsey: The 31-year-old catcher is one of the most underrated Oriole standouts. Dempsey's 1980 stats include a .262 batting average and nine home runs.

"There are so many guys in our league who can run and steal bases that you have to work very hard on trying to stop them. I've worked out a good system of pickoff signs with my pitchers, and we throw over to first and second maybe more times than anyone else. We don't always throw over with the idea of picking someone off, but just to let the guy know we're thinking about him. Of course, you need pitchers who are dedicated and work hard at this phase of the game, and we've got some real good ones, like Mike Flanagan and Tippy Martinez and Scott McGregor. Some of our other guys aren't as capable in this area of holding men on, and that makes it a little bit tougher for me.

"It's not just pure speed that makes the Rickey Hendersons and Willie Wilsons great base stealers. There are probably some other guys around who are just as fast, and maybe even faster. Ron LeFlore has really deceptive speed. He doesn't always look as if he's going that fast, but he really moves. Julio Cruz of Seattle plays his home games on Astroturf, which gives him an advantage right there. But you know he's gonna keep getting better as a base runner.

"The league average for throwing out runners trying to steal is about thirty-three percent, with guys like Henderson and Wilson making it safely about seventy-five percent. My average the past couple years is about forty-eight or forty-nine percent, and the only guys who are doing as well, or better, are Rick Cerone and Jim Sundberg [of Texas]. It's becoming tougher all the time with all this emphasis on running."

Steve Yeager: A ten-year big leaguer, all with the Dodgers, Yeager, 32, has always been known for his excellent defense.

"Going in my way—headfirst—you stay lower and the catcher's got to make a perfect throw to get you."
—Rickey Henderson

"Maybe I'm just getting older or my arm is getting tired, but it seems like there're more guys running than ever before. It really keeps you on your toes. You used to have to worry about calling the right pitches against the big power men and not getting beat by the long ball. Now it seems like a catcher has to spend most of his time worrying about the guys on base and whether they're running on this pitch or the next pitch. You just know, sooner or later, they're going.

"Though he was only in our league just last year, I think Ron LeFlore is probably the fastest base runner I've ever seen. I'm glad he's back over in the American League again. Now the fastest guy left is Omar Moreno of the Pirates. He just flies. You almost have to concede him second base every time he gets on. The only thing that'll prevent it is if the Pirates have the steal sign off, but with Moreno, it seems like it's always on. You just know he has to have a green light to run whenever he wants.

"There are lots of guys on teams that aren't known for their running who would steal a lot of bases if they were turned loose. I'm talking about guys like Garry Templeton of St. Louis and Ozzie Smith of San Diego. They already steal a pretty fair amount of bases, but they could be up in the seventies and eighties if they were asked to run more."

THIEVES VS. CATCHERS

Rickey Henderson: In 1980, his first full season in the majors, 22-year-old Henderson stole 100 bases for the Oakland A's, breaking Ty Cobb's major-league record of 96, which had stood since 1915.

"Not many catchers give me trouble, but I'd say that Rick Dempsey probably has the strongest arm in the league. A good base stealer can't worry about the catcher, though. You run on the pitcher's windup most of the time. That's what I did last year. And I think I can do better. My ambition is to steal one hundred and sixty-two bases, one for every game we play.

"There are people who think my style of running—mostly headfirst—is gonna hurt me. But I don't think so. Actually, I think it's a big help to me in stealing bases. I can make it to a base faster by sliding headfirst than by sliding feetfirst. You can get hurt easier by going in feetfirst, and you save steps by going in headfirst because all you do is put your head down and start your slide. You stay lower that way, too, and that means the catcher's gotta make a perfect throw to get you."

Omar Moreno: In 1980, the 28-year-old Pittsburgh center fielder stole 96 bases for the Pirates, and in 1979, he stole 77 bases.

"A good base stealer has to have good concentration if he's gonna be successful. You know which catchers have the good arms and which ones you can take a chance on. With my speed, I feel I can outrun any of the catchers most of the time.

"But there are some catchers you really have to worry about. In our league, the catchers with the best arms are Steve Yeager and Gary Carter. Yeager's been around for a long time, but his arm is still probably the best. He can whip the ball down to second base faster than anyone else, and he's almost always accurate, too. Carter's a great all-around player. He's one of the most important guys on the Expos. He can hit the long ball, he can hit for an average, and he can play his position. Sometimes, people don't think about how good a catcher he is, because he's such a good hitter. But he has a real good arm, and you can't take too many chances with him."

Garry Templeton: One of the foremost young players in the game, the 25-year-old Cardinal shortstop stole at least 26 bases in each of his first four big-league seasons, including 31 in 1980.

"Although I'm probably the fastest man on our team, and probably one of the fastest in the game, I wouldn't call myself a base stealer. Our team has had a lot of hitting in the past few years, so I haven't been asked to steal many bases. But this is changing with our new manager, Whitey Herzog. He wants to run more, and I like to run; so maybe I'll be a big base stealer from now on.

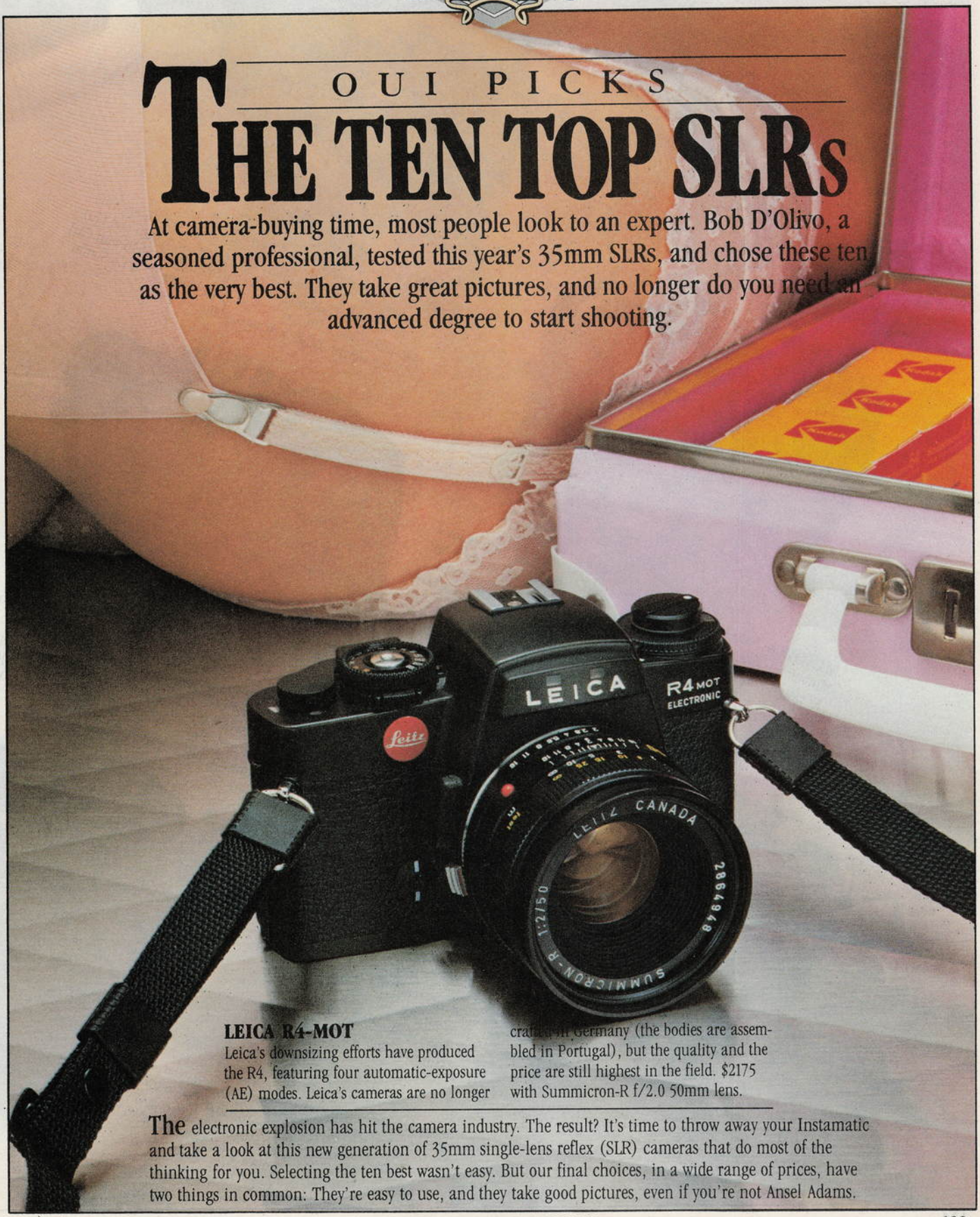
"Johnny Bench is probably the best catcher I've seen since I came up to the Cardinals. He may not be as good as he once was behind the plate. In fact, he doesn't even catch that often anymore. But no one on our team thinks he's gone all that bad. He has thrown me out, and he's thrown some of our other players out—and I'm talking about fast people like myself and Tony Scott. You have to have a good arm to get the fast people out, and Bench has that good arm.

"Gary Carter of Montreal is another with a real good arm. Our team has made a lot of mistakes on the bases the past couple of years—taking the extra base when we shouldn't, things like that—and a good catcher, like Carter, can really make you regret a mistake. It's not just base stealing that makes good baserunning: It's alertness on the bases; it's the ability to know when to run and when not to run, when to go for the extra base and when not to, when to take a long lead and when not to. Those are the things that make good base runners and good teams." ■

OUI PICKS

THE TEN TOP SLRs

At camera-buying time, most people look to an expert. Bob D'Olivo, a seasoned professional, tested this year's 35mm SLRs, and chose these ten as the very best. They take great pictures, and no longer do you need an advanced degree to start shooting.



LEICA R4-MOT
Leica's downsizing efforts have produced the R4, featuring four automatic-exposure (AE) modes. Leica's cameras are no longer crafted in Germany (the bodies are assembled in Portugal), but the quality and the price are still highest in the field. $2175 with Summicron-R f/2.0 50mm lens.

The electronic explosion has hit the camera industry. The result? It's time to throw away your Instamatic and take a look at this new generation of 35mm single-lens reflex (SLR) cameras that do most of the thinking for you. Selecting the ten best wasn't easy. But our final choices, in a wide range of prices, have two things in common: They're easy to use, and they take good pictures, even if you're not Ansel Adams.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN LEATART

CONTAX 137MD
Yashica has done a good job of concealing the 137's built-in motor winder without sacrificing clean lines or adding weight. Other welcome features include an aperture-preferred AE system and LED on/off display. $640 with Carl Zeiss Planar T* f/1.4 50mm lens.

MINOLTA XD-11
Minolta was first with multi-mode AE systems, and they packed the XD-11 into a very small, light package without extraneous buttons, levers and dials. Feature for feature, the XD-11 will satisfy most photo needs at a surprisingly low price. $778 with MD Rokker-X f/1.4 50mm lens.

CANON A-1
By far, the most sophisticated camera available today. A single switch puts you in one of *five* AE modes—aperture-preferred, shutter-preferred, programmed (just aim and fire), auto-exposure flash and stopped-down metering. If you're not a heavy shooter, keep the instruction manual handy. $740 with Canon FD f/1.4 50mm lens.

OLYMPUS OM-2n
Quiet, compact and lightweight (24 ounces with lens), this camera is the first choice of many pros. The OM-2n was the first SLR with a light-measuring system reading directly off the film surface, for instant response. $685 with Zuiko MC Auto-S f/1.8 50mm lens.

PENTAX LX
The new kid on the block dares to challenge Nikon—and just might succeed. The LX is quieter, lighter and smaller than the competition and is becoming a strong choice among pros. $980 with SMC Pentax-M f/1.4 50mm lens.

CONTAX 139 QUARTZ
The Contax series, once made in Germany, now hails from Yashica in Japan, but the legendary quality is still there. The quartz-timed shutter may render your Rolex obsolete, and you won't pay Rolex prices for lenses, either, if you opt for the lower-cost Yashica lenses. $590 with Carl Zeiss Planar T* f/1.7 50mm lens.

KONICA FS-1
The quietest camera we tested, even with its unique built-in motor drive, the FS-1 is also among the smallest (28 ounces with lens). The auto-load advances the film to frame one when you close the back; and there's an optional left-hand shutter release. An unusual camera at an attractive price. $489 with Hexanon AR f/1.8 40mm lens.

NIKON F3
This is only the second camera to carry the rugged Nikon F Series, which first appeared in 1959. Noisy, heavy and large, the F3 was built to withstand daily use and abuse by professionals. The titanium shutter was designed to fire at least 150,000 times. At one roll a month, it should last for 347 years! $1229 with Nikkor f/1.4 50mm lens.

PENTAX ME SUPER
The smallest and lightest of our group (22 ounces with lens), the aptly named Super is refreshingly gadget-free. On automatic operation, green, red and yellow LEDs flash to prevent mistakes; for manual exposures, the little diodes [illegible] at the push of two small buttons, eliminating the need for a shutter-speed dial. Very well thought out, at a very affordable price. $438 with SMC Pentax-M f/1.7 50mm lens.

OUI'S WHERE

A TITILLATING TOUR OF BAWDIEST BERLIN

The decadent days of "Cabaret" are gone forever, but in their place is the most sexually unbuttoned nightlife scene in Western Europe, where nothing—but nothing—is verboten!

The Babylon of the Western World is what they called Berlin in the Twenties. Today, the rest of the world has caught up to the sensual revolution of Berlin's Golden Age, but there remains a unique attitude toward eroticism in modern-day Berlin that still distinguishes its nightlife and makes it a veritable Disneyland for suppressed libidos.

Sexual commerce operates openly and legally here. What makes Berlin different is the lighthearted and carefree atmosphere of its limitless erotica. Berlin is sexually unbuttoned. The erotic scene is stylish and exuberant and is distributed evenly throughout the city.

A curfewless nightlife revolves around the Kurfürstendamm (or "Ku-damm"), a trendy boulevard of cafés, restaurants, nightclubs and discos. Barkers on just about every corner point the way to spots like the Dorett nightclub on the corner of Fasanenstrasse and Ku-damm. The show at the Dorett includes a long-legged brunette who starts out in a biker getup. She slowly strips off black leather jacket, pants and jackboots to reveal milky-white flesh, and between blips of a wild strobe, she thrashes herself with an eight-thonged flail.

There are a variety of clubs like the Dorett in the Ku-damm area—La Poupée, C-4 Cabaret, Lady Nina . . . so many, in fact, that the *Schönheitstänzerin* (beauty dancers) sometimes outnumber customers on a busy Friday night. The tariffs at these places are pretty much the same. A DM25 (deutsche mark) entrance price (about $12, all cards generally accepted) buys you two drinks and a comfortable seat for the show.

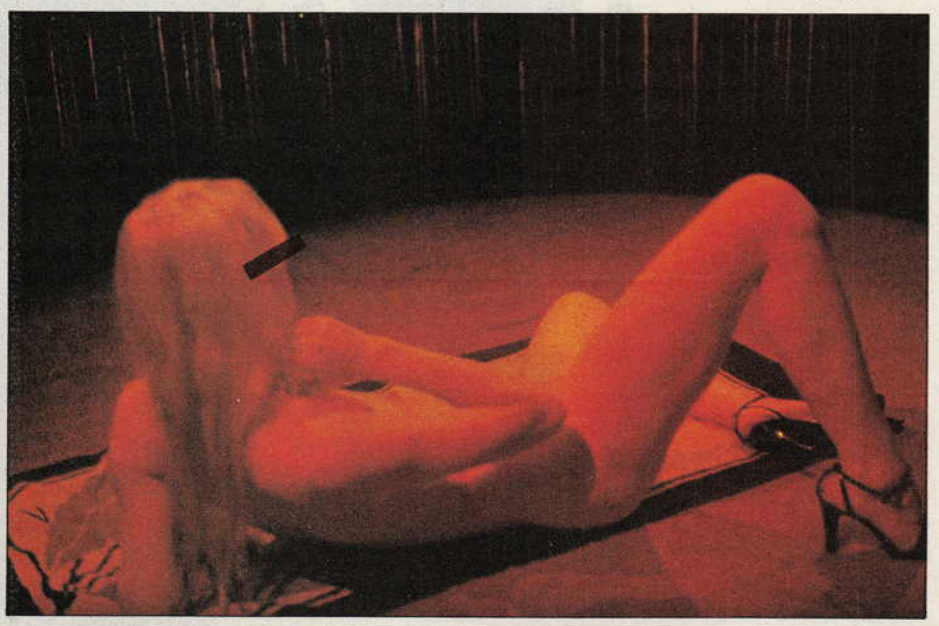
At the Club Astoria on Yorckstrasse, you are escorted through a cozy lounge area to a small room dominated by a large, round stage in the center. Six girls in glowing, white negligees dance about the perimeter in an ultraviolet haze, allowing customers to cop feels as they bounce by. At the conclusion of the show, the deck of the stage is lifted to reveal a bathtub, and the girls spread their legs over the edge so that guests can come by and diddle their sudsy nookies.

Mon Cherie, on Stuttgarter Platz, is another favorite with aficionados of erotica. Until things start happening, usually at around 11 o'clock, skin flicks are projected on a screen that disappears above the stage at showtime. The technical side of the performance is a preprogrammed light show with synchronized voice-over. Club patrons pick up on a slightly perverse inflection, reminiscent of Joel Grey's host in the film *Cabaret*.

On cue, one of the seven *Kontakt* girls who have been slinking around in bikinis and high heels appears on the stage. Her striptease is perfunctory. In no time, the lights are flashing, and she is masturbating vigorously with a dildo. Some of these skits are pretty clever. There's a story of the "Haunted Bottle," and another called "The Raven," in which a big, black, rubber phallus arrives onstage in a birdcage.

However, the main attraction at Mon Cherie, like the Astoria and dozens of other places in Berlin, is the *Badewanne* show. The genre is big because customers get a chance to share Mr. Bubble with a bevy of dilated nipples. What happens in the tub depends on how far invited guests care to go, but the action is seldom squeaky clean. Truly uninhibited performers from

Just say ja*: Customers at Berlin's numerous sex clubs can frolic in bubble bath with the* Fraulein *of their choice, dance with a naked* Kontakt *girl or take in a live peep show (below) for 50 cents. Truly uninhibited performers are rewarded with a bottle of champagne.*



the audience are rewarded with a bottle of champagne.

Of course, the spectacle of people getting down in a tub just ten feet from the ice melting in your bourbon can generate a lot of orgone energy. If you didn't bring a date, as is the case with many guys, all you have to do is say *ja* when one of the girls lays her tits on your arm and asks if she can make you comfortable. A happy, half-hour roll in the hay is universally available—absolutely free with a $125 bottle of bubbly.

Prostitution is legal in Berlin. This not only takes a lot of furtiveness out of the carnal marketplace, but makes credit-card sex possible in every nightclub advertising girls. It also means hookers are wholesome, law-abiding citizens and, as a short walk on the Ku-damm will reveal, usually knockouts in the looks department.

The girls who service Berlin's sex clubs are marvelously perceptive. They seem to be able to smell whether you've come to be titillated by the show or tantalized by the talent. Aside from explicit performances onstage, there is never any pressure to engage in back-room dalliances.

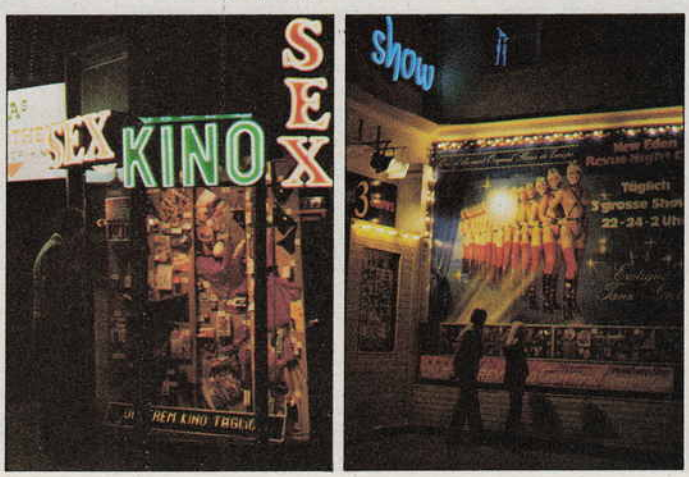
Another reason for the Enchanted Island quality of Berlin's sybaritic nightlife is its unique political and geographical status. It survives as an enclave of free enterprise and democracy only by the protection of occupying Allied forces, massive financial contributions from West Germany and a steady flow of tourists responding to the call of the wild.

The New Eden is a hot spot for the tourists. It has a tame but first-rate strip show, with a few variety acts thrown in. La Vie En Rose opened two years ago to revive a great tradition of Parisian-style revue theater. La Vie En Rose attracts the big spenders, but the show is highly professional entertainment.

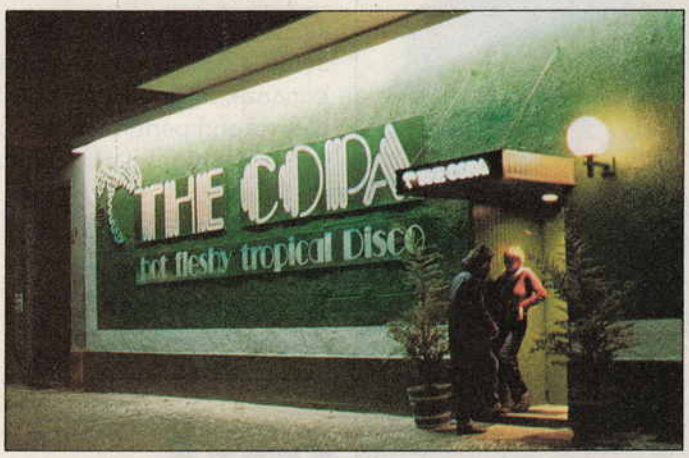
At the far end of the Ku-damm are two sex playgrounds that may not exactly be professional, but are definitely entertaining. At the Triangel Club, customers are encouraged to dance in the buff with young hostesses who wear nothing but the smiles on their faces. Salambo, right next door, is similar, but prices are double what they are at the Triangel. Between the two, you'll have no trouble finding unabashedly naked *Fräuleins* to dance with.

"At Halensee, just walking distance from downtown Berlin, swanky secretaries peel off their summer dresses with about as much nonchalance as they file their nails."

It's happening at the Zoo: The glittering neighborhood around the intersection of Ku-damm and Joachimstaler Strasse is called "the Zoo" by the native night people.



Hard-core hype: Erotic come-ons mean big business for sex shops, nightclubs and even a popular disco near the Zoo district.



But all that is attractive in Berlin is not female. In its pioneer days of excess and abandon, the city was known for its thriving transvestite population. The tradition is best maintained at Chez Romy Haag, a hip bar run by a talented entertainer and transexual, Romy Haag. She is sometimes referred to as the most attractive woman in the city. Chez Nous is a more exclusive TV club, but it tends to draw a slightly less glamorous clientele.

Berliners take pride in the liberalness their city is known for. With typical urbanite disdain, they consider visitors from even Munich and Hamburg as farmers. Although Berliners are not average Germans, they do exhibit the German attitude toward nudity that accounts for their refreshing lack of hang-ups over eroticism.

Somehow the Germans have managed to separate nudity from sexuality. At Halensee, just walking distance from downtown Berlin, swanky secretaries peel off their summer dresses with about as much nonchalance as they file their nails, and stretch out in the sun during lunch hour.

Because nudity is pervasive in Berlin society, exposed breasts and bare bums don't immediately elicit licentious responses. But when they are intended to, as in the nightclubs, you get the nice no-holds-barred effect that puts Berlin's nightlife on the map.

No aspect of Berlin is more enriched with the vitality of clashing realities than Berlin by night. One evening, I was sipping a beer at the bar of the Club Astoria. Between the whimpers and sighs coming from a Swedish videocassette, I overheard two of the girls sitting next to me in black garters and red lace discussing their favorite recipes for *Kasseler*. They caught me eavesdropping, so I explained that their conversation was making me hungry.

"In that case, you'll want to buy me a cognac," said the youngest one as she crushed out her cigarette and looked over her shoulder at me. "You have to warm up the oven before I can cook." —KEVIN COTE

OUI'S NEXT

CHARLES BUKOWSKI

Poetry is dead, right? Well, tell that to this grisly fellow, whose powerful writing and life are rampant with whores, hustlers, racehorses, classical music—and the admiration of a whole continent (though not the one where he lives).

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

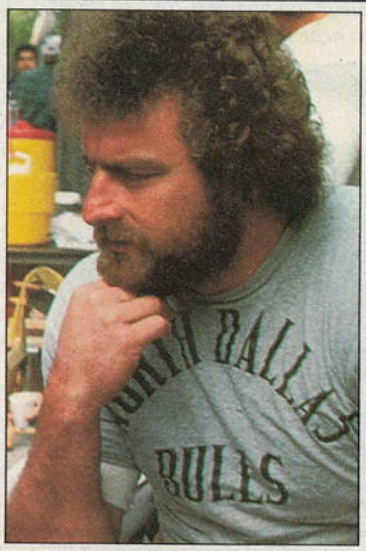
Say hello to our bountiful, beautiful, blonde center girl. Her name is Penny, and she hails from Paris. That's Paris, France—not Paris, Texas.

DONATELLA ON THE RECLINE

With a name like Donatella Damiani, it should be easy to figure from whence our *Foreign Film* marvel comes. Yes, a ravishing, raven-tressed Italian lady, right out of Federico Fellini's newest film.

A CONVERSATION WITH THE TOOZ

John Matuszak, defensive end for the world-champion Oakland Raiders, may well be the meanest man playing football today. At least, that's his reputation. And our no-holds-barred interview with the real Tooz won't suddenly convince you he's a pussycat.



PLUS

Randi (*CHiPs*) Oakes on sex; the 20 best record stores in the U.S.A.; coed exercising; our giant fall football bonanza; Talking Heads' David Byrne; videodisc players and performances; *One Woman*; the dilemma of the one-night stand; and the loveliest ladies around and about.

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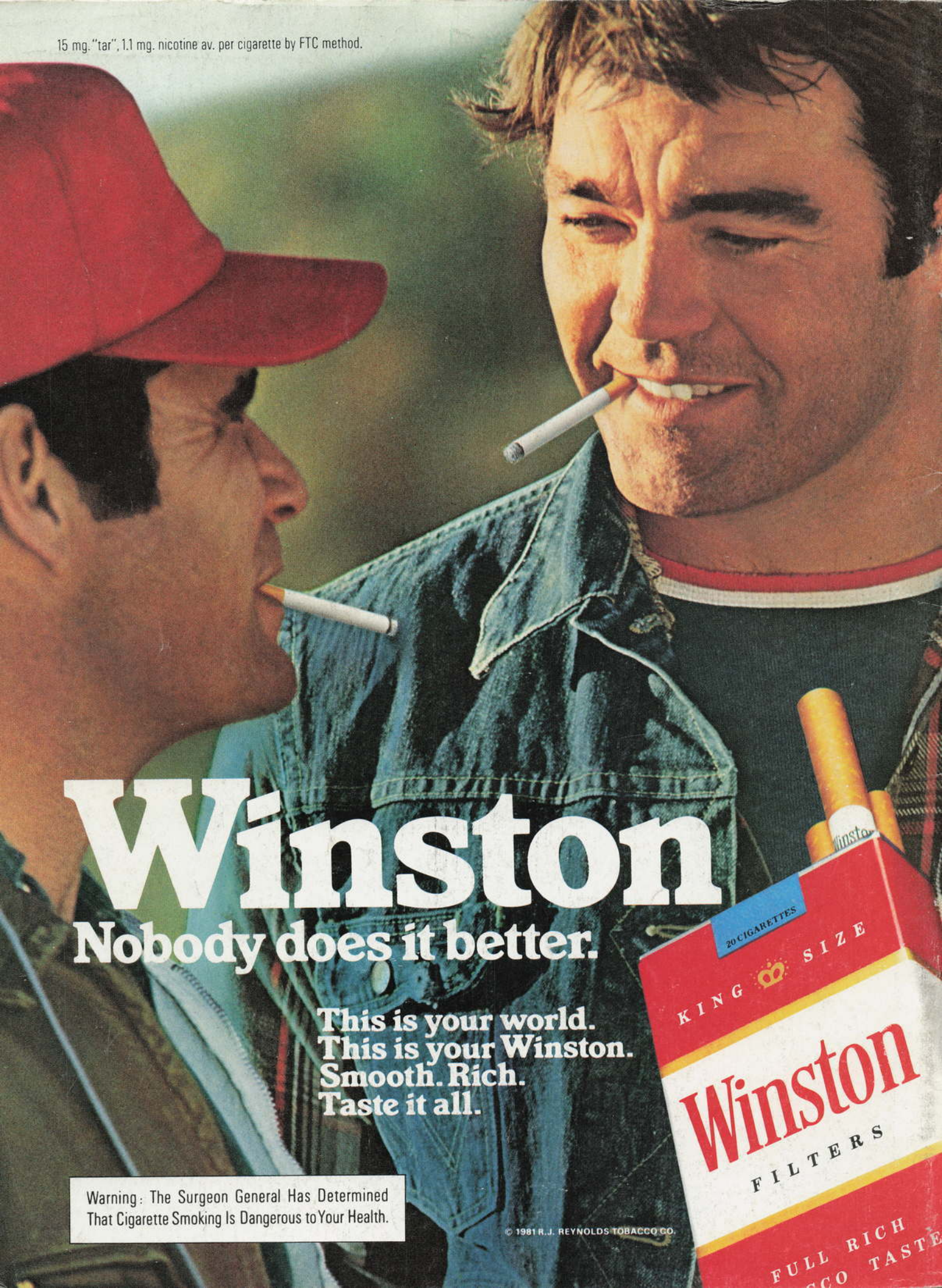

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